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THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1867.

- ART. I. — *Annales de Margan (Annales Monastici, Vol. I.)*
Ed. H. R. LUARD, M.A. Longmans, 1864.
2. *Annales Monasterii de Waverley (Annales Monastici, Vol. II.)*
Ed. H. R. LUARD, M.A. Longmans, 1865.

THE history of religious reformatiions and revivals is, for the most part, a sad one. The zeal which stimulates the first movement but too often grows cold. Success brings with it its inevitable dangers and difficulties. The mixture of human motives, not appreciated or calculated on at first, makes itself felt and known. The eager and heroical spirit, which moved the first antagonism to evil, degenerates into a self-asserting or persecuting hardness. The temptations to luxury and sloth become more powerful and are more feebly resisted, and but too often the reaction proves worse than the original disease. And this is peculiarly the case when the revival is one of an essentially artificial and unnatural state of things; when a wild attempt is made to galvanize into life and vigour that against which the great laws of our being are irrevocably fixed; when men would fain be wiser than Heaven has made them, and would attempt to reach conditions to which there is no access here below. We believe that the various revivals and reformatiions of the monastic orders, without exception, bear witness to the truth of this. The history of the middle ages is full of records of attempts to reach a state, in which man, completely isolated from worldly cares, and all distracting and lower motives, shall be entirely given up to religious contemplation and perpetual communion with God. But is there any proof of the permanent success of any of these attempts? The history of monasteries is the history of the world in little. The same motives, the same temptations, the same sins are to be found within the walls of the convent as without. Man cannot be isolated from his nature, or regulated out of himself. It is simply a record of failures more or less pretentious, and exhibiting more or less the marks of good or evil in their downfall. The most respect-

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able failure, and, perhaps, at the same time, the most complete, was that of the Friars. Their object was higher than that of the Monks, but their decay was even more rapid and striking, and their debased state more offensive and troublesome. But the various orders of monks have all a similar history. They commence in enthusiasm, they end in luxury, sloth, and obstructiveness. They claim at their first origin the regulation of themselves, as of those wholly given to God; they end by spending their energies and their wealth in battling against bishops, and propping up the enormous pretensions of the court of Rome, to the confusion and injury of Christendom. The rule of S. Benedict, the foundation of all mediæval monasticism, breathes the highest and most intense devotion. By it 'the heart and body was to be prepared to go forth to the warfare of holy obedience to the commandments,' and its votaries were 'to run the way of God's commandments, so that, never departing from his governance, remaining under his teaching in the monastery until death, they, through patience, are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that they may be accounted worthy to be partakers of his kingdom.'¹ Such was the sublime conception of the great monastic saint; but what was the history of those who came in vast numbers, throughout all the lands of Christendom, to bind themselves, by solemn oaths, to keep this rule? We will adduce no unfriendly testimony, but that of a monk of the order in the eleventh century. 'How shall I begin to speak? for on all sides is the sacred end of monkish life transgressed, and hardly aught is left, save that, as our holy father Benedict foretold, by our tonsure and habit we lie to God. We seem almost all of us prone to pride, to contention, scandal, detraction, lying, evil-speaking, hurtful accusations, contumacy, wrath, bitterness, despising of others, murmuring, gluttony, and seduced by a love of costly apparel.'² The reform of the order which had thus degenerated was naturally an object at the heart of all the holiest of its members. But how was monasticism to be reformed? Was the rule of S. Benedict to be altered and adapted to the lower tone of the age, and to the experience of human weakness, or was a still more stringent asceticism to be striven after, and the qualities of courage, devotion, and endurance to be appealed to, and enlisted in the cause? The former method was the reformation of Clugni, the latter that of Cîteaux. The magnificent monastery of Clugni, which ruled over 10,000 monks scattered in various daughter establishments throughout Europe, greatly modified the strictness of the Benedictine rule. The notion of the Abbots of Clugni was, that the monk was called

¹ Maitland's 'Dark Ages,' p. 168.

² *Chronicon Vulturense*; quoted in *Life of S. Stephen Abbot*, p. 52.

to the life of Mary, not to that of Martha,—that every comfort and convenience was to be provided, that religious men might give themselves wholly to religious services and studies. But what was the effect of this principle, combined with the vast wealth which had been heaped upon Clugni? ‘Not only did these monks eat meat every day in the week, except Friday, but they ransacked earth and air for highly flavoured dainties; they kept huntsmen who searched the forest through for venison and wild boars; their falconers brought them the choicest birds—pheasants, partridges, and wood-pigeons. Wine well spiced, and mixed with honey, and meats highly seasoned with pepper, ginger, and cinnamon were to be found in the refectory at Clugni, with all kinds of costly spices brought from beyond the sea, and even from the East. Many were the broad lands possessed by the monks of Clugni, with vassals and servants, both men and women. Italy, Spain, and England sent the produce of their lands to clothe the brethren, one province especially, from the Rhone to the Alps and the sea, was appointed to this duty, and sent its treasures to the camera of Clugni.’¹ But the tolerated luxury of this great religious house, instead of reconciling all men to this amended edition of the rule of S. Benedict, only brought out more strongly the complete monastic degeneracy of the age. Some ardent spirits determined to try a higher and more searching rule than even that of S. Benedict. Robert, Alberic, and Stephen the Englishman, first at Molesme, and then more completely, and with greater success, at Citeaux in Burgundy, inaugurated a new order, in which, while they professed a Benedictine restoration, they took care to make their ordinances and regulations convey a distinct reproof of the luxurious Benedictinism of Clugni. It is acutely remarked by Dr. Maitland, that, had the founders of the Cistercians desired simply a wilderness to build in, they might, ‘whatever their nicety of taste in those matters, have been accommodated with a suitable one, without coming into the immediate neighbourhood of Clugni. That, had they desired simply an ascetic restoration, they might have preserved the ancient black Benedictine garb, without attracting all men’s attention by the novelty of a white dress. ‘I do not dispute that Alberic might dream that the Virgin Mary decided that his monks should wear white garments; but it leads me to suspect that he might have been thinking on the matter when he was awake, though even then, *perhaps*, it was not because the monks of Clugni wore black ones. Nor do I take upon me to say, that he was thinking of the fine chandelier composed of brass, gold, and silver, which hung from the roof of the Church

¹ Life of S. Stephen Abbot, pp. 57—62.

‘at Clugni, when he gave special directions that the Cistercians should have none but iron candlesticks in their churches; nor, indeed, that he meant to be personal in the minute directions which he gave respecting various little matters, wherein grounds of accusation against the monks of Clugni were afterwards found; but it seems impossible not to believe that there was from the first something like a design on the part of the Cistercians to reform (not to say rival or humble) the monks of Clugni.’¹ But, without doubt, the motives which animated the first Cistercians were not entirely drawn from jealousy of Clugni. There was a burning zeal for religion, and an attempt to compass an exalted holiness by a rigid asceticism. The manual labours prescribed by S. Benedict, but which, with the Clugniacs, consisted in working in the garden, and shelling peas,² became, with the Cistercians, the hard and regular employment of all the hours that could be spared from the divine service. Their diet had none of the delicacies of Clugni, but consisted of one or two meals of bread and vegetables, even eggs and fish being excluded. Upon this miserable sustenance they lived, or rather slowly died, as outraged nature sooner or later revenged herself. It was in this school that the great spirit of S. Bernard learned that fierce asceticism, which gives to some of his writings the character rather of vituperative railing than of fair discussion. The aim of the Cistercian use was to reach abstinence and mortification of the extremest type. For a time they succeeded in doing this at the expense of the health, temper, and usefulness of the members of the order; then came the reaction, in which Cistercians and Clugniacs were not far asunder.

The Abbey of Citeaux was founded in 1098, and within thirty years the order had increased so rapidly that an affiliated abbey was erected in England. This foundation was made by William Giffard, bishop of Winchester, and the place selected was Waverley, near Farnham in Surrey. An abbot with twelve monks came from the Cistercian house of Aumone in Normandy, and established themselves on the English soil. The annals of this abbey are now republished in the chronicle series of the Master of the Rolls, and the learned labours of Mr. Luard, the editor, have put us in easy possession of many interesting facts connected with the rise and progress of the Cistercian order in this land.

From the very first the Cistercians were the spoiled children of the papal see, and by a series of bulls and ordinances every conceivable privilege and exemption was heaped upon them. ‘Pascal, the bishop, servant of the servants of God,’ gives to them at their first institution, ‘the place which they had chosen

¹ Dark Ages, p. 358.

² Udalic, on the ‘Customs of Clugni.’

'safe and free from the molestation of all men,' and places their 'abbey under the special protection of the apostolical see. No 'archbishop or bishop, emperor or king, prince or duke, count or 'viscount, judge or person ecclesiastical or secular,' is to venture to oppose them. Innocent III. gives them the power of refusing the jurisdiction of the local ordinaries when accused of crimes, and not content with thus shielding the monks themselves, he also protects from the ecclesiastical censures of the bishops, all their servants and dependents, any one associated with their convents, and all those who had been their benefactors. Pope Alexander III. gives them the high privilege of not being visited, even under the authority of Rome, except by abbots of their own order. He exempts them from the claim for hospitable entertainment which the bishops were wont to make on the abbeys; he protects their animals, when being kept on the lands of others, from liability to tithes. He forbids even their making confessions except to priests of their own order. He discharges them from all taxes and claims of bishops of whatever sort. Innocent IV. exempts them from being obliged to plead in any law court. Alexander IV. severely reproving the bishops who 'continually grudge and oppose their liberties and immunities,' allows them to erect oratories and chapels in any place not exempt from diocesan jurisdiction, and thereby to make it exempt, and to introduce all the special privileges of the order; protects them from the claim of tithes in respect of lands which shall in any future time be brought into cultivation, while Boniface extends this protection to those to whom the Cistercians shall have granted lands for service or fines. The privilege of Pope Honorius is even more remarkable. He protects the Cistercians not only from the diocesan bishop, the natural enemy of the papacy, but even from the apostolical legate himself, who is not, without the special direction of the Pope, in any way to interfere with them. This same Pope allows the Cistercians to receive persons near their death into their houses, so as to exempt them from the mortuary fee due to the priest of the parish on a death, while both he and Pope Innocent give special enunciations of these privileges to the Cistercians in England.¹ The Cistercian, in fact, according to the legislation of the Popes, was bound by no law, human or divine, except his own rule. So far as everything external to the order was concerned, he might commit any crime with impunity, he might obstruct, inconvenience, and paralyse ecclesiastical discipline, he might exempt large tracts of land from contributing to the burdens of the state, he might rob the parish priest of his dues, and by the erection of a chapel in his

¹ *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 220—236.

parish in fact deprive him of his cure of souls—kings, judges, bishops, even papal legates, were to this privileged order but as so many ordinary persons. They were an *imperium in imperio* which could not be touched or interfered with. To the class of men surrounded with these portentous privileges vast estates in almost all the counties of England rapidly accrued. The magnificent foundations of Furness, Rievaulx, Fountains, Tintern, Ford, and Vale Royal, were all Cistercian. Eighty-five abbeys in various parts of England owned the maternity either of Cîteaux or Clairvaux. It is clear that the mere fact of the existence of such an order, in itself so strong, and upheld by a foreign power of unlimited force, must have rendered the violent suppression of monasteries inevitable, if anything like good government was to be reached. The Black Benedictines, protected by no exemptions, more genial, more popular, might have assimilated themselves to the requirements of their Church and country, and even taken the popular side against the papal pretensions. It is possible to conceive a Glastonbury, a Croyland, or a S. Albans, flourishing in literary pursuits and magnificent services even in reformed times. But the Cistercian was necessarily doomed. He was the bitter product of a false asceticism, and, when he degenerated from his ideal, and exhibited the enormous luxury of Fountains or Vale Royal, he was an anomaly and a sham, only propped up by the timid deference so long yielded to the false pretensions of Rome.

There were, it is to be presumed, some signal merits in the Cistercian order, especially in its early days, to justify the reiterated gifts of papal privileges, but if we are to take the character given of it by one of the abbots of the order in 1264, we scarcely seem able to regard it with unmixed admiration. Thus writes the Abbot of Savigny to his affiliated houses in England: 'It has become known to the chief pontiff that our order needs reformation in many points on account of the oppression and insolence of some abbots, who basely and unjustly compel their children to yield to them, and intrude into their convents their relations and other persons of bad character. Many convents are defrauded of the freedom of election; honourable and useful monks are expelled without reasonable cause; scandals are not looked to; quarrels increase and multiply; novelties are introduced; zeal is diminished; lax practices gain head; and the strictness of monastic discipline is remitted. The visitation of the order is only superficial, being conducted simply according to the self-will of the abbot of Cîteaux, and that house is overwhelmed with debt, which it is endeavoured to throw on the whole order.'¹

¹ *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 227.

The annals of Waverley Abbey would be far more interesting were they, like the history of the Abbot Ingulphus, or the Chronicles of Evesham, the record mainly or entirely of the life and growth of the abbey and of the order in England. But this they are not. They profess to give a complete course of history from the Christian era to the time of the writer, and consequently they have not very much space to devote to the Cistercians. Of the internal history of the abbey we learn but little. Facts connected with its outward condition we glean here and there, records of the foundation of new Cistercian houses, and notices of any general topics connected with the history of the order in England; but with individual monks and abbots we are not made acquainted, as the history of Croyland makes us acquainted with Turketyl, or that of Evesham with Thomas of Marlborough. Nevertheless the annals of Waverley, though not specially full on the subject of their own abbey, are by no means barren of interesting facts and notices, with some of which we will make the reader acquainted when we have first performed the main object of the present article, viz. the tracing out of the history of the Cistercians in England.

It would seem that the first entrance of the order into England by the foundation of Waverley in 1128, was the signal for a sudden outburst of zeal for the Cistercians in the land. Rievaulx, Tintern, Fountains, and many abbeys of less note, date their existence to a time very little later than this. What was it that determined the devout nobles and princes of any particular period as to the choice of the order which they should enrich with their donations, and the prayers of which they should desire for their souls' health? There was, doubtless, much of fashion in these things. At one time one order of religious, at another time another, would carry off the spoils. But we may easily see what gave the Cistercians so great a popularity in the earlier half of the twelfth century. If it is needful that one's soul should be prayed for, one would naturally select the pale, mortified ascetic, who, with stooping gait and downcast eyes, goes to his daily toil in the fields, telling his beads as he walks, rather than the stout, jovial monk, who lounges in his refectory or cloister, and does not recognise the call to labour either with the brains or the hands. When the Cistercians came with their meagre diet and self-denying lives to establish themselves in the land, they were gladly welcomed as the very ideal of a monastic order. The glory of the great S. Bernard, his miracles, his eloquence, his asceticism, gave still further prestige to the order. That nobleman would have been a personage of exceptionally strong mind, who,

desiring to make all things comfortable for the future by a gift of his manors to the church, would venture at that period to select any but a Cistercian brotherhood to receive them. The first foundation mentioned in the *Waverley Chronicle* is that of Rievaulx in Yorkshire.¹ There is something of touching pathos in the circumstances which led to the foundation of this house of religion in that wild spot of the Yorkshire Wolds. The famous Norman baron, Walter Espec, a knight, 'active and fair to behold,' had married in early manhood a beauteous wife, named Adelina. This lady bore him one son, a boy like his father in beauty of person, and devotion to active and manly sports. The youth's especial delight was to ride the swiftest horses at the most headlong speed. One day, when he was rushing along at a mad pace, his horse fell with him 'near the little stone cross towards Frithby,' and he broke his neck. The father, overwhelmed with grief, and left without an heir for his numerous manors, determined, at the advice of William, Rector of Garton, to dedicate his lands to religious uses. Accordingly, he founded three monasteries, Kirkham, Rievaulx, and Warden, —the two latter for monks of the Cistercian Order. Doubtless Kirkham would have been also given to the same Order, but the foundation of this was before the date of the appearance of the Cistercians in England. It is recorded that after this munificent dedication, Walter Espec lived long and flourished mightily. Another son was born to him, to whom he was able, after thirty years of renowned warfare, to leave a large inheritance, as well as handsomely to endow his three sisters, all married to famous knights. When he had settled his affairs, the old baron retired to Rievaulx, where, laying aside the secular dress, and donning the white habit of the Cistercian, he spent the remaining two years of his life among his grateful monks.² The situation of Rievaulx, at the junction of three valleys, among the bleak hills of Yorkshire, supplied a model Cistercian site. The Order desired to be located in the most solitary, inaccessible, and uncultured spots, that the labour which they religiously expended on the cultivation of the soil might not be too easy or remunerative, but hard, disappointing, and repulsive. To this heroical or Quixotic determination, we owe at once the picturesque beauty of the Cistercian ruins, and no small debt of gratitude for the good work done in cultivating the waste lands. And upon this principle, that the

¹ Rievaulx was first founded with monks from S. Bernard's Monastery of Clairvaux. Disputes had arisen between Cîteaux and Clairvaux, and the Bernardines were on the point of forming a distinct Order, but they afterwards lapsed into Cistercians again. The same was the case with the Savigniacs, or Grey Monks. They, too, sank their differences, and became pure Cistercians.

² *Carta foundationis Rievallensis Cænobii.* Dugdale.

labour of the Cistercian availed to bring barren and previously useless land into cultivation, there is something to be said in favour of these exemptions from ecclesiastical and state burdens, which the Popes were so zealous to confer upon him. It seems that the parson, who was unable to levy dues upon the original possessions of an exempt abbey, sometimes endeavoured to establish a claim for tithes, when the uncultivated land had been broken up, and had assumed the character of a *novale*, or newly tilled field. But the Popes met him here, and extended their protection over *novalia*, present and future, as well as over the other property of the abbey. 'We have heard,' writes Pope Alexander IV., 'and hearing, have been astonished, that though it has been conceded by our predecessors to the brethren of Rievaulx, and all others of the Cistercian Order, and confirmed by us, that they should not pay any tithes of that which they work with their own hands; nevertheless, some presume to extort tithes from them. . . . We therefore command you, and all who are under your authority, that you do not presume to demand tithes from the said brethren of Rievaulx, or from any others of the Cistercian Order in your dioceses, neither for the newly cultivated lands, nor for any other lands which they work with their own toil, nor from the animals which they nourish.' Powerful and zealous protectors, indeed, were the Popes to these their favoured children. Another rescript given to Rievaulx exempted them from the force of Interdicts, and allowed them, when an Interdict was upon the land, to celebrate the divine offices with closed gates; protected from external interference, not only the monks, but also all their servants and dependents in distant granges, so that the laws of the land became powerless in the case of any who could plead employment by a Cistercian; and even the greatest crimes could be committed with impunity if done under the ægis of this puissant name.¹ The next year, after the foundation of Rievaulx, witnessed the commencement of the magnificent Abbey of Fountains. The circumstances under which this abbey, so glorious even in its decay, first took its rise, are extremely interesting, and introduce us to a curious chapter of monastic history in the twelfth century. Among the monasteries of the north none was more famous than the great Benedictine Abbey of S. Mary's, at York. Enriched by numerous benefactors, and reposing under the shadow of the metropolitan church, the members of this house might well be objects of envy to their less favoured brethren in other places. But prosperity and affluence had produced their usual effects on the brethren of

¹ Dugdale, vol. v. pp. 283, 284.

S. Mary's. They had become negligent and careless. They passed their time in amusement and recreation, gossiping together, instead of religiously carrying out the requirements of their rule, and addicted themselves to 'luxurious dishes, a great variety of pleasing drinks, and a costly fineness of apparel.' This state, however, which well satisfied the majority, did not approve itself to all in the monastery as the most perfect carrying out of the rule of S. Benedict. When the monks of the new Order came to Rievaulx, and accounts reached York of their austere interpretation of the same obligations, the consciences of some at S. Mary's were touched. Thirteen monks, with the prior at their head, agreed to endeavour to imitate the good example set them by the Cistercians, and not seeing how they could carry out their proposed austerities at S. Mary's, they decided upon quitting their pleasant abode, and seeking out a retired spot to commence a Cistercian house. The abbot, however, 'an aged man, and not very learned,' could not see the force of their scruples. When he heard of their intention he violently opposed it. The reforming monks applied to Archbishop Thurstan, and he at once espoused their cause. He came to the monastery with his train of secular dignitaries, to remonstrate with the abbot, but was met in a way he did not expect. The abbot violently opposed his entrance, and with his monks behind him did not scruple to apply actual force to the Archbishop's train. In fact there was a regular battle within the gates of the abbey, and the Archbishop was obliged to retreat, carrying with him, however, the thirteen malcontents whom their brethren were trying to seize, and incarcerate in the dungeons of the abbey. These monks were now thrown upon the Archbishop's hands, and he was obliged to provide for their maintenance. At length he bethought him of a suitable spot for the zealous brethren to commence their new life, and conferred upon them a 'place never inhabited in former times,—a 'place overgrown with thorns, among steep mountains and 'jutting rocks, more fitted for the lairs of beasts than for the use 'of man.' Some might find a difficulty in reconciling this description with the fair meadows which surround Fountains, but here, at any rate, the monks were placed, without a building to shelter them, or any of the conveniences of life. They lodged under a spreading elm tree, until they had erected their first rude dwellings, and at once solemnly joined the Cistercian Order, sending messengers to S. Bernard at Clairvaux, to ask him to receive them as his children. Their request was gladly granted by the saint, who directed to their abbot, Richard, his letters of encouragement, while he also praised the Archbishop for his efficient protection of the brethren, and censured the

abbot of York for his carnal opposition to the zeal of his children. A monk, named Walter, was despatched from Clairvaux to Fountains, to teach the brethren how to live according to the Cistercian use. But great were the difficulties of the new monastery. The brethren almost perished from famine, and were obliged to cook herbs and the leaves of trees for their support. But they persevered heroically, and soon gifts began to be heaped upon them by the faithful. In five years time the Abbey of Fountains was sending forth its off-shoots, of which it soon was able to count up a goodly number.

But how long did this Cistercian house, begun in so much zeal, preserve its character for self-denial and asceticism? In the time of King John, we find that Fountains could contribute (unwillingly enough, no doubt), 1,200 marks to the king's Exchequer; and towards the end of the thirteenth century, we find the Archbishop of York writing to the visitors of the Cistercian Order, to denounce the misconduct and extravagance of the monks of Fountains, who, it seems, were in difficulties from over building, a result which we can hardly wonder at when we gaze upon the majestic ruins of the abbey. At the dissolution, the estates of Fountains were valued only at £1173 of yearly value, but when we glance over the lists of their hundreds of manors, the catalogue of their plate, valued even at that day at £708; the account of their animals, which exhibits 2,356 horned cattle, 1,326 sheep, 86 horses, their vast stores of corn and hay; or think of their buildings, extending over no less than twelve acres of ground, we may well imagine that the original poverty of the Cistercian was not long persevered in by the dwellers in this noble establishment.¹

Among the earliest off-shoots from Fountains was the Abbey of Melsa, or Meaux, the chronicles of which have been edited by Mr. Bond. From the Waverley Annals we find that the date of the foundation of Meaux was 1136.² So that the date given in Dugdale is erroneous. The account of the foundation of this abbey introduces us to yet another cause of origin of those great religious houses which once covered our land in such rich abundance. Rievaulx was due to the grief and penitence of a bereaved father. Fountains sprang from the goodly zeal and earnestness of certain monks, who could not reconcile their lax practice with the strict requirements of their rule. Meaux was one of those instances of composition or bargaining for salvation, which are among the most grotesque features of mediæval religionism.

William the Fat, Count of Albemarle and Lord of Holderness,

¹ Dugdale, *Monasticon*, vol. v. pp. 286—314.

² *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 225.

had lived probably much as other Norman barons of his day, and could not point to any very great amount of good deeds as a set off against his sins. He determined, therefore, to make all straight by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But he had put off the proposed expedition year after year, until at length old age had crept upon him, and the rotundity of body, which gave him his name, had become more and more troublesome. He did not see his way to the fulfilment of his vow, and doubtless those about him heard a good deal of this annoyance; and among others it came to the ears of brother Adam, a monk of Fountains. Adam had been one of the seceders from S. Mary's, York, but his original monastery was Whitby, from whence he had gone to York. We may gather from these frequent changes that he was somewhat of a restless spirit, and now he saw an opportunity for another change, and for gaining a more influential and important position. Accordingly brother Adam went to the Count of Albemarle, and suggested to him that, instead of endeavouring to perform his vow of pilgrimage, he should compound for it by founding an abbey of the Cistercian order. In that case he undertook to procure for him a complete absolution from his vow from the Pope. This, Adam knew would be no difficult matter, as S. Bernard was all powerful with Pope Eugenius, his pupil, and willing and able to procure any concession for the Cistercians. The Count readily consented to the arrangements, and bade brother Adam choose from his broad domains in Yorkshire, a spot for the abbey. Accordingly the monk started on his quest, and after careful search pitched upon the spot called Melsa, where was a pleasant hill, and abundance of wood and water, and a soil of great fertility. The Count was in despair when he heard of the selection. He had taken a great fancy to this spot, and was just preparing to make it a park for preserving game. Adam, however, would not abandon his choice, and the Count, mindful of his awkward vow, had to yield. Here then he built a large plain structure for the brethren, and Adam and his companions from Fountains established themselves, working diligently with their hands, and astonishing the country people, 'For the stolid population wondered at these folks in cowls, at one time busied in the divine offices, and at another occupied in rustic works.'¹ The Cistercians were doing in fact the same work that the modern colonist has to do, only with this difference—the monks, if they failed in their cultivation, had only to fall back on another monastery or on the offerings of the faithful—the colonist, if he fails, has no friendly order to support him, but must, in reality, not in word, stand or fall by his own exertions. This consider-

¹ Dugdale, *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 391.

ation may help us to set at their true value the constantly recurring laudations of the toil, privations, and heroism of the Cistercians, because they preferred the active labours of the field to the tedious monotony of the cloister. That the brethren did not always care to continue the struggle with nature in the barren and wild spots which they chose for their settlements, is shown by the early history of Ford Abbey in Devonshire, founded in the same year as Meaux (1136). Twelve monks and an abbot had gone forth from the monastery of Waverley, at the invitation of Richard, Lord of Oakhampton, and had settled themselves on his domain at Brightley. Here buildings had been erected for them, but they found the place barren and unimprovable, and after five years they abandoned it. In the mean time the Lord Richard had died, and his sister Adelia had succeeded him in his property. This lady beheld, one day, with astonishment, the monks of Brightley walking in solemn procession with a cross borne before them, on their way back to their old abode of Waverley. Having questioned them, and been told of their purpose, struck with contrition, the lady instantly offered them her rich manor of Ford, through which they were at that moment passing, with her manor-house and its offices, in exchange for the barren lands of Brightley. The Cistercians were not too self-denying to accept the offer. They established themselves comfortably in the mansion of their pious patroness, until, after a period of six years, suitable buildings had been erected for them on their new property.

At this period the Cistercian order was by a long interval the leading and most popular order in Europe. S. Bernard reached the summit of his enormous influence, when, as preacher of the crusade, he beheld first a King of France, and then an Emperor of Germany, prostrate before his feet, and all S. Bernard's influence was readily used for the advancement of his beloved order. Thus it was doubtless owing to his representation to the Pope, that the grey brothers of the order of Savigny became in 1146, at the Council of Rheims, formally incorporated into the Cistercians, and adopted their use.¹ This order had already one great abbey in England—Furness in Lancashire; founded at that spot by Stephen, Count of Mortaigne, in the year 1127. When Serlo, the fourth abbot of Savigny, formally surrendered his abbey to the Cistercians and S. Bernard, he also surrendered with it all its affiliated houses. But the abbot of Furness was by no means satisfied with this arrangement. Probably it seemed to him more dignified and more respectable to be the chief representative

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 232.

of the few houses of the grey brothers in England than to be merged into the number of the abbeys of the white brethren which were now springing up on every side. Accordingly he appealed to Rome, and backed up his appeal by a personal visit to the Pope. Eugenius, not having S. Bernard at his elbow, at once granted his request, and decided that Furness was to remain grey and Savigniac. But the Lancashire abbot had not calculated on the energy and vigour of those whom he was opposing. Returning in a satisfied and unsuspecting manner through France, he was captured by the Savigniac monks, probably at the instigation of S. Bernard, and carried a prisoner to Savigny, where, as the chronicler tells us somewhat *naively*, he became a very excellent monk, and was instructed in the use of the Cistercian order. Whether the instruction thus given was entirely to the taste of the *quondam* abbot we are not told. Meantime one Richard, of Baiocco, a doctor in divinity, was sent from Savigny to take the post of abbot of Furness, and under his dexterous management the monks gave up their scruples, and acquiesced in Cistercianism. A hundred years later the two abbots of Furness and Waverley quarrelled about the seniority of their foundations. A note in Dugdale says that a minute account of this dispute is given in the Waverley annals. Such, however, is by no means the case. A short and not very plain paragraph as to the termination of the dispute is all that is given. By this Furness appears to have to content itself with the barren honour of being the head of the Savigniac order in England, an order which had long ceased to exist; but the abbot of Waverley is to take precedence of all English Cistercian abbots whether in England or elsewhere.¹ The progress of the ramifications of the Cistercian abbeys in England during the earlier years of the order exhibits the following series—Waverley, Rievaulx, Fountains, Garendon, Ford, Meaux, Thame, Kingswood, Kirksted, Louth Park, Boxley, Woburn, Bruerne, Combe. All these date within the first ten years of the appearance of the white monks in England, and they are only a small part of the actual foundations, so that the progress of the order in this country may bear comparison with its advance in other lands of Europe.

The early history of Thame furnished another instance that the Cistercian settlers were not always so devoted to the most wild, damp, and unhealthy spots as they professed to be. The aban-

¹ M. Luard says in his Preface, 'The question with Furness as to the precedence was settled' (p. 40); but, exercising that judicious reticence which is apt to seize upon editors in view of an obscure passage, he does not tell us *how*. The difficulty is, what Furness had to do with the *lota generatio Elemosinæ in Angliâ* inasmuch as Furness was not founded from Elemosyna. The Editors of Dugdale have simply put the passage into a note in bald and unintelligible English.

² *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 311.

donment of Brightley brought the monks to the rich and pleasant pastures of Ford, and their disgust at the marshy and agueish swamps of Ottmoor induced Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, to give them his fine park at Thame, which, in spite of their ascetic devotion to the disagreeable, they did not decline in favour of their original location. The Cistercian settlement at Haverholme, in Lincolnshire, which had gone out from Fountains, was even yet more dainty as to its situation than the monks of Thame. One can easily pardon the unhappy recluses settled in Ottmoor, where, as Bishop Kennett says, their abode must have been more like an ark than a monastery, for wishing for a better place for practising their asceticism; but why the fine, dry, and well-wooded lands of Haverholme were not good enough, is not so easily to be divined. However, the monks found fault with the place, and again Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, a good friend of the order, came forward to establish them more to their mind. The Cistercian ascetics were removed from Haverholme, and established in Louth park, about the most choice spot in the county of Lincoln. Yet Croyland and Bardney had to be contented with their fens, but then they did not belong to the fashionable order which assumed to possess greater powers of self-denial than any other. At the Cistercian settlement of Pipewell, in Northamptonshire, which is not mentioned in the Waverley annals, the woods among which the monks were settled were by no means the disagreeable thing which those who magnify the hardships endured by the Cistercians would have them to be. This abbey was abandoned *sub prætextu paupertatis* (as the annalist tells us) about 200 years after its foundation; but the poverty had arisen from the waste which had been inflicted on the noble groves of oak which had originally surrounded the house. First of all, says the good monk who wrote the account of the abbey, the brethren loved their fine trees as a mother loves her only son. They carried away the thorns and underwood in carts or loaded upon the backs of their servants for the purposes of fuel, and spared the fine timber. But afterwards growing careless, they began to lop the branches, and cut away the roots of the oaks for this purpose. Then every one, whether layman or parson, who wanted to build a house in the neighbourhood, got an order for cutting timber in these woods, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages boldly made raids into the forest, and cut and carried away the trees. Certain of the abbots, also, made a good thing of selling the timber, and clearances were made for pasture and arable land. So that the monks, who on the re-establishment of the house invoked maledictions on those who had destroyed the fine woods, should refrain from such words (says the chronicler), inasmuch as their prede-

cessors themselves had been principally guilty, and had received the benefit of the spoil. The monks of Pipewell would seem not to have been very popular, and had to bear a good many annoyances from their neighbours. There was one Robert Bonteveleyn who is especially branded as having assailed them. He insisted on a right to keep a horse in the abbey stables, and to quarter his pack of hounds on the monks, to be fed by them as long as he pleased. On one occasion he sent his servant to fasten up his horse in the stall, and the abbot finding it there, was sorely perplexed what to do with it. At length, taking counsel, he caused the animal to be led away, and tied up in a stable belonging to the squire. Upon this Robert was excited to fury, and swore that if he caught any of the monks on horseback outside the abbey, he would cut their horses' tails off; or if they were on foot that he would maltreat them in some other way. At length by the payment of a considerable sum of money his ire was appeased.¹ In another Cistercian house, that of Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, the monks complained against their abbot that he granted the estates to several persons on lives, without reserving any rent to be paid for the use of the monastery, and this was alleged to be for the support of his concubine, Isabel Beushall, by whom (the complaint says) he had more children than the number of the monks in the monastery.²

In estimating the difficulties encountered in the first Cistercian settlements, we must not fail to take into account the number of villans and bondmen which were on the manors when ceded to them. At Stoneleigh there were sixty-eight villans who held portions of land for service, as also certain bondmen who were bound to give a fixed amount of labour, as well as make the gallows and hang thieves when caught; no one in those days ever thinking of inflicting a less punishment on a thief than hanging. The work of these subordinates, and of the great number of the lay brethren whom it was the peculiarity of the Cistercian order to collect, must have materially lightened the labours of the monks proper in their field work, and aided them greatly to make that profit in their farming, which the instances of change of site mentioned above show that they did not despise. A great order, protected by the most ample papal privileges, exempted from taxes, from tithes, and every burden, combining the healthy occupations of out-door work with the cloistral life thought to purchase a certainty of the bliss of another world, what wonder if the Cistercians grew and multiplied, and altogether obscured the other monastic orders during the twelfth and

¹ Dugdale, *Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 435, *seq.*

² Dugdale's *History of Warwickshire*.

thirteenth centuries? Of the nunneries belonging to the order we have said nothing. They were for the most part small establishments, and their number in England never reached thirty. Neither have we space to speak of even a moderate proportion of the great abbeys and priories whose foundation is noticed in the Waverley annals, which nearly cover the period of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Beaulieu is remarkable as having been founded by King John, the bitter enemy of the Cistercian order, by way of atoning for his crimes towards them. Netley, the picturesque ruins of which are so well known, is notable for the smallness of its revenues, combined with the magnificence of its conventual church. Around Vale Royal, the letters of the last abbot, pleading for his house (preserved in Ormerod's Cheshire,) cast a pathetic interest. The history of this abbey, like that of Fountains, is a strange comment on the professed asceticism of the order. 'The abbot of Vale Royal,' says Mr. Ormerod, 'for nearly three centuries had maintained a style of splendour equal to that of many powerful barons. Like them he had his seneschal and his under seneschal. The ordinary law of his court was administered by a coroner and the bailiffs of Over and Weverham, in whom a capital *privilegium* was vested, with the powers of *Infangtheof* and *Outfangtheof*, equally serviceable in screening his own vassals from whatever enormities they might commit, and of subjecting to the abbot's vengeance, without possibility of appeal, all trespassers on his privileges within the limits which the charter had assigned to him. He had his page to attend upon him in the abbey, and his palfreyman to hold the reins of his horse on his journey, in which, from the account of the skirmish in Rutlandshire, he appears to have travelled with a powerful retinue and to have been attended by considerable families of the county.' S. Bernard would have found in this development of one of his children something as little to his taste as that which he saw in Abbot Peter of Clugni, and indeed in spite of high professions, after a short period there was no great discernible difference in externals between the old Benedictines, the Clugniacs, and the Cistercians.

We shall now endeavour to gather from the annals before us some historical notices of the Cistercian Order, as a whole, during the period contained in the chronicle. Stephen was a good friend to the White Monks. He not only founded several abbeys for their brethren, but his whole policy was one of respect for the special privileges and exemptions of the Church. At the Council at London in 1163, he agreed to the 'most rigid canons proposed by the legate, against those who arrested clerks,

or in any way injured things ecclesiastical.¹ Henry II, though somewhat different in his notions as to the rights of the State towards the Church, yet did not venture to subject the powerful order of the Cistercians to the exactions which he imposed on other Churchmen. The very heavy tax which was levied for the third crusade, in which 'many, and especially the poorer sort were tortured and afflicted,' did not touch the Cistercians.² The order, however, did not fare so well in the taxing for the raising of King Richard's ransom. This was a matter in which the Pope was specially interested, and no protection to them from Rome was to be feared. The country also being thoroughly in earnest in the desire to raise the sum required speedily, was not ready to respect any ordinary exemptions.

'The chief men of England who were collecting this money, in addition to the contributions of the laity, levied a tenth on the revenues of all the churches. They took whatever treasure in gold, or silver, or precious stones they found in the abbeys and other churches, so that the crosses and the biers were stripped, and even the sacred vessels of the altar were plundered. But since among the monks of the Cistercian order there were found no treasures of gold and silver, as in other monasteries, the whole of the wool of one year's growth was forcibly seized.'³

From this it appears that as yet the strong objection of S. Stephen and S. Bernard to the use of costly ornaments in the Cistercian churches was respected. In the earlier part of their history the Cistercians were the antiritualists of their day. They had commenced with a violent opposition to the gorgeous ceremonial of Clugni. How long the antagonism was preserved we cannot exactly trace, but there is abundant proof that it at length issued in a very different view. The list of the sacred vessels of Fountains, with their gold and jewels, exhibits this great abbey as scarcely behind any in Europe in its magnificent collection of church plate.

The accession of John threatened evil days to the Cistercians. For some cause or other, even before he was embroiled with the Pope, he was a bitter enemy of their Order. The chief abbots of the Cistercians, accordingly taking the advice of Archbishop Hubert, came in humble guise to the King when in the second year of his reign he went to hold a Parliament at Lincoln. John had just shown his devotion by acting with William, King of Scotland, as one of the bearers of the body of Sir Hugh;⁴ but the sight of the Cistercian abbots at once roused him to fury. He bade his attendants tread those obnoxious petitioners under the feet of their horses. This, however, they did dare to

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, 229.

² *Ib.* 245.

³ *Ib.* 248.

⁴ *Roger of Wendover*, III. 162 (Ed. Coxe).

do; and in the night following the giving of this savage order the king had a terrible dream. He seemed to be summoned before a stern judge, while the abbots stood around and accused him. Then the judge commanded that punishment should be inflicted on the king, and the shrinking culprit seemed to himself to be fearfully scourged. On awaking in the morning, he declared that he could still feel the smarting of the blows. The terror of the dream led the king at once to seek pardon from the insulted abbots, and further induced him to propitiate the order by the foundation of Faringdon and Beaulieu monasteries. This story, which appears in the MSS. relating to Kirkstall Abbey,¹ was evidently the invention of a time later than the composition of the Annals of Margan. The writer of these had never heard of it, for he tells us that

‘The Abbots of the Cistercian Order, by the advice of the Lord of Canterbury, went to Lincoln to meet the king, and there, to the great astonishment of all, experienced the favour of the king. On bended knees he demanded pardon of them for the injuries which he had done them, promising that he would found an abbey of the Cistercian Order, and that he himself would be buried there.’²

Probably the capricious character of this tyrannical prince is sufficient to account for his sudden change.³ But if the Cistercians, encouraged by this sudden mildness and favour, flattered themselves that they were to have in John a munificent patron of their order, they were bitterly deceived in their expectations. The Jews and the Cistercians were the special objects of his ruthless persecutions, and were the numberless chronicles of the period somewhat more full in detail we should be able doubtless to point to numerous instances of individual cruelty and suffering which Cistercian abbots and monks had to endure. As it is, we are almost limited to general accounts of the great Cistercian persecution. Meantime the profits of the farming in England, on which the Cistercians mainly depended, had been terribly curtailed by the wet season of 1202, by which almost all the corn in the country was destroyed. ‘So great was the scarcity that a horse load of corn was sold in England for more than twelve shillings.’⁴ The scarcity was followed by a pestilence, and the monks of Waverley, unable to obtain sufficient supplies to support them, were dispersed and taken in by different monasteries which were not so hardly pressed.⁵ This was not a very good

¹ Dugdale. Monasticon, vol. v. 682.

² Annales de Margan, p. 25.

³ The Waverley Chronicler speaks of the foundations of Faringdon having been made by John ‘*inspirations divinâ præventus*.’—P. 254.

⁴ Annales de Waverleia, p. 254. The Annals of Margan mention that there was an especial mortality among sheep.

⁵ Annales de Waverleia, p. 255.

preparation for the storm which fell upon the order after the promulgation of the pope's Interdict. The answer made by the furious king to the papal curse was the declaration of the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property in the realm; but as this from its very magnitude soon proved an empty menace,¹ the rage of the king and his chief exactions were concentrated on some more especially obnoxious sections of his ecclesiastical subjects. One of the chief of these was the Cistercian order. There were both general and special reasons to make John, under the exasperation of an Interdict, rage against the Cistercians. Of the first sort were those profuse favours from the pope, which made this order, before the institution of the friars, the peculiar object of the regard and care of Rome. Of the second was that special privilege to which we have before alluded, which allowed the Cistercians, even during the prevalence of an Interdict, to celebrate with closed doors, and thus exempted them from the infliction which the paternal charity of Rome scrupled not to send upon the whole land for the sins of its rulers. We are indeed inclined to think that the horrors of an Interdict have been somewhat overrated. In monasteries a celebration was permitted once a week, and though mass could not be said in parish churches, yet sermons were preached in the churchyards instead of the church. The baptism of children could be legally celebrated, and the sacred elements could be carried to any who were in danger of death. The chief difficulty was as to marriage and burial; but doubtless marriage was privately solemnized, to be repeated perhaps when the curse was taken off; and as to burial, the difficulty was got over by burying in ground near to the churchyard, which, when the Interdict was removed, was solemnly blessed and consecrated. No doubt the consciences of some would be vexed by the thought that they lay under the pope's displeasure; but the chief sufferers were the clergy, whose incomes must have been seriously diminished by the cessation of offerings. However, the Interdict was certainly a very disagreeable thing, and sufficiently exasperating it must have been to the king and his nobles to know that while no chaplain ventured to say mass for them, the white monks could go on as usual in their services, and exempt themselves from the annoyances of the country. Under these circumstances John's ancient prejudice against the Cistercian order revived, and he determined to make them pay heavily for the favour of Rome. It would seem that from the tax of a thirteenth levied by John from Church property the year before the Interdict, the Cistercian Order, as usual, was exempt,²

¹ See Roger of Wendover, III 223.

² *Annales de Waverleii*, p. 258.

neither immediately, on the sentence of the pope being spoken, did the storm burst upon them.

It was not till after his return from Ireland in 1210, that he seriously attacked them. The account given in the two chronicles of Waverley and Margan is word for word the same, (which appears to have escaped the notice of the editor) only in the sum said to be extorted from the Cistercians; there occurs an important discrepancy, and the Margan annals add the curious fact, that the Abbeyes of Margan and Beaulieu were exempt from the tax—Beaulieu, as being the king's foundation, and Margan, because it had hospitably entertained John in his expedition against Wales. 'The king,' says the chronicler, 'had assembled the men of the Cistercian order before he went across the sea; as he had the rest, concerning the matter of providing aid to him against his enemies, and because the Cistercians were unwilling to give him money as he desired, against the liberty of their order, he mightily troubled them, and from each of their houses, with a very short time given for providing it, he violently extorted a large sum, so that that collection exceeded the sum of 33,300 marks.'¹ The Margan annals say, 'equalled, or exceeded 27,000 marks.' Roger of Wendover puts the sum at 40,000 pounds of silver,² an estimate which is adopted by the annalist, Bartholomew de Cotton.³ The unfortunate Jews had just before been made to pay 66,000 marks. The sum thus exacted from the Cistercians may serve to give us some notion of their growth in wealth during the eighty years which had elapsed since their first settlement in England. We do not now hear of their being obliged to pay in wool, because they had none of the precious metals at command. But the exaction was doubtless very heavy and crushing. Waverley, we are told, had 'all its means pillaged and taken away,'⁴ and everywhere throughout England the monks and lay brethren were scattered abroad, having no power to stand against the fierce exactions of the king. But John was not satisfied with this spoliation. He had taken from the Cistercians all that they could get together of money or plate; he now aimed at providing against the future, and preventing the order from recovering these sums, when, hereafter, he should perhaps be reconciled with the pope, and the order should again be powerful. Accordingly, by letters prepared for the purpose,

¹ Bartholomew de Cotton, p. 99 (Ed. Luard.) Mr. Luard prints this as though it were an independent statement of his author, but it is adopted from Roger de Wendover, simply writing *Cistercienses* for *albi monachi*.

² *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 265.

³ *Annales de Magan*, p. 30.

⁴ Roger de Wendover, III. 234.

⁵ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 265.

to which the monks were obliged to subscribe, he makes them say that they had given all these things willingly and freely to 'their beloved and venerable lord, John, King of England,' and that no one was to presume to call them exactions or extortions.¹ We do not gather from the chronicle that the Cistercians ever obtained restitution of what had been taken from them. John's reparation to the Church was slow and evasive; only the chief prelates succeeded in getting any considerable portion of their losses. The bitter expressions which the chronicler uses of Richard de Marisco, John's chief agent for ecclesiastical exactions, of whose appointment to the bishopric of Durham he says, that 'an ape in the court was made a priest in the church,'² seem to show that the Cistercians had not much to thank him for.

Having suffered so much at the hands of John, the Cistercian order would naturally be anxious to stand well with his successor. Accordingly we find, that on the confirmation by Henry III. of the charters extracted from his predecessor, when a fifteenth was granted to the king, the Cistercians, 'as well on account of the liberties as to secure the favour and kindness of the king,' gave voluntarily 2,000 marks of silver. This was a politic contribution. Henry III. was soon afterwards a guest at Waverley Abbey, was present at the chapter of the monks, and was made an honorary member of their society.³ We may be sure that the Cistercians were not exempt from the tax of a tenth levied in England by their great patron the pope (Gregory IX.), for his crusade against the Emperor Frederic. This transaction, so scandalous to all concerned in it, was the natural consequence of the permitted intrusion of a foreign prince on English ground. The weak king, with no proper sense of the dignity of his office, did not venture to oppose it. He coveted similar powers for himself; and the pope, not ungrateful, allowed the exempt orders to bear the burden of the subsidy demanded by Henry in the year 1232.⁴ Whether this allowance was very well received by the order may be doubtful. Certainly there are traces in the chronicle that Otho, the Cardinal Legate, was not in high favour with the Cistercians. When he held his council in London, 'very few indeed' of the abbots of the order attended him; and in a matter touching the privileges of Waverley, the writer says, 'he used dissimulation, and acted remissly.'⁵

The fact of their having contributed, with the rest of the land, to the royal Exchequer, was one which the Cistercians were by no means desirous of having drawn into a prece-

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 268.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 310.

² *Ib.* p. 288.

⁵ *Ib.* pp. 318—326.

³ *Ib.* p. 301.

dent. Accordingly, when in 1256, the king, hardly pressed for money, had, by the pope's permission, exacted a tenth from all the ecclesiastics in England who were not specially exempt, and was eagerly desirous to add the Cistercians to the number of the contributors, the order boldly resisted. Another pope was now in office, and he had, in his permission to the king to tax the spirituality, formally excepted the Cistercian order. If, however, these privileged ones could be induced voluntarily to renounce this exemption, and to contribute, as they had done before, the same end might be gained. But the Cistercians now stood in a different position from that which they occupied at the beginning of the reign. They had contributed then voluntarily, but since then they had been taxed with the rest. If they should now give, they would seem to confirm the king's right to amerce them. Accordingly they resisted stoutly. 'The king being vehemently indignant that the Cistercians contributed to him nothing of their goods, tried to bring them to do this, first by blandishments, and then by threats, that at least they should collect some money among themselves, and thus make, as it were, a spontaneous gift, although, at the same time, he swore that he would not take less than 25,000 pounds from them. But they feared lest by satisfying so heavy an exaction, as it were of their own accord, the custom should arise of their being compelled to do this even against their own will, as often as the king pleased, and that thus they should lose the ancient liberties of their order, and offend the chief pontiff, who, in his special affection, had exempted them from the tax. They, therefore, all confederated together, and like a firm army, resisted the attempts of the king by this answer, saying, that without the leave of their chapter-general and all their abbots, they could not dare to do such a thing. The king seeing their firmness, and that he could not advance in his purpose, was seized with fury, and with threats and abuse bade them depart from his court. Therefore the unity and the firmness of the Cistercian order was everywhere spoken of, praised, and admired, and in the opinion of many, there was not an order under heaven to be compared to it, in form, unity, and in zeal for religion.'¹ This, indeed, was a signal triumph for the Cistercians, but whether it was due more to the weakness of the king, or to the admirable organization of the order, may be doubted. From the next grant of a tenth, in the year 1266, the order was again specially exempted.² It was otherwise, however, when the son of King Henry, a prince of a different stamp, succeeded to the throne. In the year 1276, by the grant

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 348.² *Ib.* p. 373.

of the Parliament, 'a fifteen of all temporal goods, both of clerks and laity, levied in an unheard-of manner, even to the most extreme point, was by the king's command taken and confiscated.'¹ To this levy the Cistercians contributed, as well as the rest of the nation. The exemptions, indeed, on which they so much prided themselves, were now being vigorously assailed. In 1281 Archbishop Peckham held a council at Lambeth, summoning thereto all the bishops and representatives of religious bodies, both non-exempt and exempt, the latter being summoned on the ground of the non-exempt churches which they held. The privileged orders, however, did not attend, whereupon the archbishop published a letter, severely censuring them for their contumacy. 'They think themselves free,' he writes, 'like the wild ass's colts, and have but little care for the troubles of their mother, to whose bowels they are rather a burden than an honour, being like Hagar, despisers of their mistress. We, however, desiring to correct such audacious presumption, strictly enjoin you, with regard to all the churches in your dioceses, which, being non-exempt themselves, are appropriated to exempt monasteries of any order, that you at once sequestrate them and keep them with the utmost strictness until you hear again from us.' Against this, of course, the Cistercians appealed to Rome; but we gather from the chronicle that the appeal was not very skilfully prosecuted, and the Archbishop would appear to have been in a great measure successful in enforcing obedience.² He had, indeed, the strongest ground to stand upon with regard to the churches annexed to the monasteries. It had been one of the original professions of the Cistercian order, that they would appropriate no tithes. 'Forasmuch as they did not read, either in the rule or the life of S. Benedict, that that doctor had possessed churches, or altars, or oblations, or tombs, or tithes, or bakehouses, or mills, or farmhouses, or labourers, nor that women were allowed to enter his monastery; therefore they abjured all these things, saying, that Benedict testifies that a monk ought to be estranged from all secular acts.' They said also, that tithes were divided by the holy fathers, whose statutes it is sacrilege to transgress, into four parts, namely, one part for the bishop, one for the priest, one for hospitality and charity, the fourth for the repair of the church. In this calculation they did not find anything for the monk; and therefore they refused unjustly to claim for themselves these things which belonged to others.³ A curious

¹ *Annales de Waverlām*, p. 386.

² *Ib.* pp. 395-397.

³ *Instituta Monasterium Cisterciensium Monasticon*, vol. v. p. 224.

comment upon the above is supplied by the history of the order, almost all the abbeys of which had large numbers of subject churches, whose tithes they enjoyed. The multiplication of altars also in the conventual churches is one great topic in the monastic annals. At Waverley we read of as many as five being dedicated at once. These were all for the purpose of attracting oblations, by putting forward the more popular saints, such as S. Thomas and S. Edmund of Canterbury, S. Francis, S. Robert, &c.

The institution of vicarages began in the thirteenth century. The chief author of this salutary arrangement seems to have been Hugh de Welles, bishop of Lincoln. His roll is still preserved, in which a large number of apportionments of vicarial tithes is to be found. This was vigorously followed up by his successor, Grosseteste, and became general throughout the country at this period; but until the bishops effectually interfered, the monks were the great swallows up of the tithes throughout the land, and in a short time would have got everything into their hands. For those who were thus encroaching on the rights of the Church to refuse to be amenable to diocesan discipline, in respect of the churches which they had appropriated, was a grievous and unbearable presumption, and we fully sympathize with Archbishop Peckham in his attempts to put it down. The Cistercians, indeed, were no lovers of bishops, and their chroniclers do not lose any opportunity that presents itself for saying a hard thing of the heads of the church. Neither are they remarkable for being lovers of kings, and we shall find their writers almost universally (as, indeed, the majority of the monkish chroniclers,) taking the popular side on all questions. The Waverley chronicler is as strongly on the side of the barons as against King Henry, in which we can fully sympathize with him, and supplies many interesting details of the Barons' War.

The Cistercians asserted that the requirements of visitatory discipline were satisfied by the regulation that all their monasteries were to be visited by abbots of their own Order. We have already quoted the testimony of the Abbot of Savigny, that this plan of visiting themselves was in reality a mere farce; and we know from Bishop Grosseteste's letters how bitterly he felt the evil of this obstruction to all good discipline, and how earnestly he strove at Rome to get the anomaly removed, but without success. We are bound, however, to produce from the Waverley Annals any traces which we can find of the reality of this discipline over the order in England. In the year 1187, Henry, the second Abbot of Waverley of that name, was dismissed from his office, it does not appear for what cause. In his time, the chronicle tells us, there were seventy

monks and one hundred and twenty lay brethren of the house.¹ Probably there may have been at this period some general complaints of slackness or want of discipline among the English Cistercians, for in the same year there appears to have been a general visitation of their houses, by visitors sent by the Chapter, held at Citeaux. In this visitation two abbots were removed, William, abbot of Tintern, and William, abbot of Bordesley; and it is very remarkable that, twelve years later, the successor of the latter abbot was also removed, which would seem to indicate that there was some scandal in the house difficult to abate.²

There is also an instance recorded in the *Waverley Annals* of a punishment inflicted upon a monastery for an offence against the Cistercian rule of not suffering a woman to enter a house of the order. S. Bernard was so strict an enforcer of this rule that he would not suffer his own sister to come within the walls of Clairvaux, and we must say that, in the instance we are about to mention, only the most exaggerated strictness could find anything to blame in the conduct of the monks. It appears that in the year 1245, the Church of King John's Abbey of Beaulieu was consecrated, and Henry III. with his Queen Eleanor, and the young Prince Edward, were present at the ceremony. Immediately on its conclusion the young heir apparent was taken dangerously ill, and his mother, doing the duty of an affectionate nurse, stayed with him in the abbey for the space of three weeks. For this hospitality, which, indeed, was almost forced upon them, the prior and cellarer of Beaulieu were deposed, as they had consented to the Queen remaining in the abbey, it being further objected to them that at the feast of the Dedication they had allowed laymen to partake of flesh.³ Was this churlish and Pharisaic strictness a real and genuine exercise of Cistercian discipline, or was it a piece of petty spite against the king, who claimed contributions from the favoured Order, and does not appear to have been very liberal in his donations towards them? It is very remarkable, that, just before this is told us, we are informed that the Princess Eleanor, wife of Simon de Montfort, had, with her husband, her two sons, and three female attendants, been staying at Waverley; but then this princess was a good benefactress to the abbey, and accordingly she is recorded to have lodged there by the 'indulgence of the chief pontiff.'⁴ Now, as it is quite impossible that a message could have been dispatched to Rome for the express purpose of knowing whether Waverley Abbey might receive

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 244.

² *Ib.* pp. 244, 245, 252.

³ *Ib.* p. 337.

⁴ *Ib.* p. 336.

within its wall the Countess de Montfort, we may take the words, *per indulgentiam summi Pontificis*, to mean that a pious and munificent princess was welcome, but that one who merely represented authority without gifts, could on no account be received. The other charge against the prior and cellarer of Beaulieu, for allowing the seculars to eat flesh at the Dedication, was also, probably, only a bit of affected purism. It could not be seriously supposed, even by the most ascetic of the White Brethren, that nobles and squires would come to do honour to their ceremonial without receiving in return the ordinary attentions of hospitality. We can only account for the fault found with the officials at Beaulieu, by imputing it to a desire to parade the professed strictness of the Order, and perhaps to excuse the visitors for the insult offered to the queen and prince, and through them to the king. We cannot gather from these annals that anything like a real and effective discipline was kept up over the Cistercian order in England. They gloried in their exemptions and immunities; they professed to aim at, and reach a higher standard than the ordinary religious. It is scarcely to be wondered at if they were not very ready to bring their short comings before the eyes of the profane laity, and there was certainly a strong temptation to the visiting abbots to palliate and excuse rather than to severely condemn any matters of which the outer world could be cognisant. And if the tendency of the exemption system was to impair discipline, it had also another effect which was most injurious to doctrine, and which, perhaps, more than any other one cause, was at the bottom of the strange growths of mediæval religion. We read in these Annals of constant changes and developments in the religious services of the Cistercian order. At one time it is determined to adopt S. Francis as a saint of the order, then to patronise the 1100 virgins; again the Cistercians decide on having twelve *lectios* for S. Edmund of Canterbury; in another place we have a form of prayer against the Tartars, which the order were to use.¹ Now this is altogether irrespective of what the Church may direct or approve: the Cistercians were a Church of themselves. What to them were synods, canons, or bishops? They settled their own affairs, only in subordination to the pope. If they did not approve of a saint they would not take him any the more because the Church had adopted him. They claimed to select and judge for themselves. It was the same with the other orders which made specially strict professions. The Dominicans had one religion, the Franciscans another.

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, 338, 351, 352.

None of these were bound by the general laws of the Church. They were above law and custom. Thus there were systems within systems, rival eclecticism, and rival developments, which tended to produce a strange congeries of doctrine and practice. The extreme claims made by the Cistercians for exemption from all interference, not only for themselves but also for all those with whom they were brought in contact, is well illustrated by an account given in the *Waverley Annals*:

'One Easter time, a certain young man, by trade a shoemaker, was taken into our shop to work. In process of time, it being known that he was kept there, a certain officer was sent from the king, with many attendants, to arrest him as guilty of homicide, and to bring him away. When then we heard that he was arrested, and that he was taken out of our shop and put in bonds, the Lord Abbot, with the seniors of the house, went to the officers and forbade them, under his anathema, to attempt an outrage of this sort, alleging our privileges, which make all our premises as free and secure as the altars of churches. They, however, without paying any regard to God or our holy religion, carried with them the young man bound in chains, and committed him to prison. We, therefore, were struck with amazement at such an enormous crime, especially on account of the danger which threatened our whole order (because if men could be thus arrested with impunity, in spite of the liberties of the order, and put in bonds in our monasteries or our farm-houses, there would henceforth be no difference between the premises of secular and religious men, but thus our houses would become a common place of entrance, like the courts of law in the State.) Wherefore, having held a consultation of the elder brethren our joy was straightway turned into grief, because the solemn rites of the Mass and the divine mysteries ceased in our abbey. With all speed the Lord Abbot went to the Legate, who at this time was in England, explained to him the outrage, praying him to protect our privileges, and to preserve the liberties of the order uninjured. But the Legate, only putting him off, and acting slackly in the matter, the Abbot went to the king, and brought before him his complaint, with many sighs and tears, showing that the liberty and peace of our holy church and our holy religion was disturbed, and that there could be no other satisfaction made to God and the Order, unless he who was scandalously and irreverently dragged away from our abbey, were by his command brought back and restored to the sacred place. This request the king could have granted at once, had not his council opposed it, and as men of great influence demanded it, the Abbot had a day assigned to him for bringing forward the privileges of the Order and the charters of our liberty. But when the king had heard of our suspension from divine offices, although he did not object to it having been at first resorted to in such a crisis, yet he would not have it to be continued. Accordingly, the Lord Abbot on the morrow, which was the day of S. Laurence, commanded the holy offices to be celebrated. The Abbot followed up the important cause in which he was embarked, and on the day appointed, and on other days after, exhibited our privileges and read our liberties before the king and council. Some there were, however, so perverse, as out of malice to interpret the apostolical writings not in favour of the order, but against it, so that the Lord Abbot, with great grief and bitterness of soul, had to contend for his liberty. At length, by God's mercy, after much toil and fatigue, some true and religious men who rightly understood our privileges, showed plainly to the king and his council that the enclosures of our abbeys and granges were

free by apostolical authority, and were as much quit from all entrance of wicked men as the altars of churches, and that all those who violated our premises were excommunicated by the chief pontiff. Upon hearing this, the king ordered by his high authority that the officer, with his attendants, should take back the man according to the privileges of the order, and should restore him to the abbey, to the honour of the order. This was done to the joy of the whole land, which gloried in our privileges. Afterwards, the violators of our abbey, as being violators of holy Church, were excommunicated, and were cited to the gates of the abbey by the letters of the Legate. Here, having first made satisfaction to God and the abbey, they were publicly scourged by the rural dean of the place and the Vicar of Farnham, and having been absolved from their sentence, and penance being enjoined to them, they went away, having been thus made for the future somewhat more civil to our Order.¹

The chronicler might well triumph in the termination of the dispute, but an impartial judge of the matter will not fail to perceive the gross injustice, which first of all shielded a murderer on a mere pretence, and then gloried in inflicting punishment on men who were merely the official executors of a warrant. But the story is instructive, as it shows how completely the existence of such privileges as those claimed by the Cistercians rendered good government and impartial exercise of law impossible; and this claim, be it observed, was made not for the good of Holy Church. It was not like the claim of Thomas à Becket, or Bishop Grosseteste, that churchmen should be judged only by churchmen, and that it was necessary for the purposes of ecclesiastical discipline that the lay courts should not interfere. This was not the claim of the Cistercians. They did not concern themselves about the general interests of the church; they looked only to their own order. They would consider their privileges as much infringed by a pursuivant of the Archbishop as by a bailiff of the King. It was a purely selfish exemption for certain ends of their own convenience and advancement, for which they strove. Under these special privileges they claimed to be allowed to monopolize as much of the soil of England as they could obtain from the devotion of the benefactors of their order. And what did they give to Church or State in return for these vast benefits. They lived in the midst of the land a life of watchful and suspicious antagonism to those around them, professing themselves to be more holy than their neighbours, but often contradicting their professions by their practice; affecting to despise wealth, yet accumulating it to a vast amount; with all their interests, their zeal, and their organization at the service of a foreign prince—an un-English and unpatriotic sect, which brought no energies to bear on the side of virtue against vice, of order against disorder, but, absorbed in

¹ *Annales de Waverleia*, p. 325, *seq.*

their own employments and their own schemes were simply a burden and a trouble to their Church and country.

Before leaving the Waverley Annals we desire to notice a few very interesting facts connected with the ecclesiastical history of the period, which are scattered up and down in their pages.

Under the year 1181 we have a notice of the Carthusian brethren having occupied their first dwellings in England. These were a sect of religious who made even higher professions of asceticism than the Cistercians themselves, and we may add, held to them more faithfully, a circumstance which may serve to account for the fact of their not having spread and increased like the others. Of this order was Hugh of Burgundy, better known as S. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. In his life, as given in the Golden Legend, we are told, 'In that tyme Henry, Kynge of England, dyd doo bylde and founded an hous of Charter-hous in England, wherfore he sent into Burgoyne to the Charter-hous for to have one of them to have the gouvernaunce and rewle of it. And at the grete instaunce and prayer of the Kynge unnethe coude he gett this sayd Saint Hughe, but at the last, by the commaundment of his oueryst and request of the Kynge he was sente into the reame of Englonde, and there made procurator of the same hous, and there lyved an holy and devoute lyf, lyke as he dyd before, that he stood so in the Kynge's grace that the Kynge named him to be Byssop of Lyncolne, which bysshoprycke the Kynge had holden longe in his honde, and was called thereto by the sayd chapytre, and the byssoprycke to hym presentyd.' S. Hugh was especially famous for his pious care in attending to lepers, and in burying the dead, and thus the chronicler tells us, 'Our Lord gaf and rendryd to hym by retribucion condyngne honourable sepulture, for what tyme he departed out of this world, and the same day that his body was broughte to the churche of Lyncolne, it happed that the Kynge of Englonde, the Kynge of Scotland, and three archebyssoppes, baronnes, and grete multitude of peple were gadred at Lyncolne, and were present at his honourable sepulture.' The death of S. Hugh is mentioned in the Waverley Annals, but we learn from Roger of Wendover that not only were King John and King William of Scotland present at the funeral, but that they also acted as bearers of the corpse;² yet it was at this very time that John exhibited such fury against the Cistercian abbots, and then in his caprice founded an abbey of the Order, as has been mentioned above. S. Hugh was the designer, and in part the

¹ Annales de Waverleia, p. 242.

² Roger de Wendover, III. 162.

builder, of some of the most beautiful portions of Lincoln Cathedral, and this noble fane was soon afterwards polluted by a strange and horrible crime, the account of which is given in the *Waverley Annals*. In the year 1205, before the altar of S. Peter, in the Church at Lincoln, William de Bramford, sub-dean of the Cathedral, was murdered by a certain clerk, who had been vicar of that Church. We may conjecture that the unfortunate sub-dean had been instrumental in removing his assassin from his post, and that the act was one of revenge. The remainder of the story illustrates the savage manner of the period. 'The clerk was straightway in the midst of the same church torn limb from limb by the servants of the sub-dean and others, and then his remains were dragged out of the church, and hung up outside the city. All this was done on the Lord's Day of the Dominical letter B.'¹ Another interesting event, connected with the Church at Lincoln, is told in fuller detail in these *Annals* than in most others. Many notices are there of the cruelties practised upon the wretched Jews, but that story, by which a great many of those which followed it were pretended to be justified, is related as follows:—

'1255, the Jews, the enemies of the Christian name, having miserably afflicted with many and various torments a certain boy in Lincoln, named Hugh, at length, in insult and contempt of the name of Christ, fixed him to a cross, and killed him by a cruel death. Afterwards desiring to conceal so great a crime from the Christians, they took down the glorious body from the cross and threw it into the river to sink it, but the water not enduring so great an injury of its Creator, straightway threw it out on dry ground. Upon this, the enemies of Christ thinking vainly to hide it more safely and secretly under ground, buried the body; but on the morrow they found the body of the blessed martyr placed upon the ground as before. Astonished, as might be expected, at the strangeness of so great a thing, they were nearly driven to madness, not knowing what to do or whither to turn themselves. At last they threw it into a well containing water for drinking. Straightway so great a light shone upon the place from heaven, and so fragrant an odour filled the whole place, that all could perceive that something holy and wonderful was contained in that well. The Christians hastened to the spot, and seeing the venerable body float upon the water, with great devotion they drew it out. By the hands and feet pierced, by the head punctured in the form of a crown, and the other scars on the body, it was clear to all that the detested Jews were the authors of this crime. They carried the body, in procession, to the church, miracles being wrought by it on the way, and eighteen of the wicked Jews confessing their crime with their own lips, were dragged by horses through the streets of London, and afterwards hung.'²

The sufferings of these eighteen unfortunates were however by no means the whole of the vengeance taken on the Jews for the supposed crime of the murder of little S. Hugh. Many a terrible onslaught on this unfortunate people during the middle

Annales de Waverleia, p. 267.

² *Ib.* p. 346, *seq.*

ages was attempted to be justified by a reference to the tragic fate of the boy of Lincoln.

An account of the great festival of the translation of the bones of S. Thomas, at Canterbury, is given in these Annals, and the writer agrees with all the others, who mention it that such a vast assemblage of persons was never seen in England. He also testifies to the wonderfully good arrangements made for the management and entertainment of the enormous multitude by Archbishop Stephen Langton. A much fuller account of this interesting ceremony will be found in the Annals of Croyland, but the fullest history of it is contained in the treatise written by Archbishop Stephen, to commemorate his great work, and which is published in the *Patrologia* of the Abbé Migne.

We now take leave of the Waverley Annals, with thanks to Mr. Luard, for having, by his reprint, put us in possession of a very useful Mediæval Chronicle, with every facility for its use. The Index, which is promised at the conclusion of the *Annales Monastici*, of which both the Margan and the Waverley Annals are a part, will be a most useful source of reference for the student of these deeply interesting times. The thirteenth century was a critical period in the history of the English Church. Before the exempt bodies, the Cistercians and the Friars, had got firm footing in the land, the Papal power had not that strong and overpowering grasp which it afterwards obtained. If John had been a prince of less infamous character, if Henry III. had not been the weak and wayward creature that he was, it is probable that the establishment of our civil liberties, which those times witnessed, might have been accompanied by the establishment of ecclesiastical liberty also, and the Church of England free from the degrading slavery to Rome, might have earlier developed her true national character. That she failed to do so was due partly to the weakness of her princes, but especially to the watchfulness of the garrisons of Rome, formed by the establishment and growth of the exempt Orders.

ART II.—*On the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England, and the Borders.* By WILLIAM HENDERSON; with an Appendix on *Household Stories.* By SABINE BARING GOULD. Longmans, 1866.

2. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By SABINE BARING GOULD, M.A. Rivingtons, 1866.
3. *Lancashire Folk Lore.* Compiled and Edited by JOHN HARLAND, F.S.A.; and T. T. WILKINSON, F.R.A.S. Warne and Co., 1867.
4. *Popular Romances of the West of England, or the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall.* Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT. 2 vols. Hotten, 1865.
5. *A Manual of Mythology.* By the Rev. GEORGE W. COX. Longmans.

FOLK LORE is a modern word, telling in its very construction of the period of its formation. We feel as sure that it belongs to the stratum of the Teutonic Archaism as we do that 'Popular Superstition' is of the Latin Deposit. Even the former, in comparison with that of its lengthy synonym, is a proof of the different estimation it has attained. The monosyllables give dignity, the polysyllables cast a slur. *Folk*, as connected with the great conquering Volken, are ancient and honourable; but *popular* and *vulgar*, albeit from the same root, have both deteriorated in significance in their transit through Latin. Lore infers something to be *learnt* and sought out; superstition is the excess of belief, and implies that it ought to be discarded and forgotten.

In effect the beliefs and customs that fell under the stigma of superstition, were driven to such remote corners under that opprobrious title, that now that they have become *lore*, and scholars and philologists perceive their value, contempt for them has become so current that their repositories among the peasantry are ashamed of them, and it requires no small amount of address to enable an educated person to extract an account of them, more especially since, strange and interesting as they may be to the antiquary, many are far more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Parson, doctor, and school-master, must blame and condemn them in practice, even though the next generation will lose much that is racy and amusing.

On the whole we believe that the old nurse's fable is more in vogue than it has been at any other age of the world. Strong-minded men seem as a rule to have always despised mere portents and auguries, and only to have accepted the fables that accounted for natural phenomena because no other solution had been discovered. And the religion of truth always waged war against them. A true Israelite under the old dispensation was taught to be as free from all superstition as a Christian of the present day; and from Moses on to the later books of the Old Testament, there is a continual denunciation of the various magic practices that were caught from the heathens. The early Christian teachers in like manner forbade all varieties of divination, and modes of securing good luck, on the same principle, *i.e.*, that the Second Commandment is infringed by trust in whatever is not of God; and in the interesting work at the head of our paper, Mr. Henderson has brought together many quotations showing the constant testimony of the Fathers and earlier ecclesiastics against such practices. He collects many such denunciations throughout the Middle Ages, and adds that apparently the Reformation, by diminishing popular reliance on Saints and Angels, absolutely caused the balance to swing back towards the old remnants of heathenism; so that instead of the fairies and elves being, as merry Bishop Corbett says, 'all of the old profession,' they would rather have lifted their heads when relieved from the censure of the Church. This is possible, but it may also be that our greater evidence of popular credulity may be caused by the more prominent relief into which a lower grade of persons were raised by the greater fullness of history, and by their own increasing importance.

However, there has been, and very rightly, a universal endeavour for at least two centuries, to argue away, laugh down and eradicate all such superstitions, until they have almost perished from the surface, and only remain niched in a few credulous and ignorant minds in remote places, now and then coming into full light, chiefly in some case of obtaining money on false pretences, or of savage revenge on some supposed witch. And when practical and mischievous faith in these superstitions has passed away, it has become the part of scholars to collect them and compare them as valuable and instructive remnants of ancient beliefs. Such researches in able hands have led to very important conclusions, and it is highly desirable that every indication of popular belief should at once be noticed down, just as a specimen in natural history in a new place is recorded not so much for its own sake as for its connexion with its congeners.

Folk Lore is a very vague term. It includes all that traditional mass of tales, sayings, beliefs, customs, observances, and auguries that are, or recently were, afloat among the people, accepted and acted upon by the lower orders, and more or less even by the upper classes. In these there is a certain amount of simple truth. Some are remnants of Church customs now disused, and some are relics of old Teuton heathenism. Often, we believe that superstition is the vulgarising of Reverence. Awe, devoid of actual fear, is incomprehensible to the rude and coarse, and when the vulgar see certain things, places, or persons treated with distant respect, they immediately conclude that some dire material effect is apprehended from a contrary course. Thus the poor women keep their children quiet in church by appalling threats of what the parson will do to them; and the legend of Queen Elizabeth's maid of honour who died of the prick of a needle on Sunday, has no doubt done much to produce the Englishwoman's horror of touching that implement; though the tales of the Evangelical Lutheran, Madame Nathusius, represent the pattern German girl as regarding fancy work as part of her Sunday recreation.

The real range of Folk Lore is world-wide; Kaffir, Negro, Maori, continually amaze us with the resemblance of their traditions to our own; but within this mighty circuit there are divisions; and those superstitions which belong to the Indo-European nations are the most easily compared, as well as the most interesting to ourselves; while again we shall find that the most accessible traditions, and those most easy to compare and classify, are those of the countries where the population consists of Teutons or Kelts, in various proportions, with civilization derived from Rome.

Much has been done towards such collections, ever since the brothers Grimm set the example in Germany. Mr. Edgar Taylor introduced their 'Märchen' in England in an elegant selected translation, which, however, coming in the full swing of Edgeworthism, was, we fear, generally regarded as almost too unintellectual for a nursery book. Yet its notes gives it a value even above that of the beautiful recent *édition de luxe*, containing all the Märchen. Sir Walter Scott meanwhile was, from taste and instinct, collecting all that Border tradition could afford him, viewing it, however, chiefly as poetic material. Croker's Irish tales were a most valuable contribution in themselves, and were told so charmingly as to awaken the popular taste and curiosity. Mr. Keightley began to collect and harmonize the old tales and fairy legends of different countries; and though no collector has equalled the pair who deserve to be mythologically celebrated as the Giants Grimm, yet

the dwarfs standing on their shoulders begin to see further than even the giants themselves, and collectors and interpreters alike have multiplied within the last few years. Among the interpreters we would mention Professor Müller, Mr. Cox, Mr. S. B. Gould, and Mr. Kelly; among the collectors Mr. Dasent for Norway and Iceland, Mr. Campbell for the Highlands, Mr. Hunt for Cornwall, Mr. Hadland and Mr. Wilkinson for Lancashire, Mr. Henderson for the counties of Durham and Northumberland, as well as for the Border districts. Here he has been fortunate enough to become possessed of a MS. collection, made by a young man named Wilson, at the request of Sir Walter Scott, but which had failed to reach his hands. Add to these the Rev. J. C. Atkinson's contributions to the *Monthly Packet*, of the Folk Lore still fresh among the Danish sprung population of Cleveland—a work which we hope to see complete and published in a full and separate form. We believe that almost any curiosity of Folk Lore, which can be gathered direct from the peasantry, ought to be at once sent with sufficient evidence to some collector of these matters, since there is much yet to be established respecting the geographical distribution (if it may so be called) of certain myths and customs, and much light is thrown on differences of national character by the forms that the same story or belief will assume. No time is to be lost, for even in Cornwall Mr. Hunt tells us that stories he heard and happily recorded thirty-five years ago, have now become extinct.

It must be confessed, however, that researches after English Folk Lore are apt to be disappointing. Our people in the true-blooded Anglian and Saxon counties, are too busy, too practical, too shy of being laughed at, too sophisticated to dwell much on any tradition that does not connect itself with immediate results. They are not narrators of stories, and care little for battle-fields.

Mr. Henderson, indeed, relates how a Sunday scholar at Durham preferred a lesson from the Book of Joshua to one from Samuel, because of the fighting in it, and then told his teacher that there had been a great battle fought close to Durham once—

“And where was it fought?” asked the teacher; “At Neville’s Cross,” answered the lad promptly. “I go there very often of an evening, to see the place, and if you walk nine times round the Cross, and then stoop down and lay your head to the turf, you’ll hear the noise of the battle and the clash of the armour.” These were the young fellow’s exact words.—*Henderson*, p. 266.

But Durham was peopled partly by Kelts, and partly by Northmen, and against this young poet may be set the old

woman of Berkshire, who with the White Horse and the Dragon's Hill before her eyes, was far from clear whether the battles they commemorated had not been a review, the firing of which she herself had heard. Naseby Field is said to be believed to be haunted with battle noises, but in general we fear that where the spot is remembered at all, it is only as a local lion, attracting strangers and bringing profit.

There is no perspective in the popular mind. Even in the Keltic, and therefore naturally imaginative Cornwall, the terrible Tregagle figures as an unjust attorney of not many generations ago, but falls in with ancient British hermits, and saints; and the saints have the characters and powers of their predecessors the giants, hurl rocks about, and even pelt each other, as did SS. Just and Sennan, whose two rocks met midway in the air, united, and formed one enormous granite mass. All that is before the memory of 'the grandmother of the oldest inhabitant,' is in one plane of far antiquity, including King Arthur, Oliver Cromwell, and the French Revolution. Christmas mummings in the south of England always call St. George 'King Geaarge,' a village girl who was taken to see Windsor Castle, wrote to her mother that 'she had seen the "old King killing the dragon,"' and in Cornwall there is scarcely a tradition about King Arthur himself.

Without cultivation there seems to be an essential vulgarity in the English mind. Witness the deterioration of ballads that have been current among the people in England compared with those that have had the same lot in Scotland. For instance, we will take the mournful ditty where the jealous elder sister drowns the younger. In the Scottish ballad the miller is thus summoned:—

'O father, father, draw your dam,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
There's either a mermaid or milk-white swan,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

After drawing out the unfortunate lady—

'He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
The strings he framed of her yellow hair,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Whose notes made sad the listening ear,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
He brought it to her father's hall,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
And there was the Court assembled all,
By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He laid his harp upon a stone,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
 And straight it began to play alone,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
 O. yonder sits my father, the king,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
 And yonder sits my mother, the queen,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
 And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
 And by him my William, sweet and true,
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.
 But the last tune the harp played then,
 Binnorie, O Binnorie!
 Was "Woe to my sister, false Helen,"
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.'

We quote from Mr. Chambers' version, but the wild weird, ghastly beauty is the same in every Scotch variety, but contrast the poetic grandeur of this poem, every word of which is homely, with the two English versions given in Mr. Hughes' 'Scouring of the White Horse.' The Berkshire runs thus, as to the discovery of the body:—

'O father, O father; here swims a swan,
 Hey down, bow down.
 Very like a drowned gentlewoman,
 And I'll be true to my true love
 If my love be true to me.
 The miller, he fot his pole and hook,
 Hey down, bow down,
 And he fished the fair maid out of the brook,
 And I'll be true to my true love,
 If my love be true to me.
 O miller! I'll give thee guineas ten,
 If thou'lt fetch me back to my father again.
 The miller, he took her guineas ten,
 And he pushed the fair maid in again.
 But the coroner has come, and the justice, too,
 With a hue and cry, and a hullabaloo.
 They hanged the miller beside his own gate,
 For drowning the varmer's daughter, Kate.
 The sister, she went beyond the seas,
 And died an old maid among black savagees.
 So, I've ended my tale of the West countree,
 And they calls it the Barkshire tragedee.'

The other version, from the Welsh border, describes minutely how a fiddle was constructed from the poor lady's interior, and reproached all the family—but oh! how unlike the Scottish harp—and ending with the true legal consolation;—

'There sits the crowner, Uncle Joe,
Which comforteth poor me;
He'll hold his crowner's quest, I know,
To get his crowner's fee.'

There is a certain grim humour in both these, and the last almost looks like a conscious travestie of Binnorie: but scarcely any genuine ballad of the English populace is otherwise than grotesquely ridiculous, even when most horrible. The very best always have some painful triviality and absurdity; the 'Children in the Wood' itself is full of paltrinesses; Widdrington and his stumps spoil Chevy Chase, at best greatly inferior to the Scottish Battle of Otterburn, where Douglas's death is marvellously beautiful; and the uniform conclusion of ballads of unhappy lovers is wilful bathos. Denmark, the prolific source of ballads, we believe, invented the regulation termination by which

'The one was buried within the church,
The other within the choir,
And out of the one there grew a birch,
And out of the other a briar.'

Scotland, the country of burying lands in desolated convent churches, touchingly made the two to intertwine, but some practical Englishman caused the sexton to hack them down with his hook because they encumbered the path. Is it that the English nature so revolts in indignation at having been touched, that it immediately makes game of the subject? Or is it that there is absolutely no sense of the ridiculous? Whatever has been orally transmitted, such as the mumming dialogues, carols, May-day songs, &c., have always become hopelessly confused and vulgarised in a manner that, if we may trust collectors, does not befall the songs and rhymes of Scotland, Denmark, Germany, Brittany, or Italy.

English poetic genius stands as high as that of any other nation, but it would appear as if appreciation of the poetical was, in our own country, confined to the cultivated classes. Abroad though the demarcation of rank was more defined, yet everywhere but in France there was less dissimilarity of feeling between the gentleman and peasant, than here, where the one might be the more refined, but the other less so. Moreover, learning has probably never been out of reach of an intelligent person in England, since Richard II. refused to grant his nobles' petition that their serfs might be forbidden to learn to read. First monasteries, then grammar, and dame, schools put book learning within the reach of any one whose mind was active enough to seek for it; and a clever lad, rising into the position of a scholar, left the homely songs of tradition to those who had

not the sentiment to mould them, or even the power to preserve them accurately.

Peace and prosperity are also very depoetizing elements, since they leave no landmarks in the mind, and on a silent people, much absorbed in present interests, and happily without a notion of long standing family feuds. Traditions are hardly ever handed on—among what we are no longer allowed to call the genuine Anglo Saxons. Celtic or Danish admixtures make a great difference in the tenacity of traditions, and thus all the best and fullest come from our northern and western countries, which often explain otherwise incomprehensible usages and sayings of the south and east.

Folk Lore may be classified as consisting of beliefs in supernatural appearances; of customs, spells and sayings, and of old stories; and each class of these are partly derived from old heathen, partly from Christian usages.

Among these, the most universal and abiding article of popular credence is the appearance of ghosts. This hardly deserves to be termed mere *popular* superstition, for we verily believe that more thoughtful and cultivated persons would confess that they regarded such phantoms as veritable mysteries, than could now be found to acknowledge any faith in them among the half educated; but as it was among the untaught that the traditions were fostered and preserved, ghosts are classed among vulgar fables.

The question has often been carefully argued, and the result seems to be that there is no impossibility in a certain intercourse between the departed spirit and persons still living, and therefore that each single instance must rest on its own evidence. The favourite *Reductio ad absurdum* is that, when a ghost is seen in the ordinary dress of the person it represents, the question is asked whether these are the ghosts of the garments? but this seems to us unreasonable. When we think of our friends, they appear before our mind's eye attired as we are used to see them, and thus by whatever means the impression of the presence of the deceased is produced, the memory recalls him as he has appeared in life. There is no doubt that the senses often imagine themselves to have been cognizant of that which has produced an effect on the mind, *e.g.*, though an earthquake is silent in itself, yet from the similarity of the sensations it occasions with those produced by a thunderstorm, it is common to believe that there is a rumbling sound underground; and in the instance of a ship of war lying at anchor off New Zealand, where the concussion resembled the shock of the discharge of cannon, many persons below thought that they heard the report of all the guns fired off at once, while those on deck were con-

vinced that there had been no sound at all. Many supernatural appearances, related in good faith, may thus be accounted for, without the eyes and ears having been concerned. Spirit may communicate with spirit, though no outward figure be pictured on the retina, no vibration meet the tympanum, yet these are so exclusively the media of perception that the mind and memory believe the impression to have been conveyed through them. This must be the case in a dream.

Allowing, however, for much imagination, much imposture and exaggeration, there is a large residuum of apparitions that have never been disproved, and which can only be wondered at. The most frequent and best authenticated of these are the cases in which the wraith or phantom of a person dying or recently dead, manifests itself. Madame de Genlis tells us in her memoirs that she and her only son, a child of three years old, sickened at the same time with the measles, and the child's death was kept a secret from her by her friends, but from the moment he expired till she recovered, she saw him continually hovering over her on the top of the bed, and that she felt no doubt of the true state of the case. Whether this deserves to be called a sick mother's fancy, or whether the lively lady herself be worthy of credit, this is only one of many such stories. A maid servant in the family of Sir Stamford Raffles was one night sitting alone in the kitchen, when she saw her soldier brother, then in India, pass before her, with a handkerchief that she had given him, round his head. It proved that at this very time, he had almost, with his last breath, desired to have his head bound with his sister's handkerchief. Mr. Henderson has another story to the same effect, on the authority of a clerical friend, who heard it from the aunt who witnessed it. She was about fourteen years old, when, as she was playing with the children of a gentleman living near Ripon, one of them cried, 'Why, there is brother — walking at the bottom of the garden.' The whole set of children distinctly recognised the form and features of the brother, who was then in India, and one ran into the house and told her father, who made light of it to her, but noted the day and hour, and these of course corresponded with the time of the young man's death.

We give another instance on the authority of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, whose stern realistic breeding was no school for credulity:—

'I will close these anecdotes with one of a different description. At a distance of sixty or more years, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my memory in its subordinate details, but of its substantial correctness I am sure, having frequently heard it from Dr. and Mrs. Priestly, and many years after from the medical man, the late Dr. Allsop, of Calne, who was concerned in it; and

whom I met in a very different circle of society. While Dr. Priestly occupied the post of librarian to Lord Shelburne, one day Mr. Petty, the precocious and gifted youth whom I have mentioned, sent for Dr. Priestly (Lord Shelburne then being absent, I think, in London). When the doctor entered, Mr. Petty told him he had passed a very restless night, and had been much disturbed by uncomfortable dreams, which he wished to relate to Dr. Priestly, hoping that by so doing, the painful impression would pass away. He then said that he dreamed that he had been very unwell, when suddenly the whole house was in preparation for a journey, he was too ill to sit up, but was carried, lying down, into the carriage; his surprise was extreme on seeing carriage after carriage in almost interminable procession. He was alone, and could not speak, he could only gaze in astonishment. The procession at last wound slowly off. After pursuing the road for many hours towards London, it at last appeared to stop at the door of a church. It was the church at High Wycombe, which is the burial-place of the Shelburne family. It seemed, in Mr. Petty's dream, that he entered, or rather, was carried into the church; he looked back, he saw the procession which followed him was in black, and that the carriage from which he had been taken bore the resemblance of a hearse. Here the dream ended, and he awoke. Dr. Priestly told him that his dream was the result of a feverish cold, and that the impression would soon pass off. Nevertheless, he thought it better to send for the family medical attendant. The next day, Mr. Petty was much better, on the third day he was completely convalescent, so that the doctor permitted him to leave his room; but as it was in January, and illness was prevalent, he desired him on no account to leave the house, and with that precaution, took his leave. Late the next afternoon, the medical man was returning from his other patients; his road lay by the gates of Bowood, and as Lord Shelburne was away, he thought he might as well call to see Mr. Petty, and enforce his directions. What was his surprise, when he had passed the lodge, to see the youth himself without his hat, playfully running to meet him! The doctor was much astonished, as it was bitterly cold, and the ground covered with snow. He rode to Mr. Petty to rebuke him for his imprudence, when suddenly he disappeared, whither, he knew not, but he seemed instantaneously to vanish. The doctor thought it very extraordinary, but that probably the youth had not wished to be found transgressing orders, and he rode on to the house. There he learnt that Mr. Petty had just expired.'—*Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck*, pp. 73-74.

Such apparitions as these are quite frequent enough to be regarded as established. The appearance of Protesilaus to Laodamia was probably founded on similar occurrences among the Greeks; and Mr. Henderson tells us that St. Macarius the younger of Alexandria, A.D. 373, declares that the spirit 'wanders about the earth for two days after death, at its will.' Without exactly adopting the explanation of the good Saint, we own ourselves inclined to believe that in those kinds of death where a stupor or trance precedes actual dissolution, the spirit may be, in a manner, absent from the flesh, and yet not entirely removed to its resting-place; and thus that its own last thoughts and impulses may actually render it present to the persons to whom it is most attached, or whom it last recollected. Thus in the cases above cited, the two dying youths in India evidently flew to their rela-

tives, and young Petty, on becoming worse, probably thought of the doctor. We believe a great proportion at least of these apparitions were of persons whose death took place in the manner above mentioned. We have heard of one case where the death was through convulsions, when the struggle is always long and apparently unconscious, and many more in cases of drowning. The dripping hand which announced the shipwreck of Hugh Miller's father, was perhaps an instance of this kind. And we have heard a curious, and to our own knowledge, true story, of the master of a sailing vessel who had promised his favourite aunt to announce his death to her if he were lost at sea. In process of time, he did appear wet and dripping, but strange to say, not to the aunt who had made the tryste, but to his wife. Of course his safety was despaired of, but he at length returned home, and it then appeared that his ship had been lost on the South American coast; he had staid by her to the last, and at the time of his apparition had been brought off so nearly drowned as to be insensible. Surely this would seem as if in his extremity his promise had, as it were, borne away his spirit, and yet that it had flown to the person the most prominent in his thoughts. An apparition almost exactly similar to this is related in a curious old book of the 17th century, called the '*Secrets of the Invisible World Disclosed*;' by Andrew Moreton, Esq.; the 4th edition being printed in 1740. His story is as follows:—

'A certain lady of my acquaintance, going out of her chamber into a closet in the adjoining room, saw her husband walking along in the room before her. She immediately comes down in a great surprise, tells the family she had seen her husband, and she was sure it was he; though at the same time she knew her husband (who was the commander of a ship), was at sea, on a voyage to or from the Capes of Virginia.

'The family takes the alarm, and tells her that to be sure her husband was dead, and that she should be sure to set down the day of the month, and the hour of the day, and it was ten thousand to one that she should find that he died that very moment, as near as could be found out.

'About two months after, her husband comes home very well, but had an accident befell him in his voyage, viz., that stepping into the boat or out of the boat, he fell into the sea, and was in danger of being lost, and this they calculated upon to be as near the time as they could judge, that he appeared to his wife.'—*Moreton*, p. 263-4.

Andrew Moreton, Esq., who tells this story as from his personal knowledge, intends throughout his book to argue against apparitions being attributed to the Devil, or being taken to be spirits of the individuals they represent, considering them rather as the work of an intermediate class of spiritual beings, of limited power and knowledge, and some beneficent, some malignant. He argues stoutly, but most of the stories he adduces rather fail of supporting his theory,

which is the greater reason for believing his honesty in the narration. He always gives his grounds for attaching more or less credit to his narration, and mostly tells whether they came to him on the immediate authority of his informant or otherwise. Another story told by him agrees with the hypothesis that it is the communication between spirit and spirit that creates the sense of having seen a phantom. Two brothers residing in London, sons of an old baronet, whom Mr. Moreton indicates as Sir G. H., had long been courting the same lady, and at last quarrelled so desperately about her, as actually to challenge one another to fight a duel. The affair was to come off at five o'clock in the morning, without seconds, as of course none would have undertaken the office for so unnatural a *rencontre*. The younger brother was at the place almost as soon as it was light, and was amazed at finding his rival there already. He drew his sword, and was surprised to see his antagonist coming to meet him with his sword likewise in his hand, but as he came nearer, to his astonishment he found that it was not his brother, but his old father, whom he had believed to be safe at home, sixty miles off, and that the weapon was only the little cane Sir G. was wont to carry.

'Why, how now, Jack?' he said, 'What, challenge and draw on your father?' The youth answered by declaring that it had been a cowardly shift in his brother Tom to challenge him, and send his father. 'You would not have done so, Sir, when you were a young man.' The old gentleman answered that it was no time to talk but to fight, adding, 'There are no relations in love'—words which Jack had the day before used in his altercation with his brother—and therewith drawing his sword, he advanced on his son, who, in horror, threw down his sword and scabbard on the ground, crying, 'There, Sir, kill me with it! What do you mean?' And as his father ran upon him, he sprang aside, and seemed about to run away. His father stooped, picked up the sword, and stood still, and Jack, in his bewilderment, walked a good way back towards the town, but finding his father did not follow him, he decided, though weaponless, to keep his appointment, went back, but saw no one, and sitting down on the grass, waited for nearly two hours, and when at last he decided on going home, he found his sword lying at the very place where he had dropped it.

'This amused him more,' and he returned to his lodgings, where he was soon sought out by an old family servant, who brought him word that the esquire, as his brother was called in the household, was desirous of hearing whether he had not seen something extraordinary that morning, adding that he would have come himself, had he not been very

unwell. Jack further found that his father was ill in bed in his own home, or at least had been so when he had sent the servant to town a few days before. He despatched the man to his brother with the reply, that he had either seen his father or the devil, whereupon the esquire came in haste; they had a complete reconciliation, and, comparing notes, found that as the elder son approached the place intended for the duel, he, too, had been met by his father, who asked him where he was going? He made some trifling excuse about joining a party who were going to Hampton Court, but his father reddened with anger, stamped with his foot, and declared that he knew the real end to be the murder of his younger son; nor would he listen to any arguments, telling the esquire that he knew Jack to be more earnest and honourably minded to the lady than himself, and had given his consent to his marriage with her, and ended by commanding him to be reconciled to his brother.

The two young men, being thoroughly friends, inquired at their father's usual lodgings and at 'the Black Swan Yard,' where 'his coach always stood,' and found that he was not known to be in town nor expected there. Becoming very uneasy about him, they agreed to ride home together, and inquire after him. They found him alive, recovering from his illness, and much relieved to see them on such good terms, for not only had he long known of their rivalry and ill-feeling about the young lady, but twice he had dreamt in one night that they had actually quarrelled, and were on the point of fighting, but that he had got up at four o'clock in the morning to prevent it. The impression was so strong that he had actually written a letter of warning to the esquire, which arrived at his lodgings a few hours after the two had set out for the country.

Of course there is now no opportunity of testing the veracity of this adventure, but it has every appearance of authenticity, and it appears to us that the coincidence proves that there was some communication between the anxious mind of the sick and anxious father at home and his sons—perhaps facilitated by bodily ailment. An almost similar story is told in the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' by James Hogg, of two brothers of the name of Beattie. He there says that the circumstances were made public in the lifetime of the younger brother, and never contradicted by him, but he gives the tale in a less credible manner, making the father be brought to the spot in a dream by the witchcraft of the young lady's aunt. To these appearances at the moment of death—or by force of correspondence of mind—belongs that famous story which furnished Crabbe with his poem of Lady Barbara. It is curious to trace the story's development in the two versions given in the 'Diaries of a Lady of Quality,'

that collection of contemporary gossip by an intelligent cultivated woman, which cannot be read without a certain degree of interest. In her first version, purporting to be a copy made in 1794, by the Honorable Mrs. Maitland, from the dictation of the Lady Betty Cobb, to whom Lady Beresford had confessed the whole on her death-bed, the story is almost exactly what Crabbe versified. Lord Tyrone and his sister, having been bewildered and distressed by infidel teaching, agree that the first to die should come and inform the other whether there were indeed immortality for the soul.

‘And when a spirit, much as spirits might
I would to thee communicate my light.’

Lord Tyrone dies, and at the same moment appears to his sister, then married to Sir Martin Beresford, and not only satisfies her religious doubts, but predicts the number of her children, her foolish second marriage, and that she would die at forty-seven, after the birth of a son. Moreover, as tokens of the reality of his appearance, he causes the curtains of the bed to be drawn through a hook from the tester, writes in her pocket-book, and grasping her wrist with a hand cold as ice, leaves a burnt mark there that causes her always to wear a velvet ribbon. Of course all turned out as predicted. After her first husband's death, she lived a very retired life, only associating with the family of the clergyman of the parish, and Crabbe has most delicately and ingeniously marked out the train of persuasions which led her into marrying this clergyman's son, who behaved very ill to her. She was favourably recovering from the birth of the son who was to be fatal to her, when her father-in-law jestingly told her that he had settled an old dispute as to her real age, by consulting her baptismal register and that he found she was forty-seven instead of forty-eight. ‘You have signed my death-warrant,’ she said, and the next day, sending for him and Lady Betty Cobb, she told them the real story of her life, and on removing the ribbon, the sinews of her wrist were found shrunken. She died shortly after, and the ribbon and writing remained with her friend; her eldest son, as had been predicted by the ghost, married Lord Tyrone's daughter.

The second version of the story, which was related to Miss Wynne by the Llangollen ladies, made Lord Tyrone not the brother, but the first love, and omitted the whole original compact, only making him come for the ring he had once given her, and predicting her husband's death and her own second marriage and death after the birth of her son. The impress on the wrist was made in taking off the ring, which was never seen again. All the predictions were accomplished, and though she had tried

to disbelieve the vision at first, it so preyed on her mind that when her son was born, her husband and the nurse made her believe it was a daughter, and she was only undeceived, when nearly recovered, by a housemaid, who spoke of the child as '*he*.' She burst into tears, but was persuaded out of her alarm, and was going down stairs when she cried '*There is Lord Tyrone, I see him on the landing-place,*' fainted, and died in a few days' time.

The stubborn facts of the peerage shew that Lady Beresford was no sister of Lord Tyrone, and that she had lost her first husband before the death of that nobleman. This, however, is not much to the purpose, for her husband plays no part in the story. The Editor of the Diaries, on the authority of a letter to Mr. F. Pollock, from one of the Beresford family, says that it was true that

*Evermore the lady wore
A bracelet on her wrist,'

but that it was to cover a scar left by disease early in life, and that she had really had a dream before her second marriage, warning her of her unhappiness in it.

We have given this whole process of ghost development because it is worth observing that there is a certain core of truth beneath the romantic additions. We believe that those who are determined on explaining away whatever seems supernatural, sometimes are quite as inventive as those who work up a brilliant phantom story. It was a fact that the high spirited Lady Edgeworth, who firmly took the tallow candle out of the barrel of gunpowder, where her Irish maid had stuck it, nevertheless suffered much terror from the supposed antics of elves on the mound called Fairy mount before her windows. Her descendants at Edgeworthstown accounted for it by supposing the village people to have, like the Merry Wives of Windsor, sent their children to play tricks there in order to torment her. That Irish peasants should send their children by night to a haunted mound is assuredly as improbable as that some appearance unaccounted for should take place there. There is moreover—or more properly *was*—in the last half century, every temptation to deny or explain away a ghost story, since in that strong-minded age, any confession of belief that there was some unexplained mystery, was supposed to be mere credulity and contemptible weakness. Even Mrs. Radcliffe, with all her poetical sense of the weird and terrible, was obliged to conform to the taste of her age by resolving her ghost into a waxen image. And when the Beresford family owned that their ancestress had really had a warning dream, it was, considering the

incredulous age, going a good way towards acknowledging the apparition.

Of Dreams, we say nothing here, for their remarkable accomplishment has been so often proved that not the most resolute scepticism has been able to get beyond the theory that the mind had been occupied with the subject dreamt of. They belong to the world of mystery rather than of Folk Lore, and we have only mentioned the cases in which the appearance of a wraith or double ganger coincided curiously with a dream of the person it represented, as if he had been there in spirit.

The apparitions that are most decidedly matters of local tradition are those that haunt spots where a crime has been committed or an untimely death has taken place. Littlecote Hall (see Rokeby) is a well-known instance, and we could quote on good private authority several more. The instance Mr. Henderson gives was from Mr. Wilkie's MS. book of Border traditions:—

'About half a mile to the east of Maxton, a small rivulet runs across the turnpike road, at a spot called Bow-bridg Syke. Near this bridge lies a triangular field, in which, for nearly a century, it was averred that the forms of two ladies, dressed in white, might be seen pacing up and down. Night after night the people of the neighbourhood used to come and watch them, and curiosity brought many from a great distance. The figures were always to be seen at dusk; they walked arm in arm, precisely over the same spot of ground till morning light. Mr. Wilkie adds, that about twelve years before the time of his noting down the story, while some people were repairing the road, they took up the large flat stones upon which foot-passengers crossed the burn, and found beneath them the skeletons of two women, lying side by side. After this discovery, the Bow-bridg ladies were never again seen to walk in the Three-corner field. Mr. Wilkie says further, that he received this account from a gentleman who saw and examined the skeletons, and who added that they were believed to be those of two ladies, sisters to a former Laird of Littledean. Their brother is said to have killed them in a fit of passion, because they interfered to protect from ill-usage a young lady whom he had met at Bow-bridg Syke. He placed the bodies upon the bridge, and lowered the flat stones on them to prevent discovery.'—*Henderson*, p. 273.

Many of such stories resolve themselves into the fancies of persons, who, thinking a place ought to be haunted, immediately people it with sights and sounds of their own imagination, but still—as in the other case—there are numerous instances where the noises and appearances are observed by unprepared witnesses, and fail of being accounted for. We cannot refrain from quoting one, which—though Judge Haliburton has placed it among the dialogues of his Clockmaker, and has thus given it an air of invention, we know that he privately declared to be the full belief in the locality where the events took place—namely Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia, a desolate, wild, and lonely sandy place, full of hollows scooped out by the

wind, with a few whortle berries and cranberries growing in them, in shallower places bent grass, and on the shores wild peas; but not a tree or shrub on the whole island, which is about thirty miles long, and from one and a half to two wide, shaped like a bow, tapering off at both ends, with a lake in it fifteen miles long. 'The sand drifts in a gale like snow, and blows up into high cones. These dance about sometimes, and change places, and when they do they uncover dead bodies of poor critters that have been overtaken there.' The story is related by Sam Slick, as he heard it from a person who had frequently visited it to catch the horses that are to be found there, running wild in large herds:—

'In the year 1802, the ship, *Princess Amelia*, was wrecked here, having the furniture of the Queen's father, Prince Edward, on board, and a number of recruits, sodger officers and their wives and women-servants. There were two hundred souls of them altogether, and they all perished. About that period, some piratical vagabonds used to frequent there, for there was no regular establishment kept on the island then; and it's generally supposed some of the poor people of that misfortunate ship reached the shore in safety, and were murdered by the wreckers for their property. Well, the Prince sends down Captain Torrens, of the 29th regiment, I think it was, from Halifax, to inquire after the missin ship, and as luck would have it, he was wrecked too, and pretty nearly lost his life in trying to drag others through the surf, for he was a man that didn't know what danger, or fear either, was, except by name. There were but few that could be rescued before the vessel went to pieces. Well, he stationed them that survived, at one end of the island, and off he goes to the other, so as to extend his look-out for aid, as far as he could; but first they had to bury the dead that floated up from the troop-ship, and gather up such of the Prince's effects as came ashore and were worth saving. It was an awful task, and took them a long time, for the grave was as large as a cellar, almost. There they are, just where that long bent grass grows. Having done this, and finding arms in the Government shelter-hut, off he goes alone to the other end of the island. One day, having made the circuit of the lower half here, he returned about dusk to where we now are. Where you see that little hillock, there was a small hut in those days, that had fireworks in it, and some food, and chairs and tables, that had been saved out of wrecks, which were placed there for distressed people, and there were printed instructions in French and English, telling them what to do to keep themselves alive till they could be taken off. Well, he made up a fire, hauled down some hay out of the loft, and made up a bed in one corner, and went out to take a walk along by the side of the lake, afore he turned in. As he returned, he was surprised to see his dog standing at the door, looking awful skeered, growlin', barkin', and yelpin' like mad. The first thing he saw inside was a lady sitting on one side of the fire, with long, dripping hair hanging over her shoulders, her face pale as death, and having nothing on but a loose, soiled white dress, that was as wet as if she had just come out of the sea, and had sand sticking to it, as if she had been rolled over in the breakers. 'Good heavens! Madam,' said he, 'who are you, and where did you come from?'

'But she didn't speak to him, and only held up her hand before him, and he saw one of the forefingers was cut off, and was still bleeding. Well, he turned round, and opened a case that he had picked up in the morning from the drift-ship, in which was materials for bandagin' the wound, and was goin'

to offer her some assistance, when she rose up sudden, slipped past him, and went out of the door, and walked off. Well, he followed and called to her, and begged her to stop, but on she went, and, thinkin' she was out of her mind, he ran after her, and the faster he went, the swifter she raced, till she came to the lake, and dove right into it, head-foremost.

'Well, he stood some time there, considerin' and ponderin' over what had happened, and at last he strolled back and sat down by the fire, a good deal puzzled . . . and he looked at the primin' of his gun, and went out and kneeled down, and, takin' off his hat, held his head close to the ground, to see if anybody was a movin' between him and the horizon; and findin' there warn't, and feelin' tired—for he had been on his feet all day—he returned to the hut again, and who should be there but the self-same lady, in the self-same place.

"Now," said he to himself, "don't go to near her, it's evidently onpleasant to her, but she has some communication to make." Well, what do you think? it's a positive fact, she held up the mutilated hand again. He paused some time afore he spoke, and took a good look at her, to be sure there was no mistake, and to be able to identify her afterwards, if necessary.

"Why," sais he, after scrutinizin' of her (for he was a man, was the brave Captain Torrens, that the devil himself couldn't daunt), "why," sais he, "it ain't possible! Why, Mrs. Copeland, is that you?" for he knew her as well as I know you. She was the wife of Dr. Copeland, of the 7th regiment, and was well known at Halifax, and beloved by all who knowed her. She just bowed her head, and then held up her hand and showed the bloody stump of her finger. "I have it," sais he, "murdered for the sake of your ring!" She bowed her head. "Well," said he, "I'll track the villain out till he is shot or hanged." Well, she looked sad, and made no sign. "Well," sais he, "I'll leave no stone unturned to recover the ring, and restore it to your family." Well, she smiled, bowed her head, and rose up and waved her hand to him to stand out of the way, and he did, and she slipped by him, and then turned back and held up both hands, as if she was pushin' some one back, and retreated that way, makin' the same motion; and he took the hint, shut to the door, and sat down to digest this curious scene.—*Sam Slick's Wise Sawes and Modern Instances*, vol. i, pp. 327-332.

The narrative proceeds to relate that Captain Torrens obtained the names of some of the most notorious wreckers, one of whom he heard lived at a solitary place called Salmon Island. He found, however, that the man and his family had removed to Labrador, and following them thither, contrived to lodge in their house while hunting and fishing in the neighbourhood, and one evening, in the father's absence, he put on a splendid ring, which attracted the notice of the daughters, and it was handed round among them to be admired; thus leading one of the girls to say it was not so pretty 'as the one daddy got off the lady's finger at Sable Island.' The mother hastily said the girl meant one that was bought of a Frenchman, who picked it up on the sand there, and Torrens presently expressed his desire of seeing and buying it, but he was answered that it had been left with a watchmaker at Halifax, who had given twenty shillings for it, and promised more if it should sell for a greater sum. There were at that time only two watchmakers at Halifax, and in the window of one the captain saw a ring answering to the description given by the woman. Going into the shop, he asked its history, and

was told the same account as the mother had given him. He at once laid down the twenty shillings, adding, 'If the owner wants more, tell him to bring the finger that was cut off to get it, and then come to me.'

The ring was identified by the ladies of the regiment, and by the Prince himself, for it was a curious old family jewel, and it was of course restored to Mrs. Copeland's friends in England. Captain Torrens was ordered home, and no more was heard of the wreckers.

Nor can we refrain from quoting the famous apparition at Messina, which has been recently well told by Lady Herbert, in the 'Month' for last November:—

'In the year 1784, there was a terrible earthquake at Messina . . . the only thing which escaped was the cathedral, and people attributed its safety to a miracle. A few years after this event, the Chevalier, a man of noble French family, one of whose brothers was a distinguished general-officer, and the other a minister at Berlin, visited Messina for the purpose of seeing the scene of devastation, and of making researches among the monuments and ruins. He was of the Order of Knights of Malta, and a priest: a man of high character, of cultivated intellect, and of great physical courage. He arrived at Messina on a summer day, and getting the key of the cathedral from the Custode, for it was after Vespers, commenced copying the inscriptions, and examining the building. His researches occupied him so long that he did not see that the day was waning, and when he turned to go out by the door by which he had come in, he found it locked. He tried the other doors, but all were equally closed. The Custode, having let him in some hours before, and concluding he had gone away, had locked up the building and gone home. The Chevalier shouted in vain, the earthquake had destroyed all the houses in the neighbourhood, and there was no one to hear his cries. He had, therefore, no alternative but to submit to his fate, and to make up his mind to spend the night in the Cathedral. He looked round for some place to establish himself. Everything was of marble, except the confessionals, and in one of these he ensconced himself in a comfortable chair, and tried to go to sleep. Sleep, however, was not so easy. The strangeness of the situation, the increasing darkness, and the superstition that the strongest minded man might be supposed to feel under the circumstances, effectually banished any feeling of drowsiness. There was a large clock in the tower of the cathedral, of which the tones sounded more nearly and solemnly within the building than without. The Chevalier, with the intensity of hearing which sleepiness gives, listened to every stroke of the clock, first ten, then the quarters, then twelve o'clock. As the last stroke of midnight died away, he perceived, suddenly, a light appearing at the high altar. The altar-candles seemed suddenly to be lighted, and a figure in a monk's dress and cowl walked out from a niche at the back of the altar. Turning when he reached the front of the altar, the figure exclaimed in a deep and solemn voice, "Is there any priest here who will say a mass for the repose of my soul?" No answer followed, and the monk slowly passed down the church, passing by the confessional where the Chevalier was sitting. As he passed, his eyes being naturally rivetted on the figure, the Chevalier saw that the face under the cowl was that of a dead man. Entire darkness followed, but when the clock struck the half-hour, the same events occurred, the same light appeared, and the same figure, the same question was asked, and no answer returned, and the same monk, illuminated by the same unearthly light, walked slowly down the church.

'Now, the Chevalier was a bold man, and he resolved, if the same thing occurred again, that he would answer the question and say the mass. As the clock struck one, the altar was again lighted, the monk again appeared, and when he once more exclaimed, "Is there any Christian priest here who would say a mass for the repose of my soul?" the Chevalier boldly stepped out of the confessional, and replied in a firm voice, "I will." He then walked up to the altar, where he found everything prepared for the celebration, and summoning up all his courage, celebrated the sacred rite. At its conclusion the monk spoke as follows: "For one hundred and forty years every night I have asked this question, and until to-night in vain. You have conferred on me an inestimable benefit. There is nothing I would not do for you in return, but there is only one thing in my power, and that is to give you notice when the hour of your own death approaches. The Chevalier heard no more. He fell down in a swoon, and was found the next morning by the Custode, very early, at the foot of the altar. After a while he recovered, and went away. He returned to Venice, where he was then living, and wrote down the circumstances above related, which he also told to several of his intimate friends. He steadily asserted and maintained that he was never wider awake, or more completely in possession of his reasoning faculties than he was that night, until the moment when the monk had done speaking.

Three years afterwards he called his friends and took leave of them. They asked him if he was going on a journey. He said, "Yes, and one from which there was no return." He then told them that the night before, the Monk of Messina had appeared to him and told him that he was to die in three days. His friends laughed at him, and told him, which was true, that he seemed perfectly well. But he persisted in his statements, made every preparation, and on the third day was found dead in his bed. This story was well known to all his friends and contemporaries. Curiously enough, on the Cathedral of Messina being restored a few years after, the skeleton of a monk was found, walled up, in his monk's dress and cowl, in the very place which the Chevalier had always described as the one from which the spectre had appeared.'—*The Month*, Vol. i. No. xxix, pp. 455-7.

Lady Herbert's party tried to find the niche; but it had been covered by a more recent screen.

When all the European countries and even the New World have such striking beliefs in common, there is no supposing that they can all be entirely devoid of foundation. The voice of innocent blood assuredly cries from the ground, and when we look at the remarkable expiation enjoined by the law in cases of untraced murder, as an actual guilt incurred by the very soil of the country, it does seem as if, in spite of the one great expiation, which 'speaketh better things than the blood of Abel,' a stain might still attach to the spot where a victim lies concealed, and thus cause the strange, freakish, sometimes grotesque as well as terrible manifestations that haunt the spot. Nor indeed does there seem to us, considering how absolutely ignorant we are of the spirit world, to be any inherent impossibility that the soul or the phantom shape of one who has done some great wrong should haunt the spot, seeking long in vain for one who should repair the evil.

Such is a story—unfortunately without fixed place or date—

of a Roman Catholic chaplain, who haunted a library, seeking long for some one who would speak to him and hear his story. He had been a careless jovial man, and one day, when just going out hunting had received a letter, which he had reason to think contained a confession, perilous to the interests of many, and unwilling to give up his sport, as he must do if he were known to have had the letter, he hid it away in the library, to be produced at his convenience. Out hunting, he was thrown from his horse and broke his neck, and ever since he had appeared in the room at certain hours of the evening, longing to remove and destroy the dangerous letter, but having no bodily limbs, unable to do it himself, and without power to entreat any still corporeal being to do it for him, until he had first been addressed. In like manner, Souvestte relates, in his '*Sans Culottes Bas Breton*,' a fine Breton legend of a farmer who had stealthily 'removed his neighbour's landmark' in his lifetime, ever flitting disembodied round the stone, longing to restore it.

There is a beautiful class of tales too in which the ghost might seem a manifestation either of the hovering spirit of the departed or of a guardian angel in this shape. Such are the stories of the dead mother who appeared to her children as they were running down an old stone stair in a ruined castle, when a few steps more would have carried them headlong into a gaping vault; of the father, recently deceased, whose still familiar call brought his son away from under a sheltering tree, which the next moment was shattered by lightning, and of the mysterious companion who joined and convoyed a traveller up a lane in which a robber was lurking to attack him.

The theory that the wraith or spirit really communicates with the living, according to their power of receptivity, is the pervading one in Mrs. Crowe's '*Night Side of Nature*;' a book in which the arguments are sometimes striking, though the large number of marvels there collected, some on evidence insufficient and others with evidence suppressed, has cast a certain degree of discredit on it. Her quotations do in fact almost establish the possibility that certain appearances in church-yards or over graves, may have a material existence and physical cause, *i.e.*, the escape of gases which make themselves visible in the dark to persons of peculiarly sensitive organizations. In this we fully acquiesce, having ourselves known of a person who beheld a luminous appearance in a church-yard, where her companion could discern nothing. Such appearances it may well be believed would be more visible over the hastily found hiding place of the corpse of one murdered than over a properly made grave, and we thus obtain an almost material means of accounting for such apparitions as those of the Bow-brig sisters, though

of course such actions as those of Mrs. Copeland would not thus be explained.

There is likewise a strong concurrence of testimony to the spectres that in certain families herald the death of a member of it. The Norsemen of old believed each family to be attended by a certain ancestral spirit, the *dis*, (pl. *disir*,) perhaps of the same origin as the *lares* of Roman households, but though the *lar* was always in the shape of a dog, as the 'dogs' of open hearths still attest, the *dis* might be in the form of an animal, each family having its own. Many heraldic bearings might perhaps be accounted for as commemorating the family *dis*; and possibly too some of those phantom creatures attached to old families, such as the black dog, which was seen by a young mother in Cornwall lying on her sick child's bed. She called her husband to drive it away, he knew too well what it boded, and by the time he had reached the nursery, the child was dead. Another family is said by Mrs. Crowe to be warned by the sight of a single swan upon a lake, and white doves are perhaps the most frequent harbingers—as the fairest. Louis of Thuringia, the crusader, husband of 'the dear Saint' Elizabeth of Hungary, was summoned by a flight of white doves. The Littelton family are said to have a dove monitor, and in Lancashire the appearance of a white dove at a sick person's window is thought to indicate either a speedy recovery or the presence of a good angel to conduct away the soul. Still, to connect these portents with the *disir* is far from removing the mystery, but rather heightens it.

The human form sometimes belonged to the *disir*, and is the more common among these heralds of fate. The White Lady attached to the House of Brandenburg is one instance, and so is the Bodach Glas, or Grey Man of whom Scott made such effective use in foreboding the capture of Fergus Mac Ivor. We believe that he is really attached to the Eglinton family, and Mr. Henderson gives an authentic account of his very recent appearance to the late Earl. Scotland and Ireland are chiefly thus visited: the Banshee, or White Spectre, seems to belong to many of the oldest Keltic families in both. No one can forget Lady Fanshawe's account of the Banshee, who so terrified her in the house of Lady Honor O'Brien, without her being aware either of the tradition or that one of the O'Brien family was actually lying in the same house at the point of death. Croker has likewise a most striking story of the Banshee of the Bunworth family.

These ghastly monitors are not always connected with individual families, but are sometimes attached to villages and towns—always, however, we believe, in those parts of England where the population chiefly came from Scandinavia. It is in Denmark that we find the origin of this belief. It would seem that there

has always been a notion that a building required as it were a living sacrifice. We find it in the old Roman legend of the willing leap of Curtius; and Copenhagen is said to have been only founded by the cruel sacrifice of a poor little girl, who was lured into a vault and then walled up. Mr. Atkinson, quoting from Danish authorities, tells us that the workman employed in church-building, used on the day their wall was finished, to seize on any unfortunate animal who came in their way and build it up alive within the wall. Its ghost then became a sort of parish official, called the Kirke-vare or varsel, the church warning, and performed the function of announcing approaching deaths among the parishioners.

'So much so, indeed, that in one church or more in the district of Funen, and its outlying islets, it has been the custom, within the present century, to put fresh straw every New Year's Eve into the vaults of the church, to serve as the *Kirke Varsel's* lair or couch, and when this was done, the bed of the past year was always found to have been reduced to the form of small chaff-like particles by the regular use made of it during the past twelve months, as a lair or resting-place. Many churches in the district indicated had their own peculiar *Kirke Varsel*. Thus, Dalby church had a white goose or gander, at least an entity in that form; Messinge, a black bull or bullock; Drigstrup, a white lamb; Biby, a grey-coloured sheep; Stubberup, two red oxen; Gudberg, a lamb; Gudne, a sow The belief in the countryside is, or was till very recently, that it was not safe to meet this creature, unless the person encountering it scrupulously kept himself to himself, and diligently held his peace. If he spoke a single word, or chanced to come face to face with the *Varsel*, in a place where he could not pass without contact with it, he was sure to suffer for it, and possibly be violently hurled to a considerable distance. Sometimes its approach to the doomed house was accompanied by an awful din, as of a lot of iron articles driven in a wheelbarrow over a rough stone pavement; and its arrival, notified, perhaps, by three loud blows on the floor, or by a noise of the windows, as of wings flapping against them, or by a tremendous thundering at the main entrance of the homestead.'—*Comparative Folk Lore: Monthly Packet*, Vol. xxxix. p. 250.

Several instances are then adduced of persons meeting these creatures on their way to houses, where their arrival is invariably followed by a death. It would seem that throughout the north of England, the like appearance was believed in under the name of Barguest, though his existence is not there explained, nor does he seem to have any care taken for his accommodation. Mr. Harland derives the term Barguest from Bar or gate, and ghost; but Mr. Henderson's Bahr geist or Bier ghost seems to us the most satisfactory source proposed for the name. A mastiff, a white rabbit, a pig, a donkey, a horse, or a cow seem to have been the ordinary shapes, but always with large glaring saucer eyes. 'To roar like a Barguest,' is a popular comparison, and, till very recently, Durham, Newcastle, Burnley, and Whitby believed in their Barguest; nay, in a note, Mr. Atkinson tells us of a sailor at Whitby, lately dead, who believed that a severe

swelling in his leg was the effect of meeting an immense shadowy white dog with saucer eyes in a narrow thoroughfare after dark. In Yorkshire, the Barguest is called Padfoot, because of the padding, tramping sound with which it makes its presence known. In Lancashire, it is called Trash, from its splashing along with a sound like that made by old shoes in a miry lane, and Skriker from its wailing cry. Mr. Harland says he has met persons who believed themselves to have seen 'Trash' in the form of a horse or cow, but he is generally more like a very large dog, with very broad feet, shaggy hair, drooping ears, and the inevitable saucer eyes. On being seen, he walks backwards, growing smaller and smaller, and vanishes either when unwatched for a moment, or in a pool of water with a loud splash.

In general, however, these mysterious beings seem to have fled before the schoolmaster, and with them those more attractive beings, the Brownie, the Pixie, the Elf, and the Fay. Nobody of the present generation ever beheld one of these creatures, except perhaps a 'Spriggan' recently captured in Cornwall and lost, and it took a considerable amount of liquor to enable one of the past, even in Ireland, to discern them. We will not enter on a discussion on the origin of these beliefs, further than to express our dissent from the theory that they were human and remnants of the races conquered by the invaders. It is far more probable that the same primary idea which peopled Greece so gracefully with a nymph for every tree and every wave, developed in the Keltic and Teutonic minds into the Shefro, the Elf, and the Fay, so curiously similar in all genuine traditions. Is it not, indeed, according to all analogy that such spirits may have had power to manifest themselves before the redemption had been fully set forth, and to linger longest in the lands that were the last to become Christian? There may have been the truth of a poet's divination in Milton's lines, inspired by Plutarch's tale of the weeping and wailing in the lonely isle on the night of the Nativity.

'The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament.
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent,
With flower inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.'

Is this poetry and not truth? We know that demoniac possession was never permitted at Jerusalem, and that it prevailed in proportion to the distance of places from where

'Only one border
Reflected to the seraph's ken
Heaven's light and order.'

We know that oracles became dumb in the presence of Christians, and that their silence was one motive for the concealed persecution by Julian the apostate; and it is remarkable that the first converted lands of Europe, Greece, Italy, and France, though the two former once teemed with myths of haunting genii or nymphs, are now the most devoid of those legendary beings. The regions of the elf, the fairy, and the household spirit, are Germany and Scandinavia, converted at a comparatively recent period, and those Keltic portions of France and the British Isles where Christianity not only came late, but savage remnants of pagan practice lingered on for ages. Tenacious memories, imaginative fears, and popular exaggerations, would carry on for many years, and even centuries, the remembrance of a marvel witnessed in the days of conflict between spirits of light and of darkness.

Nothing is more curious than the inability of the popular mind to retain a reasonable fact, however important, while a superstition, a custom, or a fear, remains fixed for ever, and sometimes gets a new cause assigned for it. That the eating of horse-flesh was a religious rite with our heathen forefathers, brought with them from the steppes of Asia, is a matter of book knowledge to a few, but the horror of horse-flesh, diligently inspired by the teachers of Christianity, survives in full force, and old customs derived from the worship of the animal, such as the bearing about its skull decked with ribbons on Christmas eve, and setting it up before a house which is thought in disgrace, were a short time ago prevalent in our more remote counties.

The Beltane, or midsummer and midwinter fires, commemorating the culmination of the sun's course, are the most universal of all the Aryan religious ceremonies that have now become mere popular amusements, with a sense of luck attached to them. Mr. Kelly's Indo-European Traditions best explain the astronomical force of this rite, coupled with the rolling the fiery wheel (whence he derives Jol or Yule) down a hill side, as it were to show the downward course of the sun throughout the autumn. The lane of fire over which young men leapt and animals were driven, seems to have been in use everywhere, from ancient Rome to further Germany, and curiously shows how the idea of ensuring good luck is the most real mode of preserving a significant custom. In Lancashire, the Beltane fires got mixed with a notion of Purgatory, and in the Fylde, a moor still bears the latter name, where in the last generation men used to hold aloft hay-forks with bunches of burning straw. In Cornwall, the whole district of the Land's End used to be aglow with these fires, and at Penzance, the children wore

flowers in the morning, and bonfires blazed in the evening, while fireworks were showered on the young men and maidens who played in and out at thread-my-needle, little thinking that Ovid had thus leapt through the fires in the streets of Rome. This custom was closely described by Mr. Richard Edmonds, in the last generation, but Wesleyanism has put an end to it. The more remote parts of Germany, and the Savoyard nook of the Mediterranean, have not given up their fires, and, in the brilliant description in 'Denise,' we find that every house contributes some article, so that much rubbish is hoarded up for the occasion, as a cheap holocaust to ensure good luck. In fact, Luck may be said to be one of the chief gods of this world, and certainly the greatest preserver of heathen rites paid to other deities long since past away. A very senseless worship it is that this idol receives—remnants of every variety of superstition, and paid by the most unlikely persons in the most unlikely stations. Christian and heathen fashions and beliefs, are alike kept up in this one word 'Luck.' For instance, an old nurse will declare it unlucky that a child should not cry at its baptism. This is a remnant of the belief that it ought to show a certain consciousness of the exorcism and renunciation of the evil spirit; and on the other hand, the notion that it is unlucky to cut a child's nails for the first year, and that when cut, the parings should be buried under an ash tree, is apparently connected with the ship *Nagelfahr*, made of human nails, and the ash tree *Yggdrasil*. Nay, the blue woollen threads, or small cords that nursing mothers, in Mr. Wilkie's time, used to wear round their necks, on the Teviot side, may be connected with the Brahminical string so well known in India; just as Mr. Kelly traces the mysterious fame of the rowan, wiggan, or mountain ash to its likeness (observed by Bishop Heber) to the Indian palasa, which was consecrated by Vedic myth.

Happily Christian notions predominate at the birth and baptism of children, and it is with these that Mr. Henderson's collection commences. And a very interesting one is mentioned as prevailing in the north. 'Much importance attaches to the baby's first visit to another house, on which occasion it is expected that he should receive three things—an egg, salt, and white bread or cake.' In the East Riding of Yorkshire, matches are added, 'to light the child on the way to heaven.' An old woman at Durham called this receiving alms. 'He could not claim them before he was baptised,' she said, 'but now that he is a Christian, he has a right to go and ask alms of his fellow Christians.' Bread, salt, fire, and an egg, are assuredly notable Christian emblems. The nursery is indeed the storehouse of ancient observances, there kept up in serious-

ness by the long link of old nurses ; while wedding customs are perhaps maintained more as excuses for mirth and gaiety, on an occasion when stock subjects of wit are apt to be valuable. The hurling of the shoe—now treated as so much a matter of course that the very newspapers record that ‘the happy pair departed among a perfect shower of old shoes’—is laid by Mr. Henderson, on the authority of a writer in ‘Notes and Queries,’ to be the remnant of the transfer of right in the bride and her property—as when the kinsman of Elimelech handed his shoe to Boaz in the gate of Bethlehem ; but we much more suspect that these shoes owe their importance to the old northern belief that Heimdahl, the survivor of the Asa gods, shall tread his way through the conflagration of all things in a chausseure made from the remnants of all the old shoes in the world.

Everybody knows that no village bride thinks it etiquette to go to church and hear her banns published ; indeed, the only maid servant we ever met superior to the scruple, averred that she did not see why ‘she should not go to hear herself prayed for.’ We had always supposed the objection to be a modest dislike to be subjected to her neighbours’ wit and remarks, but in the north of England it appears that her presence is supposed to expose her to the risk of having a family of deaf and dumb children !

To marry a man whose surname begins with the same initial as the bride’s is unlucky.

‘If you change the name and not the letter,
You change for the worse and not the better.’

But to marry without a change of name confers curious powers, especially that of baking bread which is a certain cure for the whooping cough. This malady does rejoice in very curious specifics, none stranger than the Lancashire antidote—namely, a ride upon a bear, which prevented even liability to the infection, insomuch that the old bearwards derived a good part of their income for mounting children upon Bruin’s back ! A man riding a piebald horse becomes endowed for the time with the faculty of suggesting a remedy. We hear of the tradition in a quotation from Archbishop Whateley’s remains, where the rider suggested, ‘tie a rope round the child’s neck ;’ and we have ourselves known of a mason who, riding a piebald steed up the street of a village in Cornwall, was assailed from almost every cottage door with a cry of ‘What is good for the whooping cough ?’ to which he promptly and judiciously replied, ‘White bread and honey.’ To this may be added, a cure attempted in Derry, of giving the patient half a bottle of milk, the rest of which has been drunk by a ferret ; in Sunderland, of cutting the hair and hanging it on a tree, when the cough is carried off

by the unlucky birds who use the material for their nests; and in Devonshire, of administering the hair, between two slices of bread and butter, to a dog; at Middlesborough, of passing a child nine times under the belly of a donkey, or piebald horse.

We ourselves have known in Hampshire, an epileptic boy, whose mother hoped to cure him by hanging round his neck a hair 'out of the cross on the back of a he donkey,' or, as an alternative, a ring, made of three sixpences, given him by three young women, all bearing the same Christian name. Rings for this purpose are not uncommon in any part of the country; one made from seven damsels in seven parishes, is mentioned by Mr. Henderson, but they are more usually to be formed out of a halfcrown from the offertory, and sometimes it is needful to purchase this halfcrown by pence given by thirty different individuals. In this, as in the hair from the donkey's cross, there is no doubt some notion of exorcism, and the pence were probably pledges of prayers from the contributors. In 'the ages of faith,' epilepsy was almost always considered as the direct work of demons, and we believe that many of the miracles worked at the shrines of saints, were on behalf of this disease. It seems as if those strange specifics were chiefly for those disorders that are most irregular in their coming and going, and most baffling to medical art. Whooping cough, epilepsy, warts, and ague, seem to be the chief subjects for charms, even at the present day. Bleeding, too, seems to have been always treated with spells, from the days when Ulysses was torn by the boar, down to the present day. All of those given by Mr. Henderson, collected from the northern counties, Sussex and Devon, are of a religious character, with references to the wounds of our Blessed Lord, and no doubt descended from very ancient times. We have also known of a parish clerk who rejoiced in the belief that he had checked an attack of hæmorrhage in his vicar by the use of a verse of the Bible. It appeared that he could not make it available until he had actually seen the blood, and he refused to divulge what verse it was, lest he should thus deprive it of its efficacy.

Considering the number of holy healing wells and shrines of saints that once were scattered over the country, it is wonderful that no more superstition attaches to the spots once visited by pilgrims. Besides the still famous St. Winifred's Well, which has absolutely curious properties, the wells in Cornwall have till very recently, at least, maintained their fame and name. Indeed, it is supposed that a sacrilegious meddler with them will soon meet his death, and thus they are likely to be left untouched till their antiquarian value is felt.

Mr. Hunt has seen a newly married pair at the well of St. Keyne, where the lady, instead of, as in Southey's ballad, taking a bottle to church, had taken a draught from her thimble, and contended that it ensured her the supremacy, though her husband had previously drunk from the hollow of his hand. Many wells are thought to have healing virtues; and St. Madron's and Gulvan well reply by bubbles to queries as to the fidelity of true loves, or the welfare of the absent. Till recently Redruth Well was in great request to supply baptismal water, and St. Ludgvan's Well was supposed to have been blessed by its patron to secure all christened in its water from the gallows. A woman of the parish having poisoned her husband, was hung, to the extreme consternation of the neighbourhood, and when the parish registers proved that her baptism had taken place in the next village, the fame of St. Ludgvan was so much enhanced that we believe the water is still sent for by parents to fill the font. On the other hand, no one will christen a child who is to be called Joanna, from the well of St. Leven; for a woman of that name, who was gathering herbs in her three-cornered garden for her Sunday's dinner, had the impertinence to rebuke the hermit saint for fishing in the sea on that day. He replied that he had as much right to go to the sea for his dinner, as she had to her garden, and predicted that all who were christened by her name in her parish, should be as great fools as herself. In consequence, all the Joannas of Leven are christened at Sennan, to preserve them from the folly of censoriousness!

In general, English wells have merely become wishing wells, and the sole remnant of faith in the power of relics anything like here recorded, was manifested in a very undesirable fashion.

* The late Dr. Walker, of Teignmouth, was attending, within the last twenty years, a poor young woman, with an extensive sore on the breast. When he visited her one day, he was surprised to find the entire surface of the wound strewn over with a gritty substance, and a good deal of inflammation set up in consequence. In some displeasure, he asked what they had been putting on, but for a long time he could get no answer, beyond, "Nothing at all, sir." The people about were sullen, but the doctor was peremptory, and at last the woman's husband, rolling a mass of stone from under the bed, muttered in genuine Devonshire phrase, "Nothing but Peter's Stone, and here *he* is." On further inquiry, it appeared that, incited by the neighbours, who declared his wife was not getting well as she should, the poor fellow had walked by night from Teignmouth to Exeter, had flung stones against the figures on the west front of the cathedral (which is called St. Peter's by the common people), had succeeded at last in bringing down the arm of one of them, and had carried it home in triumph. Part of this relic had been pulverized, mixed with lard, and applied to the sore. I have never met with another instance of the kind, but, doubtless, it is not a solitary one. If the practice was even a common one, we need not lay to the charge of Oliver Cromwell's army, all the dilapidation of the glorious west front of Exeter Cathedral.—*Henderson*, pp. 124-5.

Another Christian tradition mentioned by the same author must have a long genealogy. An old woman of ninety, at Malton, in Yorkshire, told the Rev. J. B. Dykes that spiders must not be killed, because a spider had spun a web over our blessed Lord in the manger at Bethlehem, which protected him from all danger. No doubt this is another version of the story of the spider that spun a web over the cave where Mahomet was concealed during his Hejira, and which, we think, recurs in mediæval hagiology. It is to Mr. S. B. Gould's curious myths of the Middle Ages, that we must turn for the tracking of legends such as these, and the story of the Seven Sleepers, both of which are current among Christians and Mohametans alike—eastern legends no doubt that had a tendency to fasten themselves on the best known subjects.

Some such legends must have died away—here Shakespeare's 'Owl who was a baker's daughter,' points to a story like that of the Spotted Woodpecker, or Gertrude bird in Norway, who is said to have been a woman whose dough our LORD multiplied, but who grew so covetous that she refused him a morsel, whereupon she was condemned to seek her food for life between the bark and the wood. In most parts of England, it is believed that clothes washed on Good Friday become spotted with blood, and the reason of this belief is given on the authority of an old woman of the North Riding, who had been told by a Methodist girl that on our Blessed Lord's way to Calvary, a woman who was washing 'blirted' the thing she was washing in His face, on which He said, 'Cursed be every one who shall wash on this day.' Indeed, several of these most apocryphal curses seem to be floating in people's minds. The legend of the Wandering Jew is of course the typical one of all these. It is the first in Mr. S. Baring Gould's collection, and he startles us by the question, 'Who can say for certain that it is not true?' We had always thought the tale one of the many personified allegories of which the legends of St. Christopher, St. Margaret, and St. Alexis, are familiar specimens, and that the wanderer was the type of his fugitive and vagabond nation.

'Salted with fire, they seem to show
How Spirits lost in endless woe,
May undecaying live.'

Mr. Baring Gould's argument is that we little know all the wonders wrought by our Lord, or can tell whether our explanation of the words, 'There be some standing here that shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom,' be sufficient.

'A Swiss story is that he (the Wandering Jew) was seen one day standing on the Matterberg, which is below the Matterhorn, contemplating the scene with mingled sorrow and wonder. Once before he stood on that spot, and then it was the site of a flourishing city, now it is covered with gentian and wild pinks. Once again will he revisit the hill, and that will be on the eve of judgment.'—*S. Baring Gould*, p. 25.

The point in which this legend differs from other current ones, is that they, like those in the Apocryphal Gospels, generally involve some direct personal revenge, most unsuitable to the character of Him who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not. Whereas to the insolent shoemaker it is but a gentle prophecy, and the sight of the crucifixion tends to his conversion.

From these revengeful popular legends, we must honourably except a Cheshire carol, which we here give at length, because it is so remarkable. Has it been altered in past reformation days, or can it come down from times before the Blessed Virgin was treated as a chief Intercessor?

'It came to pass upon a day,
Upon one holy day—
That JESUS asked his Mother dear,
If he might go to play.

"To play, to play," said the Virgin Mary,
"To play, to play begone,
And see there be no complaint of you
At night when you come home."

'Then JESUS went to yonder town,
As far as the holy well,
And there he saw three as fine children
As ever the eye beheld.

'He said, "God bless you, everyone,
By one, by two, by three,
My little children. I'll play with you,
And you shall play with me."

"Nay, nay, we are lords' and ladies' sons;
Thou art meaner than us all,
Thou art nothing but a poor maid's child
Born in an oxen's stall."

'Then JESUS turned himself about,
He neither smiled nor spoke,
But tears came trickling from his eyes,
Like waters from the rock.

'Sweet JESUS ran to his mother, dear.
As fast as he could run,
"O, Mother! I saw three as fine children,
As ever were eyes set on."

"I said, God bless you, everyone,
 By one, by two, by three,
 And now, little children, I'll play with you,
 And you shall play with me."

"Nay," "we're lords' and ladies' sons,
 Thou art meaner than us all,
 For thou art but a poor maid's child,
 Born in an oxen's stall."

'Then the tears came trickling from his eyes,
 As fast as they could fall.

"Then," said she, "go down to yonder town,
 As far as the holy well,
 And there take up those infant's souls
 And dip them deep in hell."

"Oh no! oh no!" sweet Jesus, he said,
 "Oh no! that never can be;
 For there are many of those infants' souls
 Crying out for the help of me."

But to return to Good Friday. Another observance was not long ago practised near Exeter, namely the breaking 'clomb,' *i.e.*, pottery, the meaning of which only dawned upon the reporter thereof on hearing that in Corfu potsherds are hurled from a steep rock on that day, while curses are uttered on Judas Iscariot. Lancashire infants are weaned on Good Friday. Hampshire mothers like to leave off their babies' caps and long robes on Good Friday, possibly from some lingering notion of mortification; but in some parts of Devon, peas are sown by preference, and grafts made on that day, while in the North, it is considered impious then to touch a hammer or nails—the instruments of the Passion.

"Friday, too, the day I dread"

retains nothing of its fast except the sense of unluckiness in commencing any undertaking. Old women all over England still will not let their grandchildren go to a new place on a Friday. We believe few pieces of needlework are begun on that day of the week. Friday marriages are said in the old rhyme to be 'for crosses,' and every one knows that no sailor ventures to put to sea on that day, but happily the involuntary voyager on the sea of life who is launched into the world is not doomed for—

'Monday's child is fair of face,
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,
 And Thursday's child has far to go,
 Friday's child is loving and giving,
 And Saturday's child works hard for its living,
 But the child that is born on the Sabbath day,
 Is blithe and bonny, good and gay.'

In general, Sunday is the prime day to be born—on any, that is save Whitsunday, which is said to predestine its 'natives' to a violent death—while ordinary Sundays confer the power of beholding the spiritual world.

Midlent or Refreshment Sunday, was the day when the Mother, or Cathedral Church of the Diocese was resorted to by all the neighbourhood in procession, and Easter offerings brought. The processions ceased in the thirteenth century, but the name Mothering Sunday continued, and throughout many parts of England this title has been the cause of this Sunday being the great family gathering, when all the scattered members return home and spend the day, and bring a present to their mother. Nowhere is this pretty custom so gracefully described as in 'The Copsley Annals'—a charming book published by Seeley and Jackson. A simnel cake is the legitimate gift, made of the finest flour, tinged with saffron, and flavoured with sugar and lemon. In the book above mentioned, the best materials for the simnel cake are the mistress's testimony to her young maid-servant's good conduct. The custom is not forgotten in Gloucester, where two hundred years ago Herrick sung:—

'I'll to thee a simnell bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering,
So that when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.'

The beauty of the custom is now lost by the simnel cakes being sold in shops, which are kept open on the Sunday for the purpose. The name is said to come from the latin *simila*, fine flour. Sweet or mulled ale, called Braget, is the legitimate accompaniment. Its name is said to be the Welch word, Bragawd, or Metheglin, and it is a curious coincidence that the northern god who enjoys the patronage at once of poetry and of the divine beverage should be named Bragi, the origin of our verb to brag.

We must not tarry over every variety of day-observance. Christmas customs have often been fully described, but we do not remember before to have heard of the beautiful Lancashire notion that cattle go down on their knees, and bees hum the Hundredth Psalm tune on that night, keeping, however, carefully to Old Style. In Brittany cattle are said to have the power of speaking during the midnight hour of Christmas night, and one of Souvestre's collection of Breton Tales, turns upon the information they then imparted. An old Cornishman, near Launceston, in 1790, told Mr. Hunt, then a child, that he had been to look whether the cattle prayed, but

he found only the two oldest oxen on their knees, and they 'made a cruel moan like Christian creatures.'

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable than the tenacity with which through ages of neglect and dissent, the Welch have clung to the service that once was the midnight mass. Young and old all come forth to church or chapel, to the service which lacks the celebration that should give it life and meaning. What a field for restoration!

The dancing of the sun on Easter morning is a nearly universal belief; but on the borders of Dartmoor it was varied by the beautiful expectation of seeing the Lamb and banner in its disc. Girls, who are now old women, used to go out with a smoked glass to look for it, and some even thought they saw it. Indeed the spots on the sun may have at some time assumed such a shape as to originate the very beautiful idea.

Christmas customs seem to have been kept up for festivity's sake, and likewise, too, as an excuse for collecting money. This we are afraid has been the great embalmer of our old Church customs. Witness 'the grotto' of oyster snells that was once no doubt the shrine of S. James, the pilgrim saint of the scallop shell badge; the May-day doll, once the Blessed Virgin, with her marybuds and marygolds around her, and even the 'going a souling'—which is practised in Cheshire, Lancashire, &c., on All Souls' Day, and which, though now only an excuse for licensed begging for the village children, was once a collecting of alms on behalf of souls in purgatory. Indeed many of these old customs vanish when the authorities of a parish, feeling the inconvenience of the rude indiscriminate beggary thus entailed, confer their alms in a more regular fashion, and turn a deaf ear to the maintainers of the old custom, who are never a select company. Antiquarianism and good order are sadly at variance, and an attempt to unite them seldom succeeds—it only gives a sense of unwarrantable interference—and it is better to let old things pass away, though there is no reason that in passing they should not leave their curious record.

Next to money-getting, marriage divination has been the great preservative of old days; S. Agnes', Eve and All Saints' Day being the prime occasions for these. S. Agnes' Day is chosen on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, because her purity and contempt of marriage made her the patron of maidens, but the cause for the universal notions of the divining capacity of All Hallow E'en, it is impossible to guess at. S. John's Eve owes its peculiar powers to that much more distant tradition before mentioned, which rendered the summer solstice sacred to the whole Indo-European world.

Folk Lore and Old Stories.

All our authors have some terrible recent persecutions, and witchcraft is only too certainly still believed in almost everywhere among the ignorant. How far it was once a real power, and whether there be any connexion between it and magnetism, it is not for us to say. It is a subject to need deeper examination than would chime in here. But of this at least we are sure, that those who deal with a power they cannot understand, submit themselves to the peril of the 'strong delusion that they should believe a lie,' and it is more than probable that it is to the same power that inspired 'the wizards that peep and mutter,' or the oracles that Christian truth silenced. Every now and then some trial brings to light a whole tissue of strange dealings with cunning men or women for the discovery of stolen goods, or for the recovery of health. Nay, only last year, we knew of a poor woman who had fallen into a state of morbid melancholy from the reproaches of her own conscience, she having been persuaded to ill-wish a neighbour who had ill-wished her. The neighbour remained undamaged, but the remorse for the evil-wish took effect on the poor woman's mind, and threw her into an illness.

The ordeal of the Bible and key is not entirely forgotten, as the following paragraph, from a newspaper of January 1867, testifies:—

'**SUPERSTITION.**—At Southampton, on Monday, a boy working on board a collier, was charged with theft, the only evidence against him being such as was afforded by the ancient ordeal of Bible and key. The mate and some others swung a Bible attached to a key with a piece of yarn, the key being placed on the first chapter of Ruth. While the Bible was turning, several suspected names were repeated, and on the mention of the prisoner's name, the book fell to the floor. The bench of course discharged the prisoner.'

Here comes again the question—is it faith, is it conscience, is it magnetism, that has even made these ordeals effective? Never, never to be answered questions, only growing deeper and more mysterious as we learn more of the effects of spirit upon matter, and of the influence of the unseen world upon spirit—an inquiry deeply connected with the credibility of those constantly wrought, or expected, cures by the shrines of saints or by healing wells.

Cornwall has a peculiar species of Folk Lore in its Giants—who bear the credit of many of the wonders of a granitic country—and are plainly related to the Irish Giants, springing from the same Keltic fancy exercised on the huge boulders and mighty fissures of their rugged western coast. Spenser and Milton have brought two at least of these giants into literary fame, and with great correctness; and strangely enough these giants have more Irish than Breton, affinities.

While names of places and persons are almost identical in Brittany and Cornwall, the legends given by MM. Souvestre and Villemarqué, do not so decidedly resemble the Cornish ones as might have been expected, since the similar ones are more universal than Keltic. We would cite as instances, the expulsion of the changeling elf, which is indeed Breton, Cornish, Irish and Scottish, but also so German that Martin Luther himself wished to put an unfortunate child in the Moldau, and this not being possible, recommended constant prayers—Paternosters—to which he ascribed its death; also the repining maiden punished by being carried off by the ghost of the dead lover. The Cornish form is the story of Nancy Penwarne, who was saved at the last moment before daybreak by a smith, who burnt her clothes out of the ghostly grasp, and brought her home to die in peace. The Breton version has lately been made known by Mr. Tom Taylor's paraphrases of M. Villemarqué's translations. Everybody knows Bürger's *Lenore*, and the magnificent Scottish ballad of the *Demon Lover*, where the victim's guilt is enhanced by her having become a wife, and she is carried off by sea till the deadly discovery:—

“O whaten a mountain is yon, she said,
All so dreary with frost and snow?”
“O yon is the mountain of hell,” he said,
“Where you and I shall go.”

Sea tales of submerged cities are found in the Kelt maritime countries, such as Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland, in all of which there are charming legends of bells ringing beneath the waters, and lands drowned for some great sin. The *Morfa*, or *Mermaid*, is another fair Cornish and Irish vision, and there is a very sad story in Cornwall, where *Selina Penna Morfa* comes exactly like *Undine* to her parents as a changeling for their own drowned babe. Her lover betrays her, and she dies and is buried; then he endures the fate of *Huldbrand*, but not from her, but the bereaved *Mermaid Mother*, by whom, in revenge, he is kissed to death, while closed in the watery embrace.

We pass to the region where early childhood disports itself, in myth, fairy tale or nursery story, the pleasantest and best worked field that Folk Lore has to offer, dear to us for old love's sake, of well thumbed book, or of kind narrator, and valuable for the connexion of kindred thought and origin thus traced from land to land.

The tendency of the last two or three centuries to dress up everything in the conventional costume of literary dignity, is one of the chief obstacles to all researches. The same was always

the case. If 'Telemaque' is the Frenchman in a helmet and cuirass, Æneas is an Augustan Roman. No one but Shakspeare knew how to make his characters of all ages, like those in Lear and Macbeth, or of their own and no other, like the wonderful pictures in Julius Cæsar and Antony and Cleopatra. If the age of the writer be remote, we are thankful to him for his revelations about his own times, and are well pleased that Palæmon and Arcite should become doughty knights, worthy to figure in Froissart; and Alexander, in the Talbot book in the British Museum, is as welcome in his fifteenth century armour as he could be in his own robe, wrought by his mother and sisters. Even the prodigal son hawking before a Dutch country house is endurable. But when the whole of ancient times were melted into one happy medium, neither present nor past, but like nothing that ever existed on earth—when English gentlemen were sculptured in togas and full-bottomed wigs—when

‘Old Tonsen, in his wondrous mood,
Amazing all beholders,
Had placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.’

When Blenheim's ceilings were painted with Marlborough, Queen Anne, and all the gods and goddesses among chariots, olive branches and cotton-wool clouds, when Arcadia became a neutral ground, and Cyrus and Mandane were fashioned to resemble Louis XIV. and his satellites—when Smollett anglicised Sancho's blunders and proverbs, and Mason altered Gray's letters to suit the public taste—then what could a genuine tradition expect? If Prior took up the Nut Brown Maid, it must be to turn the Shepherd Lord and his love into a conventional Henry and Eirna; Gray's Fatal Sisters gain in smoothness, but lose the weird awfulness of the Valkyrier, who weave the web of the slaughter of Clontarf; Parnell's Fairy tale, lacks the quaint reality of the Irish Lusmore or the Breton tailor. And though the Countess d'Aulnoy, M. Perrault, and others, revived the fairy tales of old, it was in a dressed up form from which they have never perfectly recovered. Respect to old individualities of tradition had been lost. The heroes and heroines who had descended with their narrators into the humblest grades of peasant life, thoroughly national, emerged as princes and princesses of realms of peacocks and of roses, and were draped *à la* Louis XIV. Love stories were saddled on them, importations made from eastern romance, and the stories composed which have to us become our childhood's tradition, but which utterly confuse our understanding of the original conception of these curious tales. The matter is further complicated by the

good folk who wished to render fairies moral and instructive, and turned them into rewarders of good children, punishers of naughty ones, and far worse, guides in natural science. Fairy-land became a world which any one might play tricks with, and the burlesque or pantomime, with its foolish over-wrought puns and allusions to the subjects of the day, has vulgarized the fairy tale in a way unworthy of its essential poetry, and high descent; furnishing another proof of that strange element in the English mind which loves to violate and make game of everything poetical.

It is to the cottage hearth that we must go for the genuine fairy tale, and not to those of the sophisticated kingdom of Wessex; but to Cornwall, to Cleveland, to Wales, to the Highlands, to Ireland, to Brittany, Scandinavia and Germany. As we have already said, the quest was first begun by the brothers Grimm. Mr. Edgar Taylor and Mr. Keightley discerned its interest; but the study paused until its real meaning was revealed by the proofs of the common stock of the Aryan nations, when it became manifest that as surely as the names of numbers and terms for the nearest relationships and common objects of life, manifest the identity of origin of two nations, so surely do popular tales, existing in different versions, manifest that they have been derived from a universal root. The changes they undergo, in unison with the nation's alterations of circumstance, are as characteristic as those undergone by words, according to Griim's famous law. That the Greek god will be a German peasant, or tailor, is nearly as certain as that the Greek δ will be a Latin *L*. If we find Venus by her own name as on the Venus berg and in Sintram, we are as sure it is a modern transplantation as we are that an omnibus or a Eureka shirt is among ourselves—while a day, a tear, or a door, bear as evident the marks of old descent as do Jack the Giant Killer or Habetrot and the Whippety Stouries. Mr. S. B. Gould, besides his 'Curious myths of the middle ages,' has given us an appendix to Mr. Henderson's Northern Folk Lore, with a list of what he calls the universal story radicals, which he considers the Aryan race to have started with before they dispersed, and to have modified according to the influences of the localities the different nations adopted.

For instance, the Cyclops, or Round Eye, was originally the Sun. He is, as Mr. Kelly shows us, a complete Astronomical Indo-European idea; and the Cyclopes become numerous by the continual addition of departed days. In like manner, Odin in the Edda has but one eye, the Sun, having sacrificed the other for a draught from the Well of Wisdom; but as the notion of personified day was forgotten, the Cyclops became in

the popular mind a mere monster giant, ready for his natural fate of becoming victim to a hero. This hero is in every case caught in his den, and in danger of serving as his meal, which danger is escaped by blinding him, and riding out on the leader of the flock; but in each case there is a touch of national character and national respect to probability. Sindbad the Sailor (who may be considered as more properly representing Persia than Arabia) thrusts out the monster's eye with a cluster of the spits employed for roasting his comrades—the astute Ulysses glories in the device of professing to be 'Nobody,' and uses the giant's pine tree staff, hardened in the fire—the Gael, Conal na Buidhe recommends a poisonous eye-salve to his man-eating foe on the Irish coast, and creeps out under the belly of the largest goat, while the poor giant pathetically says, 'There thou art, thou shaggy haired white goat, thou seest me, but I cannot see thee'—the German giant is blinded by the like treacherous recommendations. It is further curious to observe the different heroes, the Eastern merchant, the Greek king, the cunning Highland robber, and the honest German peasant, as also that the Eastern and the Greek accept the single eyed giant unhesitatingly; but the northern credulity is not so strong, and the Irishman was naturally two-eyed, and has only lost one by disease, while the German is allowed both.

Again, the beautiful fable of the Love and the Soul, which we know best in its late classical form in the graceful story of Cupid and Psyche, as given by Apuleius, and again in its court dress of *La Belle et la Bête*; appears likewise in a homely German version, where the Cupid of the part is a lion, and the curiosity of Psyche causes him to become a dove. We believe that it is the same legend, stripped of its allegorical meaning, that has come forth in another shape in Blue Beard. The ordinary semi-oriental dress of this story is, we believe, owing to French taste, and for some time there was a theory that it was a parody on the horrible doings of that half-madman, half-wizard, Gilles de Retz, in Brittany; but Mr. Dasent in Norway, and Mr. Campbell, found the story current in forms much older than any tradition of De Retz.

The Gaelic version given by Mr. Campbell is the connecting link, but, as in all the modern versions, the part of Hamlet is left out. There is no haunting with

'Ach! Sein Bart war blau,'

for beard he either had none, or it was not blue. But though he keeps the secret chamber full of murdered wives which is evidently a Keltic idea, since one was discovered by Jack the Giant Killer, and another by Tom in the establishment of the Cornish

Giant (Hunt, p. 36) and must thus have occurred to the French *Barbe bleue*, he is really labouring under an enchantment. Here too we have the three sisters—no princesses but daughters to a poor widow, who go out in succession to drive away a large white horse from their kail-yard. They strike him with their distaff, and then cannot detach it, but are dragged on to a hill side, where a door opens, and the horse assumes a human shape. The keys are entrusted, the lady is curious, the door is opened with the usual result, except that the blood adheres to her feet instead of to the key, and a little cat offers to lick it off for the small reward of a drop of milk. The elder sisters disdain the cat, fail to remove the blood, and are consequently detected and disposed of in the secret chamber, but the youngest not only accepts the cat's kind offer to cleanse her feet, but receives directions to revive her sisters, place them in two chests, and reserving a third for herself, insist on her lord rewarding her obedience by bestowing three boxes of treasure on her mother. Thus, when he has brought all three home safely, she stands behind the door, and when he comes to look for her, she fells him with an iron bar, and thus destroys the enchantment, and makes him a royal husband. In the Norse story of the 'Widow and her Hen,' the three sisters go in search of their only hen, and fall into the power of the Old Man of the Hill, but here neither the White Lady nor the Cat appear; only the elder sisters offend him and are killed, the younger learns his magic, restores their lives, makes him carry all three home in sacks, employs a sharpshooter to destroy him, and though he escapes this danger, he bursts before he gets home. The allegory once lost, the legends fall further and further from the original, as in the game of Russian Scandal, where the point of an anecdote having been dropped, clever players try to supply one, and invent fresh incidents.

The three sisters seem inevitable in modern stories, probably from the sense of the luck residing in the third time. Rhodope, the Greek damsel, whose sandal was carried off by an eagle, and dropped at Memphis, causing King Psammetichus such admiration that he never rested till he had made her his queen, was not troubled with sisters; but we have them in the old German *Aschenputtel*, whom the Comtesse d'Aulnoy produced as her *Finette* in the court dress that adheres to *Cinderella*. It is also an independent Italian tradition found in *Straparola's Pentamerone*, and Mr. Edgar Taylor tells us that not only may it be found among Welsh, Poles, and Germans, but that Luther even appealed to it to illustrate the subjection of Abel to Cain.

Another universal story is that of which Mr. S. B. Gould gives a Devonshire version, at p. 314 of *Norse Folk Lore*, under

the name of 'The Rose Tree,' the same which in Scotland is the Milk White Doe, and in Germany the Machandal Baum. It is also found in Languedoc, in Hungary, in Modern Greece, and even among the Bechuanas in South Africa. In each case there is a mysterious connexion between a tree and two children, one of whom is killed by the wicked stepmother, and served up to the father for supper, but the bones are saved by the other child, and when buried under a tree, develop into a bird, which flies about singing the story of its wrongs. In the French version

'Ma mavaïe
Pique Patre
M'a fait bouillie
Mon Père
Le laboureur
M'a mangé
Ma jeune sœur
La Lisette
M'a pleuré
Et soupiré
Sous un arbre
M'a enterré
Tsiou tsiou
Je suis encore en vie.'

The bird is rewarded by the listeners—by the shoemaker with a pair of red shoes, by the jeweller with a gold watch, by a miller with a mill-stone. All these it conveys to the roof of the house, and calling out sister, father, and stepmother in succession, by thundering with the stones, gives one the shoes, the other the watch, and demolishes the murderer with the mill stone. An old Devon nurse, whose solitary story this was, made the bird summon the family in a rhyme:—

'Sister, sister, come to me,
Something good I have for thee.'

The children were called Orange and Lemon, and the mill stone had become a headstone for the grave, just as the watch must have undergone some prior transformation. Mr. Gould only says there must be a mythological root to the story, but Mr. Taylor had traced the Machandel to the Almond tree as the parent of the Phrygian Atys, and the child's murder by his stepmother to the slaughter and boiling of the Cretan Zagreus by the Titans at command of Juno, and his burial by his brother Apollo, while the murderers were blasted by thunderbolts. The eating of the murdered son and the change to the bird occurs in the story of Itys and Progne, and in many another Thyestian banquet, such as Mr. Coxé has traced to the allegory of the Sun maturing or cooking his children, the fruits of the earth, then absorbing their

juices and devouring them, as we find in a charming episode of the Legend of Hiawatha.

Multitudes more of the favourite legends and stories crop up again and again in unexpected places, till they go far beyond enumeration, and have almost brought the students of such comparisons to believe that every story they find repeated is originally a myth—like the Wild huntsman, the Wind, who having started from India with his moaning hounds, has roamed over heathen Europe as Odin, also called Wish, with his wisht-dogs, then assumed the names of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Henry IV., of every imaginable personage who had impressed the popular imagination—and latterly became a wicked hunter, to whom wild stories of all kinds were fitted, the Knight Hakenburg of Germany, or the wild priest Dando of S. Germans in Cornwall. Or again, the faithful hound Gellert, whose ill-requested devotion has wrung many a heart, is a true weasel in Arabia, a pole-cat in Mongolia, a cat in Persia, an ichneumon in the Sanskrit tale, whence the legend started.

Cats, Mr. Kelly tells us, owe their weird qualities in popular faith, to their sensitiveness to atmospherical influences, and but that our space runs short, we could trace a wonderful genealogy of Cat stories, starting from the White Cat, and touching on Puss in Boots, with the curious satirical termination given from Straparola, by Mr. Keightly on to the numberless perplexing versions of Whittington and his Cat, in Denmark, Italy, and almost everywhere else. All the reality of Sir Richard Whittington, his grand foundations, and his having provided wedding clothes for the daughters of Henry IV., have not availed to save his Cat, and her cause has been further hurt by that over zealous artist who transformed the hour-glass and skull on which Whittington, in his portrait, once rested his hand, into Pussey herself. And yet the circumstance is not so unlikely but that it might occur more than once. It is not so many years ago that the 'Plain Woman in Africa' was bargaining with a mouse-ridden Zulu chief, who was willing to give a considerable price for a kitten, and we have heard of two cats left behind by a ship in a savage island who were actually objects of adoration.

And thus, though William Tell is repeated time after time and in place after place, we still think the device not so very abstruse but that the proof of skill might have occurred to more than one brutal tyrant; indeed the very currency of the story would suggest the idea, as it is probable the tale of the destruction of Hippolytus, son of Theseus, suggested the mode of martyrdom of his namesake, S. Hippolytus, the martyr. Man is imitative, and the very fact that an action has taken place stimulates its repetition. If Alfred creeps with his harp into

the Danish camp, his example is followed by Anlaff in order to reconnoitre that of Athelstane. Other resemblances lie in human nature; some circumstances, for ever recurring, must work out results as certainly as three terms in a problem of proportion will find their fourth, and even the marvels of 'permutations and combinations,' in old arithmetical books, shew as plainly as Mr. Buckle and his statistics that certain conditions and facts will recur again and again.

History tells the same story—Parallels of events and characters repeat themselves; David, Alexander, and the Mahomedan chief pour on the ground the water that was too precious to drink; Constantine, Philip II, and Peter I, alike mysteriously sacrifice their unhappy first-born; Julian and Frederick II. each keep a pet philosopher and quarrel with him. The mountains of Judea and of the Tyrol, the granite moors of Cornwall and Brittany, and the orchards of Brittany, all become the home of patriotic loyalty. All these are capable of explanation, character and circumstance produce their consequences, and perhaps the same may be said of the summonses of innocent victims to their murderers to meet them before the highest tribunal within a certain time, such as that of the last Grand Master of the Temple to the Pope and King of France, and of Giles of Brittany to his brother the Duke, both of which probably worked their own fulfilment. So again the eager watching for a hero-king who had vanished in a lost battle, the hopes of the return of Roderick the Goth, of Harold, of Frederick Barbarossa, of James IV, of Don Sebastian, was surely the natural yearning after a 'hope that keeps alive despair' rather than the revival of any old legend of Arthur, or even of the myth of the returning day. Hence may have sprung on the one hand the grand fables of Holgar Danske, of Charlemagne, of Barbarossa, and we know not of whom besides, sitting in their grand quiescence underground till the time should come; and on the other hand that perpetual brood of impostors, the false sons of Germanicus, the Baldwin of Flanders, the Waldemar, the Lambert Simnel, the Perkin Warbeck, the Dmitri of Russia, the Sebastian, nay, even the Louis XVII, who have continually risen to take the place of any one who perished mysteriously. Surely they tell us that the repetition of an event does not lessen its probability. Nay—even the much more unaccountable fact of the prediction of the place of death, being fulfilled to the ear, though not to the letter, has occurred again and again—as in the cases of Robert Guiscard, our own Henry IV, Ferdinand the Catholic, and Catherine de Medicis, persons who could hardly have imitated one another.

We all know the stock magazine article, debating whether parallel passages of poetry are real plagiarisms, and no one can

fail to observe how the same event or idea, acting on the same class of mind, without possibility of borrowing, produces curiously similar inventions; and thus we do not think the conclusion safe that all similar tales must be mere copies from an identical source.

That principle applied to history has knocked off half our old beliefs. Eleanor did not suck the poison, because the same story is told of Sybilla of Conversana, and all the princes who went about in disguise, from Haroun al Raschid down to Henry VIII. naturally demolish each other's adventures. But the maxim is a dangerous one. We are willing to allow that full evidence is required to prove a story that has a suspicious resemblance to other floating tales; but non proven is not the same as *disproved*, and the principle of repetition being disproof may in these perilous times,—nay has been, applied to the facts that stand on the truly highest authority—the patriarchal precaution respecting the wife, the meeting of the bride by the well of water, the miracles of Elijah and Elisha.

Mr. Baring Gould is aware of this danger. He gives an account of a clever French Abbé's argument to prove that Napoleon I. was a mere myth—Ne-Apolleon—the New Apollo. Bonaparte—the good part, or day, out of the twenty-four hours, born in an isle of the Eastern sea, the Mediterranean, of Letitia, another form of Leto or Latona,—having four brothers, the seasons—twelve marshals, the signs of the zodiac, putting down Revolution, etymologically demonstrated to be the coiled serpent or hydra, victorious in the South, but driven back by the forces of the North, and finally, as he had risen in the East sea, sinking in the Western ocean.

'To those who see in Samson the image of the Sun, the 'correlative of the classic Hereules, this clever skit of the 'accomplished French Abbé may prove of value as a caution,' says Mr. Gould, in his *Curious Myths*, and thus, when he boldly puts 'Samson root' at the head of his summary of the treachery of Delilah, we accept it as not betokening any doubt of the fact, though 'Hercules root' stands just below it.

It is true that the heroic cycle of every poetical Aryan nation, Homeric, Ossianic, or of the Nibelung, has numerous ideas traceable too to a single root, but like our words to the stage above it. Ægeus, Roostem, Hildebrand, all have unknown sons, who fight with them before the token discovers them. Achilles, Diarmid, Sigurid, Orlando, all love and lose their cherished maid, have a species of restoration, and perish by a treacherous wound in their only vulnerable spot: Diarmid not only resembling Achilles by this spot being in the heel, but Meleager and Hercules in the battle being with a boar.

Yet were all these brilliant careers, blighted affections, and untimely deaths, as Mr. Coxe would have us believe, mere agglomerations of myths of the Rosy Dawn wooed by the Sun, leaving him alone in his glory, and returning to him ere he sinks to his rest. Was there nothing in them of the sense of man's failures, of his tender hopes, of the one thing wanting in time of success, of the softer feelings of decline? Was there no truth at all in the outline? Why, a little less documentary evidence, and it would be easy to believe not only that there had been siege of Paris, no Charles, no Roland, and no Roncesvalles, but that the Crusaders' capture of Jerusalem was a mere Christian allegory; for were they not warriors of the cross led by Godfrey, or God's Peace, and the siege of Granada another such fable, with such another hero in Gonzalo? Surely these would prove that the gallant deeds of the Greeks, the Gael, and even the Nibelung, had at least as much foundation as the other fabled embellished enterprises nearer our own days. While Samson means Splendid Sun, and such conclusions can be drawn from the names of Napoleon and his mother, we decline to think the siege of Troy explained by identifying Helen with the Indian Sarana or the Dawn, who was beguiled by Pani, the deceiver, into drinking milk, and thus becoming subject to him; or Briseis, merely another form of the dawn, and Achilles, a mere solar-hero.

That tales, with mythical atmospherical sources, clustered round a great event, we are quite ready to grant; nor can anything be plainer or more satisfactory, than Mr. Coxe's explanation of many of the baser and more disgusting stories imputed to the deities as being really misunderstood and forgotten parables of the phenomena of nature. It takes a nightmare off the mind to find that those were not inventions of the high-hearted men of Athens and Thebes, so much as old allegories with their meaning lost. Nor do we wonder that in the delight of the discovery it is treated as a key to everything. Achilles has been disposed of as a solar myth, with considerable bendings of the Iliad to serve the purpose, and Ulysses is the same story. Penelope is his dawn and sunset, weaving clouds into a bright web, soon dispersed. Telemachus resembles Patroclus in being a faint reflex of his brilliance (as if friends and sons were unknown, except as moons). The suitors are the dark clouds that obscure the west; their slaughter is the crimson colouring that dyes them when the sun breaks through at his setting.

All this we might be content to read as hypothesis and argument, but we object to making children learn it in a catechism of mythology as an established fact. Here are two questions and answers:—

'636. "Is the character of Odysseus true to that of the Achæians or historical Greeks?"

"We have no evidence whatever for thinking that it was. It may be more justly called, not only Achaian, but inhuman. Odysseus uses poisoned arrows; he shoots a man behind his back, and without warning; he tells lies whenever it suits his purpose to do so; he slays a whole band of chieftains who had done him no great injury, and then hangs up, like sparrows on a string, a crowd of women, simply because they had not resisted the demands of the suitors."

'637. "What have we to learn from this?"

"That only mischief can follow if we will insist on regarding as a human model, a being whose story has grown up from phrases which lie at the root of the story of Achilles."—Coxe, p. 180.

Some mischief, we think, grows from over-working a theory. If Ulysses ever used poisoned arrows, it was not while he was in Homer's hands, and as to his other 'inhuman' attributes, surely falsehood was a notable characteristic of the ordinary Greek; and the deceptions of Ulysses, though painful to a Christian reader, were quite what a Greek of historical times would regard as mere prudential concealments. That his attack on the suitors was not of a kind considered dishonourable, is evident from the conspiracy that recovered Thebes from the Spartans, when access was gained to them at a banquet by Thebans, in women's dresses. Epaminondas, indeed, refused to join in the scheme, but his morality was avowedly exceptional, and Pelopidas forfeited no man's respect by so doing. As to the injury Ulysses had sustained, the suitors had been preying on his defenceless wife and son, insulting every rite held most sacred, and laying an ambush against the life of Telemachus; and, for the slave women, treachery against their master and mistress was one of the worst crimes a Greek imagination could conceive. In like manner, the Trojan captives slain at the funeral pile of Patroclus, become another version of these many-coloured clouds of sunset, because we are told the Greeks did not use human sacrifices. What became of the nephews of Xerxes taken in the isle of Psyttaleia? And still later, how desirous were many Thebans to sacrifice a virgin at Leuctra.

Where the exact balance lies, no man will ever know. Mythology is mixed up of various streams, each of which has in turn had more than its due proportion assigned to it. Historical fact exaggerated was the old story, when Jupiter became a King of Crete, and Odin a northern conqueror. Abstract ideas personified next became the prevalent theory, and Power, Wisdom, Beauty, War, &c. were shown working out their attributes. Then followed the Christian habit of tracing the heathen tale to a Scriptural tradition, such as Hercules to Samson, Arion to Jonah; and at the present day the atmospherical theory, being the freshest, is swallowing up all the rest.

Now, to our mind all these have had their share in the work of creating the three great mythologies of the world—the Indian, the classical, and the northern. The original facts of the history of man, the Creation, the Promise of the woman-born Victor over the Serpent, the Deluge and the Tower of Babel, are of universal occurrence not only in the national legends of the Aryan race, but in those of almost every people that possessed any memory at all.

It is now said that the conquerors represent day, and the dragons darkness folded about the earth; but we believe that they go far deeper, and that actual Light and Darkness are themselves but another allegory of that conquest of all conquests, the hope of which upbore the world through the weary ages of waiting. Krishna bound in the serpent's coils, trampling its head, but wounded by it in the heel; Apollo standing radiant over Python; Hercules demolishing the Hydra; Sigurd rescuing the treasure from the Lindwurm Fafnir; all these embody the yearnings for Him who should bruise the Serpent's Head, just as the subsequent Christian myths of S. George, S. Martha, S. Margaret, and many more lesser and more local saints crystallize, as it were, the allegory of the disciples enabled to tread on serpents and scorpions, in their master's power. Mr. Henderson has regaled us with a splendid collection of "Worms of the North," no less than six, so authenticated that if only we were prepared to believe in the monsters' existence, we should really accept the tales as well proved!

There was the Sockburn Worm, who was killed by the brave Conyers, with a falchion, wherewith every Bishop of Durham was presented by the Lord of Sockburn on his entrance into his diocese. The last time the ceremony was performed was in 1826, on the inauguration of Van Mildert, the last Bishop of Palatine. There was the Pollard Worm, which wonned in an oak wood near Bishop Auckland, and was killed by a knight named Pollard, who was rewarded by as much land as he could ride round during the Bishop's dinner; there was the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heugh, a poor transformed maiden, who was rescued by her brother; the Linton Worm, the Dragon of Strathmartin, and the Lambton Worm, whose story is very circumstantial.

This monster, it appears, was evoked by the curses of the reckless young heir of Lambton, who was fishing in the Wear on a Sunday morning while his neighbours were going to mass, and pulled out so ugly a creature that he immediately detached it from his hook, and threw it into what is called the Worm Well. There it grew so large, and assumed so horrible an appearance, that the unhappy heir of Lambton could bear it no

longer, but went away—according to one legend, to the crusades, so as to be purified from his sins. In his absence, it increased so much that its length three times encircled an oval hill on the banks of the Wear, which still bears the name of the Worm's Hill. It committed all the true draconian ravages in the country, and was only kept in some sort of check by the ingenuity of the old steward of Lambton, who propitiated it by the offering daily of a trough filled with nine cows' milk. Of course, half the gentlemen of the country side tried to kill the monster, and were themselves destroyed, as the dragon had the power of reuniting when cut in two, and this lasted till the return of the unfortunate author of the mischief. He took counsel with a wise woman how to encounter the animal, and she advised him to array himself in armour spiked all over, and to stand in the middle of the river. Also, he was to take a vow that he would make a Jephtha-like sacrifice of the first thing he should meet after the victory. Otherwise, for nine generations no Lord of Lambton should die in his bed.

The Dragon's mode of attack seems to have been of the boaconstrictor kind, so the porcupine armour proved highly effective, and when it loosed itself from its over-close embrace, the knight, standing in the middle of the Wear, cut its coil in two so judiciously, that the current of the river carried off the lower half, and prevented it from reuniting, so that the upper portion was soon disposed of. In spite of all precautions, however, the first person to meet the victor was his poor old father, and thus it became needful to incur the doom, which seems to have been exactly verified. Two Lambtons were slain on the Royalist side in the great Rebellion, and the last, in whom the curse exhausted itself, was Henry Lambton, M.P., who died in his carriage on the 26th of June, 1761, while crossing the bridge across the Wear and Lambton. Counting nine lords of Lambton back from him, Yorkshire antiquaries arrived at 'John Lambton that slew ye Worme' who was Knight of Rhodes and Lord of Lambton.

No idea has been more deeply fixed among the people of all ages and times than this dragon-fight. And granting that here and there the tradition may have been refreshed by the discovery of saurian remains (though the above quoted northern tales do not occur in districts containing such relics), and that in a few cases such as that of Regulus, and the Knight of Rhodes, the enemy may have been a veritable serpent, yet still we think that it is the mysterious enmity between the serpent and the Woman, his seed and her seed, that has exalted the conflict to such a distinguished place in popular estimation.

The Rainbow is another subject of primæval tradition, univer-

sally beloved among the children of Japhet and Shem; the lovely Iris, the messenger of the gods among the Greeks; the daughter of the Sun and of the flowers with the Welsh; and among the Northmen the bridge of Heaven, over which noble souls pass to the Valhalla; while the negro races regard the token of mercy as an evil spirit! Beyond these very earliest primitive facts, we are convinced that the theory of distortions of Scripture breaks down. It was worked to the uttermost by many good men of the last century, in the same spirit in which they forced Hebrew into being the parent of other languages. Maurice's *Ancient Hindostan* and Davies's *Celtic Researches* are memorials of the vast erudition spent in building on insecure foundations.

The historical theory was the favourite with the Greeks and Romans themselves, when they had outgrown their simple credulity, and yet would not relinquish their divine and heroic ancestry. They knocked out and explained away the marvellous, and composed very rational and very dull histories of the migrations and conquests of their forefathers. Every nation goes through this stage of rationality just as every child discards its fairy tales, and then returns to them again with clearer eye-sight. Where the germ of truth lies, it is almost, if not quite, impossible to detect; but the examples of Attila, of Arthur, and of Charles the Great, convince us that there is no certainty that, because a personage occurs in a world of impossible and mythical companions and adventures, he should have never had a substantial existence, even though, like Arthur and Charles, his name should be strangely connected with the constellation *Ursa Major*.

The belief that many deities and many myths embody abstract ideas and qualities, is worked out to its utmost in Mr. Gladstone's *Homer*. His chapter upon Zeus, Athene, and Apollo, connecting Athene with Divine Wisdom, is a grand composition, and we believe that wherever the names may have come from, the Greek mind had added the idea. Zeus was indeed the sky, but he was also Almighty Power and Fatherhood; Athene was the Eastern *Ahâna*, or the Dawn, springing from her father's brow, but on this name all the traditional dreams of Divine Wisdom had clung; and Phœbus Apollo, though soiled even in the Homeric conception, and his purity given away to his sister, was the terrible, searching, healing, yet destroying light. And as the superior Greeks advanced in power of thought and philosophy, they would fain have made their deities more and more of embodiments of great ideas; but they were hampered by the atmospherical allegories which were attached to the names of their gods and heroes, and became monstrous and gross in creatures looked on as magnified human beings.

Northern imagination was less tied down, and its deities were able far more freely to represent the universal combat of good and evil, the wily arts by which evil for a time could triumph, its fall, its recovery, the destruction and consummation of all things. But as Christianity was at hand to satisfy—if it did not form—all the better longings of the Teuton, it is to Greece that we turn for that literature that shows how great minds strove to mould wild old tradition to express their sense of Divine Justice, their cravings for the vanished light, their lament over the sadness of things around. To our minds it seems as if, while the favoured race of Shem was directed by God himself to the truth, and the few intellectual sons of the accursed race were guided by the devil to the foul worship that prevailed among the Canaanites, the race of Japhet was left to its own devices, and according to the theory already mentioned, formed to themselves dreams and myths out of the phenomena of nature. The main fact seems established beyond a doubt by the students of Vedic hymns, that the sky, the sun, the earth, the dawn, the twilight, the clouds, the winds, and the rain, had an infinity of names, and were spoken of in perpetually recurring parables of homely pastoral life, such as fanciful children may be heard to use when watching the clouds or the shapes in the fire. One cloud was a golden fleece, which was lost at night, and brought back from the east at morning; the clouds were cows, gathered into their fold, or stolen by the merry morning breeze, and reconquered by the sun, or they were sieves in which maidens were forced for ever to carry water, no doubt as a terrible punishment for some great offence; or the sun was a hero coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course, contending with the storm and cold, his enemies, and sinking to rest or to death, however fancy might paint his setting. Etymology and comparison have established many of the classical imaginations to be grounded on those daily appearances. Names clumsily explained by the Greeks and Romans, who had forgotten their real derivation, are easily cleared up by comparison with the Sanskrit, as, for instance, Herme with Sarama, the dawn or morning wind; and many a foul and ridiculous or horrible fable that blackened the character of the gods and heroes, and perplexed good men, is resolved into a simple parable of nature. And in the zest of these discoveries, as we before said, we think the other sources of ancient faith are too entirely forgotten, and primæval tradition, sense of abstract combat between good and evil, and sheer actual fact are all disregarded in the desire to trace every legend to a simple source,—namely, the atmospherical fancies of the Aryans before they dispersed.

Each attempt is one-sided, because it is not sufficiently taken into account that the whole universe, moral and physical, is one great allegory, and has been so ever since the Creation and the Fall. What needs it to contend that the dragon slayer is not the seed of the Woman bruising the Serpent's Head, but Day slaying Night, when sunrise out of darkness is the daily type of the First-born, the Son of Righteousness—the Seed of the Woman rising from the Night of Death, having won the victory.

The outward creation is the allegory of the inner and higher world, and the parable fashioned of the one speaks of the other. Nor does a fact being an allegory destroy its materiality as a historical truth. The deluge, the bond-woman cast out, the Israelite wanderings, are typical, but none the less are they facts. Our allegories are surfaces; God's allegories are like His City, foursquare, and solid truth. Revelation, creation, history, nature, mind, all have the same truths to tell; therefore it is no wonder that they should often coincide, and that in the marvellous froth of imaginations left to us by the seething aspirations of past ages, it should be hard to place each bubble to its right account.

In fact; we are but at the beginning of the work. Hitherto the question has only been treated either in a narrow or fragmentary manner, nor have materials yet been fully collected. We hope, however, that some great mind may yet give us a grand and instructive comparative Aryan Mythology, separating primitive religion from atmospheric parable, marking the influence of national character, distinguishing the probably historical facts, and showing which legends and observances pertinaciously have kept their hold upon different countries, with the modifications that they have received from Christianity, and Christianity from them. Such a work as this would be Mr. Caxton's famous *History of Error*, but it would also be a history of the struggles of truth, and to collect materials for such a structure is the real object of all records of folk-lore.

ART. III.—*Joannis Scoti Opera quæ supersunt omnia. Partem primus edidit, partem recognovit, HENRICUS JOSEPHUS FLOSS, SS. Theol. et Ph. Dr. Excud. apud J. P. MIGNE. Lutetiæ Paris: 1865.*

WITHOUT doubt, Joannes Scotus, the learned Irishman of the ninth century, is the most conspicuous literary figure in what are called the Dark Ages. His acquaintance with Greek, his bold speculative mind, his friendship with the King of France, his travels, his various and elaborate writings, all give deep interest to his history. The Abbé Migne has perhaps done no greater service to the cause of theological and patristic learning, than by giving to the world a complete edition of his writings, edited with great care, and containing much that had never been printed before.

We do not, however, propose in the present article to address ourselves to the consideration of the whole subject of the life and writings of Joannes, to which this learned volume invites us, but to confine ourselves to certain points in the preface of Dr. Floss, which involve a question of much theological interest.

In an article on Berengar of Tours, in a former number of this Review,¹ we expressed our agreement with the opinion that the Treatise on the Eucharist, usually ascribed to Bertram, or Ratramn, a monk of Corbey, was in reality the book of John Scot, to which allusion is so often made in the controversy of the eleventh century. This opinion, which had been held by several of the learned in France, Dr. Floss notices and states very fairly. But at the same time he condemns it as untenable. We think, however, that we shall be able to show, on the very grounds given by the Doctor, not only that it is not untenable, but that it is certainly true.

In order, however, to exhibit the importance which this question assumes in the history of doctrine, it will be needful in the first place to inquire into the beginning of the Eucharistic controversy, and to trace out the earliest teaching of that materialistic theory, against which John Scot wrote, and which Berengar afterwards spent his life in combating.

Between the era of the Fathers and the era of the Schoolmen lies a great gulf of at least three or four centuries, which men are wont to designate, as it were in despair, The Dark Ages. Do we use this disparaging epithet because these ages knew nothing, or because we know nothing of them? Robert-

¹ 'Christian Remembrancer,' April 1866.

son will complacently encourage us in the former view, while Dr. Maitland, with a striking array of out-of-the-way bits of information, will strongly uphold the latter. The truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes. We don't know much of these ages, but this is a good deal occasioned by there not being much to know. Something, however, without doubt, there is to know. What was the intervening process which transformed the theology of the Fathers into the theology of the Schoolmen? What were the conditions under which Christianity became materialized, and, as it were, vulgarized? How did the great *opus operatum*, mechanical theory of salvation spring up, increase, and dominate until it swallowed up all spiritualism? To answer these questions—to strike the fountain-head of momentous controversies, reaching down to our own time—we must approach the Dark Ages, for in them the system, which we sometimes designate in one word as Mediævalism, began. This system, which, while it reverentially employed itself upon the Fathers, nevertheless misunderstood and degraded them—this system, thoroughly human and carnal, yet powerful and complete—reappears with renewed vigour at the present day, and challenges our closest scrutiny as to its origin.

In investigating the Dark Ages, a natural inquiry presents itself. At what precise period did the greatest obscurity prevail? M. Guizot will tell us that in the seventh century is to be placed the lowest point which the intellect of Modern Europe has reached.¹ The Benedictine historians fix the zero of intelligence for France a little further on. According to them, the early part of the eighth century is the period as to which 'those best acquainted with antiquity are agreed that it was the darkest, the most barbarous, and the most ignorant age that has ever been seen in France.'²

'France,' says Mr. Hallam, 'reached the lowest point of decadence at the beginning of the eighth century, but England was at that time more respectable, and did not fall into complete degradation till the middle of the ninth. There could be nothing more deplorable than the state of letters in Italy during the succeeding century.'³ But, even at the darkest of these dark periods, was the ignorance absolute, and the stagnation of all thought and power of expression complete? Assuredly not. M. Guizot, who has employed himself in ascertaining the time of the deepest obscurity, has well shown that the notion so commonly entertained as to the absolute ignorance of these ages, is altogether erroneous. From the sixth to the ninth century there was a considerable literary activity in existence,

Histoire de la Civilisation en France, ii. 171.

² Histoire Littéraire de France, iv. 4.

³ History of Middle Ages, ii. 352.

even in France, only it was of a certain sort, and confined to certain localities. Its character was essentially religious, its local habitation was the cloister. All value for profane studies ceased with the fall of the Western Empire and the triumph of the barbarians. But the barbarians themselves were quickly subdued by that Christian faith which had taken firm hold of the lands which they had conquered. The great municipal schools of Treves, Poitiers, Vienne, and Bordeaux, disappear; but in their place spring up the Cathedral and Episcopal schools. In these, rhetoric, dialectic, grammar, and geography were taught in subordination to theology. The studies produced no literature properly so called, but they produced and fostered a considerable mental activity. 'One is astonished,' says M. Guizot, 'after having heard and thought that this period was utterly barren, to find on looking closer, a world, so to speak, of writings,—of no great value, it is true, but which, by their number and spirit, prove the existence of a singular activity and productiveness.' An immense mass of sermons, expositions of Scripture, lives of saints, and even poems, belongs to this period. This literature has not possessed sufficient vitality from its intrinsic merit to hold a place in the estimation of Modern Europe. Lost sight of between the great works of the Fathers and the ingenious speculations of the Schoolmen, it seems to leave the intermediate age altogether blank. But in the disturbed and chaotic state of civil society which then prevailed, the cloister, with its comparative security, its life of ease and quietude, invited many to religious thought and religious writing. Formed on false models, with but little insight into human nature, and no knowledge of the world, these writings never could challenge attention on their own merits, but simply as records in the history of human thought. As such they are valuable and instructive. This is a time not of speculation, but of adaptation. The grand teaching of the Fathers is brought down to suit the state of opinion and knowledge then prevalent in the Church. The spiritual expressions, the high thoughts of those great Christian philosophers, are materialized and degraded. The narrow intellects of semi-barbarous recluses could not enter into the real mind of a Jerome, an Augustine, or an Ambrose. A transforming process was applied to their doctrines, and, as has been well remarked, there is an abyss between the theology of the five first centuries, which had its birth in the bosom of Roman society, and the theology of the Middle Age, which was produced from the bosom of the Christian Church.¹ During this period there are no writers indi-

¹ Guizot, *Civilisation*, ii. 343.

vidualized and marked out beyond their fellows, by the display of intellectual power. The writers are numerous, but all on one dead level. At the beginning of the time one grand figure emerges, but he is rather to be reckoned among the Fathers, from whom he is separated but by a short interval, than among the monkish compilers who follow him. Yet even Gregory, proficient as he was in all the arts and sciences cultivated in his day, and skilled as he was to clothe his universal knowledge in striking and eloquent language, exhibited, as it were, the preparatory stage for the degradation which was to follow him. He who could regard the teaching of grammar and music as a grievous sin in a clerk,¹ was separated by an immense interval from Augustine, who wrote treatises on these subjects, and was thoroughly versed in Latin literature. From the time of Gregory at the end of the sixth century, to the time of Charlemagne, in the latter part of the eighth, it is hard to point out any writer or thinker of more conspicuous excellence than the great mass of his fellows. Our own Bede furnishes the nearest exception to this assertion, but Bede, though infinitely valuable as a patient and honest compiler, showed no sign of critical discrimination, or original thought. The treatment which theological subjects were thus for a long time receiving, was necessarily of a character to degrade and lower them. The vast phalanx of monastic expositors and legend-writers which was busy in France during this period, had not availed to save the Church from excessive ignorance and barbarism. Charlemagne was stimulated to become an educational reformer by the extreme illiterateness of the letters which he was in the habit of receiving from the monasteries. Addressing himself to the task with his natural vigour, he called the learned of every land to his aid. Alcuin from England, Clement from Ireland, Theodulph from Germany, came to help him in the restoration of letters in France, and great was the effect which their learned labours and the powerful will of the monarch produced. But in fact the literary revival of Charlemagne was only the giving increased energy and power of expression to the schools of thought and theological treatment which were prevalent before his time. The Church was not so much enlightened by his work, as strengthened and invigorated. Churchmen were taught the *trivium* and *quadrivium*. They learned to write without solecisms, and to spell correctly. They acquired the method of transcribing the sacred books with clearness and accuracy, of understanding the Roman ritual, and of chanting the Gregorian tunes. But in theology there was but little

¹ Gregor. Magn. Epist. ix. 48.

advance. The estimate of the learned Benedictines of the divines formed in the schools of Charlemagne is, that 'Nothing original is to be found in their writings. They were copyists of the Fathers without understanding them. They exhibit more labour than genius, more memory than invention, or power of selection.'¹ Theological writing, however, though but little improved by the work of Charlemagne, was nevertheless greatly stimulated. New subjects were now debated by the priests and bishops; matters of dogma, which had been left untouched before, were brought forward and discussed. Treatises appeared on Image Worship, the Procession of the Holy Spirit, the nature of the Saviour, and on Baptism. In the general attempt at elucidating all the prominent topics of theology, it was not likely that the highest mystery of the Christian faith should long remain unnoticed. Men had hitherto been content to regard the Eucharist with reverential devotion, and to accept the grand language of Augustine and Ambrose as the best exponent of the Divine Presence therein. They had shrunk from the endeavour to explain and localize so great a mystery, and as not one of the chief Fathers had ever used an expression on this subject, which was incapable of a spiritual interpretation,² they had endeavoured to believe, according to their powers, that there was something there beyond their carnal conceptions and understandings. But the monks, stirred up by the educational activity consequent on the work of Charlemagne, thought that they could improve on the Fathers. They would explain these mystical and spiritualized expressions. They would bring down these high things within the reach of the 'meanest capacity.' Like the charlatans of the present day, who undertake to teach a subject in so many lessons, they would clear up all difficulties, and show precisely what was meant by Christ's Presence in the Holy Sacrament. The first who was possessed by this unlucky desire to define and explain, was one Paschas, or Paschasius, a monk of the French monastery of Corbey. This man had been brought up at the monastery of Soissons, but had afterwards quitted it and taken the secular habit. Tired of this he had retreated to Corbey, then governed by the Abbot Adalard, who had done much to forward the reforming and enlightening process set on foot by Charlemagne and Alcuin. This abbot is justly famous for having procured books from great distances, and at

¹ *Histoire Littéraire de France*, iv. 30.

² See Bingham's learned *Historical Sketch*, iv. 15. Hooker, *Ecol. Pol.* ii. 358: 'It appeareth not that of all the ancient Fathers of the Church any one did ever conceive or imagine other than only a mystical participation of Christ's both Body and Blood.'

much trouble, for the use of his house, and his monks may well have been inspired by an *esprit de corps* to endeavour to distinguish themselves in the literary world. At any rate Paschasius was eager to try his hand at authorship, and not very fastidious as to the subjects on which he employed his pen. His first treatise appears to have been a disquisition on the way in which the Saviour was delivered from the womb of his mother, and his next effort was directed against those who held the extraordinary theory that there was but one universal soul, in which all living men had a share.

Having disposed of these matters in a way which met the approbation of the orthodox, Paschasius thought himself qualified to give instruction on more important subjects. According to the monastic custom of sending out and establishing daughter settlements from the old parent stock, the French Corbey had established a German Corbey. The monks of the new house might be expected to look with deference to the luminaries of the parent cloister. Thus Paschasius, thinking the opportunity suitable, addressed to the Abbot of the German Corbey his Treatise 'De Corpore et Sanguine Domini.' This was in the year 831, A.D. The work was not intended to be controversial, but simply explanatory and devotional. It is a very plain, ordinary performance. It has nothing to recommend it save some rather ingenious misapplications of Scripture, and a few legends of miracles, more than usually grotesque and absurd. Yet this plain insignificant writing forms an era in the history of doctrine, and commences a controversy likely ever to continue in the Church. It was, in fact, the first decided attempt to materialize the Divine Mysteries. Paschasius doubtless thought he could increase the reverence paid to the Holy Sacrament, by teaching that the actual body born of the Virgin was therein pressed by the teeth; but his age, ignorant and materialistic though it was, could not receive this novelty with complacency. A disturbance was straightway stirred up. Paschasius might have used the strongest possible language as to the presence of the Saviour in the mysteries, and no devout mind would have been shocked; but to begin by explaining the process of change in which a substance passes out of, and quits its original nature, to pass into and assume a new nature, and then to apply this explanation to the bread and wine quitting their first nature and assuming the actual substance of the flesh 'which was born of Mary and suffered upon the cross, and rose again from the tomb,' was more than the thoughtful and sober-minded of that day could readily bear. That which takes place at the Holy Eucharist, he expressly declares to be the same which took place in the womb of the Virgin, when by the

Holy Spirit the Body of Christ was formed therein. The actual flesh of Christ is given to us 'under the appearance of bread and wine.' 'The colour and appearance of bread and wine are preserved partly for the trial of faith, partly to avoid giving scandal to unbelievers, who would think it an abominable thing for Christians to feed upon flesh and blood.'¹ (c. xiii.) Such was the unfortunate attempt made by this probably well-intentioned monk, to explain down to human conceptions the great mystery of the Real Presence. From his materializing various disagreeable questions arose, viz., as to how the sacred food assimilated with the body—how was it digested? Did it pass away by the ordinary channels? What was the effect of crumbs eaten by mice? &c. All these points were discussed and controverted, to the great degradation of the holy mysteries. The expressions used by Paschasius, say the Benedictines, 'appeared novel, and offended some. For although the Church had always believed that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ are really present in this august Sacrament, and that the bread and wine are changed into them, yet men had not been accustomed to use or hear language of so distinct a character on this mystery.'² But though the more thoughtful were offended at the vulgarizing treatment applied to the divine mysteries, no immediate effect followed. Controversial treatises were not in those days dashed off with the speed and vehemence of modern times. Some thirteen years elapsed, and Paschasius, now raised to the dignity of Abbot of Corbey, and flattered doubtless by his monks for his great literary powers, thought that he could pay no more acceptable court to the King of France than to send him this book as a new year's gift. Charles the Bald was, for the time in which he lived, a literary and learned prince. He received the Abbot's book and read it, but the effect which it produced on him was very different from that which Paschasius had expected. He was much scandalized and disgusted with its materializing language. Feeling himself, however, doubtful about the right explanation of these high mysteries, he applied to those who were able and willing to assist him in such matters. There was living in his court at the time a man famous for his learning, skilled especially in the Greek tongue, a man given to metaphysical subtleties and abstract disquisitions, a man standing apart by a long interval from the monkish *literati* of the time—a thinker, a philosopher—such a one as would naturally be sought for counsel and instruction.

¹ The Treatise of Paschasius Radbertus will be found in Martini Collectio Vet. Script. ix. 378-470.

² Histoire Littéraire de France, iv. 159.

This man was the familiar friend of the king, his constant companion, the partner of his board, and even of his bed. His name was John the Irishman, and because the Scotie or Irish race was to be found not only in Erin, but also in the neighbouring island, it was added, as a surname, that he was Erin-born—(Erigena).¹ To him, after the reading of the book of Paschasius, did Charles the Bald apply for a right and trustworthy account of the matters handled by the Abbot. Our authority for this is a letter written by Berengar of Tours to the Monk Richard. 'Know,' he writes, 'that what John Scot wrote on the Eucharist, he wrote by the recommendation, and at the request of Charles the Great [the Bald], who, being desirous that the ignorance of the uneducated and carnal men of that time should not prevail, assigned to the learned John the task of collecting out of the Sacred Scriptures the materials for changing that ignorant folly of theirs.'² Nothing can be clearer than this statement of the commission given by the king to his literary friend. Let us see, in the next place, what evidence there is as to the performance of this commission by Erigena. The passage just quoted mentions his *having written*. Berengar, writing to Ascelinus, characterises his work thus:—'If John Scot is to be considered a heretic, the Fathers also must be held heretics, for I can repeat on the subject of the Eucharist, the very expressions out of their writings which John Scot uses.' Ascelinus replies that 'John Scot indeed endeavours to prove his false assertions by certain works of the Fathers, which he applies in a wrong sense.' Again, writing to Lanfranc, Berengar says:—'If John Scot, whose sentiments on the subject of the Eucharist I approve, be held as a heretic by you, you must also hold Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, as heretics, to say nothing of the rest.'³

This, one would think, is tolerably conclusive evidence that John Scot wrote a book on the Eucharist, but Dr. Floss, seeing clearly enough what must needs follow if he grants this, will have it that his sentiments on the Eucharist were not contained in a separate book, but in his Commentaries on S. John, and on the Pseudo-Dionysius.⁴ Even, however, if this supposition

¹ Those who take an interest in observing the remarkable eccentricities of which a learned man may be guilty in the matter of etymology, should not fail to consult Dr. Floss's Preface as to the derivation of the word Erigena. 'Compositum est ex 'Iepov (sc. ῥήσιν) et gena, ita ut sit "oriundus ex insula Sanctorum."' This happy mixture of Greek and Latin is gravely defended by the example of Grajugena! as though a word which, though of Greek origin, has entered into the Latin tongue and become adopted, could stand upon the same footing as a purely Greek and un-Latinized word like 'Iepós.

² Labbe, Concil. ix. 1062.

³ Lanfranci Opera (ed. Giles), i. 17, 373, 374.

⁴ It must be acknowledged, however, that Dr. Floss has printed the fullest

could be reconciled with the foregoing, it certainly cannot be reconciled with the recorded facts of the judicial destruction and burning of the '*Book of John Scot on the Eucharist*,' at the Council of Paris, and Vercellæ, and divers other Councils.¹ It may be assumed, therefore, we think as certain, that John Scot did write a treatise on the Eucharist at the request of King Charles the Bald, and that this treatise was in answer to that of Paschasius. The next and most important point is, what has become of this treatise? Is it lost, or may it now be consulted and examined? The majority of modern writers, including Mr. Maurice (who, in his *Mediaeval Philosophy*, has given an excellent account of the learned Irishman), hold that it is lost. Dr. Floss, the latest discussor of the matter, holds that it never existed. We think, however, that we can show both that it existed and that it exists. We believe that in the comparatively well known treatise entitled '*Bertramnus (or Ratramnus) De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*,' is to be found none other than the *Treatise of Joannes Scotus on the Eucharist*.² This opinion is not new. It was first broached by the learned Peter de Marca, Archbishop of Paris in the seventeenth century, and by him communicated to Luke D'Achery, the famous collector of mediæval writings, who was associated with Mabillon in his great work of the '*Acts of the Benedictines*.' The arguments of De Marca are given by Gabriel Cossart in the ninth volume of Labbe's '*Concilia*,' and we should not think it worth while to reproduce them here, when they could be read in such a well-known work as Labbe, were it not for the fact that the discovery of Berengar's *Treatise*, long after the time when they were written, adds immensely to their weight; and were it not also from the extraordinary treatment which they have received from Dr. Floss, selected to edit this volume by the Abbé Migne, the learned French patrologist of our own time.

The following, then, are the arguments which induce us to

refutation of his own theory in the '*Commentatio de Vitâ et Præceptis I. Scoti*' which follows his Preface. See page 35.

¹ Berengarius de Sacra Coena, p. 37.

² The anonymous Commentator printed by Dr. Floss, says that as no one is found to hold this opinion now, it is not worth while to discuss it. This is, at any rate, a convenient way of getting rid of it. It is singular that these two introductory notices printed side by side differ from each other in every particular on the subject which we are handling. Dr. Floss says, John Scot wrote no book on the Eucharist; the Commentator proves that he did. Dr. Floss says, Ascelinus and Berengar quoted the Book of Ratramn as that of John Scot by mistake. The Commentator, seeing the absurdity of this, tries to show that they did not quote the Book of Ratramn. But in this he fails. There is no other way of escaping the difficulties of the question except the simple one of admitting that the Book of Ratramn is in reality the Book of John Scot, attributed to Ratramn to save it from destruction.

believe that the book which has been usually ascribed to Bertram or Ratramn, is the genuine work of John Scot:—

(1) In the letter of Berengar, quoted above, it is stated that John Scot composed his Book on the Eucharist *at the special request of King Charles the Bald.*¹ Such being the reason assigned for the composition of this treatise by a writer who lived about a century and a half after its production, and who was familiar with its contents, we turn to the treatise popularly ascribed to Ratramn, and we find in the first paragraph as follows:—‘You were pleased to command me, glorious Prince, to signify to your Majesty my sentiments touching the mystery of the Body and Blood of Christ, which command is no less becoming to your Highness, than the performance of it is above my poor abilities,’ &c. Now it is, of course, *possible* that King Charles may have given *the same* command both to his friend and tutor John Scot, and to Ratramn, the monk of Corbey. But this, though possible, is not very probable. There is every reason from the circumstances of the King’s life why he should have sought the opinion of the learned Irishman, as it is proved he did; there is no reason why he should have sought out an obscure monk to lay this honour upon him, and to attribute this importance to his opinion, and this we believe he did not. But (2) in the letter of Ascelinus to Berengar, the charge of explaining the Fathers in a wrong sense in his book is urged against John Scot. The writer says, ‘In proof of this it will suffice to remark here on that prayer of S. Gregory—“May thy Sacraments, O Lord, perfect in us that which they contain, that what we now receive in outward appearance, we may obtain in actual verity.” In explaining which the aforesaid John, among other things contrary to the faith, says, “These things are taken in outward form, not in actual verity.” (*Specie geruntur ista non veritate.*)’ Now, in the treatise ascribed to Ratramn, this very prayer is quoted, and the comment on it begins with these precise words: ‘Dicit quod in specie geruntur ista non veritate.’ Is not then the book of Ratramn the same as that which Ascelinus calls the book of John Scot? (3.) We come now to Berengar’s testimony, which is found not only in the letters quoted above, but, much more expressly, in his treatise on the Holy Supper, discovered since the time of De Marca. At page 37 of this treatise, we have him saying to Lanfranc, ‘With respect to Joannes Scotus, and the cause of his work being cut to pieces, I have heard you yourself narrating the cause of this punishment, namely, because he had written in a certain passage of his treatise, that these things which are consecrated on

¹ Berengar writes Carolus Magnus: but this is either done to exalt the dignity of the king, or is an error which has crept into the MS.

'the altar, "are the figure, the sign, the pledge of the body and 'blood of the Lord.'"¹ We turn to the work ascribed to Ratramn, and we find that this is an accurate description of the matter of it, and of the terms principally employed. At the same time, however, it should be stated that very strong passages as to the Real Presence also occur in the treatise. The German editor of John Scot, convinced by these proofs that both Ascelinus and Berengar did clearly assign to John Scot the work now given to Ratramn,¹ has nevertheless a singular subterfuge to save himself from agreeing with their opinion, 'It is scarce 'doubtful,' says he, 'that Berengar used the book of Ratramn 'on the Body and Blood of the Lord, and that this book was in 'the synods condemned, cut up, and burnt.' From this what follows? Not, according to this learned gentleman, that the treatise which was quoted as John Scot's by nearly contemporary writers, condemned and burnt as John Scot's by nearly contemporary synods, is in reality John Scot's, but that all these made a mistake, and that the book was composed by quite another writer after all? And why, forsooth, is this inferred? Because the most ancient manuscripts of the treatise has at the commencement, 'Incipit liber *Ratramni* de Corp. et Sang. Dñi.' But the Lobez MS. which bears this title cannot be shown to be older than 1049, and Berengar's letters to Lanfranc and Ascelinus, in both of which he mentions the Treatise of John Scot in such a way as to indicate *this* treatise, are both earlier than this. So that the unknown scribe who wrote *Ratramnus* is to be preferred before the known and intelligent, and earlier testimony of Berengar! We have, however, not yet done with the remarkable logic of the German Professor. 'But,' says he, 'you will ask how it came about that in that Berengarian controversy no one came forward to refer the book to its 'true author, Ratramn? How did it happen that the synods 'did not discover the true author?' This is a very natural question to ask, and a somewhat difficult one to answer. The answer given by Dr. Floss to his own puzzling query is really charming from its naïveté, 'To these questions I oppose the 'following questions, which are quite as apt:—If Berengar 'used the Book of John Scot, how is it that neither he nor 'his school ever appealed to the Book of Ratramn, which is 'especially favourable to his error?' Aye, how indeed? We will attempt to answer the question. Simply for the reason that no such book of Ratramn existed. He had already used the treatise as that of Scot; it would be rather singular for him to refer to the same work as that of Ratramn. 'How

¹ 'Hæc omnia quadrant in librum de corpore et sanguine Domini, qui sub nomine Ratramni sæpiissime editus est.'—Proem. p. xxi.

again,' asks the Doctor, 'came it about that in all that controversy there was never any mention of Ratramn?' We imagine that the reason was, that Ratramn had nothing to do with it. We said before, that the opposite of Dr. Floss's conclusions as to the work of John Scot on the Eucharist, could be proved from his own premises, and we submit that this total silence as to Ratramn in the tenth and eleventh centuries, which is incontestable, and which the Doctor freely admits, does prove the very opposite to that which he makes it to infer. Ratramn became a very well known man, and in high repute for learning. If he had written this treatise, and at the command of the king, it would assuredly have been referred to when men began to write and argue on this subject, when councils were held upon it, and judicial sentences pronounced. But as the learned Gabriel Cossart well points out, 'In the early days of this controversy, there was no mention of Ratramn, but a perpetual mention of John Scot. Hincmar, Berengar, Lanfranc, Guitmund, Durand, Ascelin, the Synods of Rome, Vercellæ, and Paris, do not speak of Ratramn as having propagated errors; with them it is always John Scot who has done the mischief.' There is clear and abundant proof that during the time when the book of John Scot was spoken of and quoted, there was no book of Ratramn ever mentioned. Sigebert, who died in 1112, first introduces us to a book of Ratramn,¹ which is evidently the same as that since known by his name. From whence did this book, before unknown, suddenly emerge to the light? It came forth as the book of Ratramn by the simple process of the copier substituting the name of Ratramn for that of John Scot the true author. And wherefore? Because the writing of John Scot had been condemned, burnt, cut to pieces, and ordered to be destroyed. The simple way to evade all these horrors was to put the name of another writer at the head of it, and what name so suitable as that of Ratramn, who had already been engaged in controversy with Paschasius, and who was doubtless known to have entertained opinions on the Eucharist similar to those of the treatise ascribed to him. The monks thus preserved their manuscript, and the Pope and cardinals were not a whit the wiser. This is not the only instance by many that the same device has been resorted to with the same result.

We have dwelt the longer on this point because it seems to us

¹ An anonymous writer, printed by Cellot, does mention a work of Ratramn on this subject. This has been thought to be the Abbot Heriger, who lived towards the end of the tenth century, but Fabricius clearly disproves this, and hence the time as well as the person of this witness being altogether doubtful, it cannot be shown that Ratramn's book was mentioned before the date of Sigebert.

of great importance to the theological argument on the Eucharist to gain for the Scriptural and Catholic doctrine, a witness so early, so distinguished as the great Erigena. The treatise itself is sufficiently well known, but we believe that it will be read with new interest by any whom we are able to convince that it is not the work of an obscure monk, writing perhaps with a feeling of petty jealousy against another monk of the same house, an old antagonist in literary strife, but that it is the work of the grand philosophical and reflective mind of the Irish philosopher, who occupies so prominent a position in the literary history of his era.

And here we cannot avoid bestowing a word of commiseration on the unfortunate case of the authors of the 'Literary History of France.' Had the learned Benedictines been cognizant of the treatise of Berengar they might perhaps have changed their view as to the authorship of the work ascribed to Ratramn, and abandoning the book to John Scot, an acknowledged heretic in their eyes, have saved themselves the palpable stultification to which they have thought it necessary to submit in this case. So long as the author was held to be a monk of their own order, he was of course in all things to be glorified. Accordingly, they undertake to prove against the Council of Trent, against Cardinal Perron, against the Theologians of Douai, against the almost universal voice of the Romish Church, that the said monk, Ratramn, teaches the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and that it is quite a mistake to suppose that he wrote in answer to Paschasius.¹ His writings, say they, would never have been held anything but purely orthodox had not the translators interpreted them in a way exactly opposite to their real sense.² It is competent to any one to test the value of these assertions by referring to the plain and straightforward language of the treatise, and no one who does so can fail to smile at this bold attempt of the monks to browbeat the common sense of Christendom. Dr. Floss is wiser in his generation. He speaks of the book as 'specially favouring the error of Berengar,' and does not attempt to show that it argues in favour of Transubstantiation, when it is arguing as plain as words can speak against it. The characteristic doctrine of the writer is, indeed, that of the Real Presence, which is again and again explained to be spiritual not material. The notion of a change in the *substance*

¹ The 'Literary History of France' was compiled by various hands, and is not always quite consistent with itself. Thus, when noticing Ratramn (vol. iv. 337) it is indignantly denied that he wrote his treatise against Paschasius, but when noticing Paschasius it is said, 'Those who wrote against Paschasius were soon followed by Ratramn, who undertook with the same object his famous treatise on the Body and Blood of the Lord.'—Lit. Hist. iv. 260.

² Hist. Littéraire de France, v. 337.

of the elements is strongly reprobated and rejected, and the assertion of Paschasius that the Body and Blood of the Lord in the Sacrament is the same body which was born of the Virgin is carefully and elaborately condemned. 'It is the Body of Christ indeed, yet not corporeal but spiritual. It is the Blood of Christ, yet not corporeal but spiritual. Nothing is here to be understood, corporeally but spiritually. The Body which Christ took of the Virgin Mary, which suffered and was buried and rose again, was His true body, that is, it remained such as might be seen and felt; but the Body, which is called the Mystery of God, is not corporeal but spiritual, and if spiritual then it can neither be seen nor handled. . . . I would not have it thought that the Lord's Body and Blood are not received by the faithful in the holy mysteries, for faith receives not that which the eye beholds, but that which itself believes. It is spiritual meat and spiritual drink, spiritually feeding the soul, and affording a life of eternal satisfaction, as our Saviour himself, commending the mystery, speaks: "It is the Spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." Thus in obedience to your Majesty's command, I in my humble fashion have ventured to dispute touching points of no small moment, not following any presumptuous opinion of my own, but having a constant regard to the authority of the ancients.' Such, as we contend, was the Catholic and Scriptural teaching, upon this sacred subject, of this philosophic doctor who has been hastily and unfairly described as a Pantheist and an infidel. The misrepresentations to which John Scot has been perseveringly subjected, are indeed in great measure due to the Benedictines, who have attacked him with extreme malignity. We proceed to notice two or three points in connexion with what has been already said, in which their unfair accounts have been duly followed by Dr. Floss, his latest editor.

Of the prelates of the ninth century none was more deservedly famous for learning, candour, and ability than Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. Could it be shown that he had pronounced an express and deliberate censure of the teaching of John Scot on the Eucharist, great weight might fairly be claimed for his opinion. But can this be shown? We think not. Nevertheless, in the Benedictine account of Erigena, as well as in the preface of Dr. Floss, he is quoted as having severely condemned his opinions. On what ground? Simply because a passage is to be found in the writings of Hincmar, in which he speaks against an opinion prevalent in his day, that the Sacrament of the Altar was only *memoria veri corporis et sanguinis ejus*. But he does not impute this opinion to John Scot, and it is only by the ingenious assumptions of the

Benedictines that it is made to refer to him.¹ That is to say, the authors of the Literary History first settle, quite groundlessly, what John Scot's views were, and then, because Hincmar condemns these views, quote him as condemning John Scot. This is all duly transferred to Dr. Floss's Preface with a '*Satis apertè Joanni Scotigenæ imputat.*' We can only say that if the learned German is *satisfied* with the Benedictine implications, we are not. On the contrary, if it can be proved, as we think it has been proved, that John Scot taught the Real Presence, the words of Hincmar do not and cannot apply to him. Again, after exhibiting their views of the doctrine of Erigena on the Eucharist, the Benedictines add that these views were combated (and of course overthrown) by one Adrevald, a monk of Fleury, who inscribed his book, '*Contra ineptias Joannis Scoti?*' This again is transferred to the Preface of the new edition, and duly appears in all the accounts of John Scot. But is it true? Certainly, at the head of the short treatise ascribed to this writer, which is printed in the '*Spicilegium*,' of D'Achery, the words *Contra ineptias Joannis Scoti* occur; but examine the treatise itself. There is not, we undertake to say, one word of John Scot in it, nor the slightest allusion to his work. The treatise contains a number of quotations from Jerome, Augustine, Gregory, &c., which set forth the greatness of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and magnify the reverence due to it, and the danger of receiving it unworthily. There are no precise doctrinal state-

¹ As it has been again and again asserted that Hincmar condemns John Scot as holding the 'mere memorial' view of the Eucharist, we will give the passage on which this extraordinary assumption is founded. In the Treatise of Hincmar, '*De Prædestinatione*' (c. 31), after having mentioned certain *Capitula* which had been published, containing, as he alleges, divers erroneous opinions on this subject, he goes on: 'The authors of these, or rather the self-contradictory propounders, are hinted by many to be the Bishop Prudentius and John the Irishman. But we are not willing either to assent to, or dissent from, this, inasmuch as we have no certain evidence to prove it either way. We do not, however, wish to mix ourselves up in the contradictions of those men, whoever they are, until we perceive more clearly what they are aiming at. There are also other things, which, delighting in using new terms in order to get vain reports circulated about them, they say against the truth of the Catholic faith, namely, that the Deity is Three-fold, that the sacrament of the altar is not the true Body and true Blood of the Lord, that angels are corporeal in their nature, that the soul of man is not in his body, that the punishments of hell are nothing else than the tormenting memory and consciousness of sins.' Hincmar, *Opera*, i. 232 (Paris, 1645). Now, it is evident from this passage that those whom the Archbishop is condemning for their new opinions are not Prudentius and Scotus, but those who had put forward the *capitula*. It may fairly be inferred from his words that when his opponents in the Predestination controversy grounded themselves on these authorities, he did not believe that they were justified in doing so. He declines, however, to enter further into this question, but, by way of disposing of his antagonists, brings against *them* the charges of false doctrine which follow. Not the slightest ground is there for asserting that he charges either Prudentius or Scotus with these or any other false opinions.

ments to be found, nor any definitions bearing on this controversy. Some passages would rather imply that the writer favoured the spiritual view, as for instance: 'That which we receive every day is food, so far as it is seen, but a Sacrament is one thing, the virtue of a Sacrament quite another thing.'¹ But as the Benedictine historians are the great authority for all writers of this period, and as modern views are too often formed from their dicta without examination and consideration, we will mention in passing another point on which their accuracy does not seem unimpeachable. Writing with *apparent candour*, concerning the Treatise of Paschasius, they declare that *four writers* opposed his views. Of these one is an anonymous writer, a mere fragment of whose composition is preserved.² A second is Heriger, abbot of Laubes, towards the end of the tenth century. Now here the good fathers have made a somewhat absurd mistake, and have quoted a man as writing against the views of Paschasius, who actually wrote in their favour. It appears that this abbot compiled a treatise consisting of extracts from the Fathers, and in *most of the copies* of Sigebert he is said to have done this *contra Ratbertum*. The learned Fabricius, however, shows that the true reading is *contra Ratherium*, and that Heriger did not write against Paschasius Ratbertus, but against Ratherius, a Bishop of Verona, and rather to defend the Transubstantiation view, than to impugn it.³ We have said that the candour of the Benedictines is only *apparent*, and that their kind concession of four opposers of Paschasius, one of whom is entirely insignificant, and another turns out to have written the other way, is nothing to be thankful for. We claim to be able to show far more and more distinguished opponents of the materialistic theory than they are willing to allow. We claim to be able to show that John Scot, in opposing the sentiments of the monk of Corbey, did only set forth the sentiments of the best and most learned men of his time. We take first the well-known name of the Archbishop of Mayence. Raban, surnamed the Moor, perhaps from the darkness of his complexion, was a promising pupil of the famous Alcuin, at Tours, and quitted that seminary of learning about 830, to carry his acquirements to Fulda, the great Abbey-school of the Diocese of Mayence. Promoted from the monastery to the Archbishopric, Raban distinguished himself by his sanctity and his learned labours. He became the Venerable

¹ Dacherii Spicilegium, xii. 32.

² *Vide* Dacherii Spicilegium, xii. 39.

³ See the whole question investigated in Fabricius (Art. Heriger) The anonymous treatise published by Cellotius, and ascribed by Dom Mabillon to Heriger, is thought by Fabricius to be the production of another writer.

Bede of Germany, producing for the instruction of his countrymen digests and commentaries taken from the works of the great Fathers of the Church, but skilfully adapted for the use of the unlearned, and showing deep appreciation of Christian doctrine. In one of these treatises which professes to give the instruction meet for clerks (*De Institutione Clericorum*) Raban treats on the subject of the Eucharist. 'The Sacrament,' says he, 'is one thing, the virtue of the Sacrament is another. For the Sacrament is taken in the mouth, but by the virtue of the Sacrament the inner man is satisfied. The Sacrament becomes the nourishment of the body, but by the virtue of the Sacrament the dignity of eternal life is gained. In the Sacrament all the faithful communicants join in a bond of fellowship and peace, but in the virtue of the Sacrament all the members being joined and united to their head rejoice in eternal brightness. As then the Sacrament is converted into us when we eat it or drink it, so are we converted into the body of Christ so long as we live obediently and piously. . . . We use the word Sacrifice as equivalent to making holy, and this is done when by mystical prayer that which is offered is consecrated into a Memorial of the Lord's Passion. Hence, according to his commandment, it is consecrated into the Body and Blood of Christ; for though this be part of the fruits of the ground, it is nevertheless sanctified and made a Sacrament by the visible operations of the Spirit of God, which Sacrament the Greeks call the Eucharist.'¹ Here the effect of the consecration of the Bread and Wine is not asserted to be the production of the Lord's material Body, but the Sacramentum or sacred pledge of it. In this the Lord is present, not corporeally but *virtute*, giving spiritual power and strength. Nor did the teaching of Hincmar himself on this subject essentially differ from that of Raban. 'The whole process,' writes he, 'in this oblation of the Lord's Body and Blood is a mystery. One thing is seen, another thing is understood. That which is seen has corporeal form. That which is understood has spiritual fruit. The oblation of that bread and that cup is the commemoration and declaration of the death of Christ, which is done not so much by words, as by the mysteries themselves by which that precious death is more deeply and strongly commended to our minds.'² The idea here prevalent in the mind of the writer is certainly a spiritual view. One thing is seen, another is understood. The effect contemplated is not the magical power of a certain material substance, but a

¹ Rabani Mauri Opera, vi. 11.² Hincmari Opuscula, ii. 92.

spiritual effect. Nor are the opposers of the Transubstantiation theory in the ninth century limited to these.

Amalarius thus writes: 'These things that are done in the celebration of divine service, are done in the Sacrament of the Passion of the Lord as He himself commanded. Therefore the priest offering the bread and the wine in the Sacrament doth it in the stead of Christ, and the bread and wine and water in the Sacrament represents the Flesh and the Blood of Christ. For Sacraments are somewhat to resemble those things of which they are the Sacraments. Therefore let the priest be like unto Christ, as the bread and liquors are like the Body of Christ. Such is in some manner the immolation which the priest makes on the altar, as was that of Christ on the Cross. The Sacrament of the Body of Christ is in a certain manner the Body of Christ. For Sacraments would not be Sacraments if in some things they had not the likeness of that whereof they are Sacraments. Now by reason of this mutual likeness, they oftentimes are called by the name of that which they represent.' This testimony is quoted by Bishop Cosin, in his book on Transubstantiation, where he also quotes that of Walafridus Strabo, a German abbot, who wrote about the year 860. He says: 'Therefore, in that Last Supper, whereat Christ was with His disciples before He was betrayed, after the solemnities of the ancient Passover, He gave to His disciples the Sacrament of His Body and Blood in the substance of bread and wine, and instructed us to pass from carnal to spiritual things, from earthly to heavenly things, and from shadows to the substance.'¹ In the face of these extracts, it may fairly be asked, whether the Benedictines do, or do not, give a fair statement of the case when they tell us of their four obscure writers opposing Paschasius, as though these represented the whole of the teaching to be found at that period in antagonism to his views. It is evident that the materialistic doctrine broached by him, was not the accepted and universal teaching of the Church on this subject. Suited as his views were to the gross conceptions of the men of his day, there were yet found among his contemporaries writers of judgment and power, to raise their voices against this great perversion of the truth at the first moment of its utterance. And happy was it for the cause of truth that this was so. The century which followed the commencement of the Eucharistic controversy was one so sterile in literary talent, so hostile in many ways to any sort of doctrinal exposition, that had the heresy of Paschasius appeared at somewhat a later date, scarce one feeble protest might have been put forth against it, until the

¹ Cosin on Transubstantiation, pp. 86, 89 (ed. 1676).

lapse of time had lent it some of the respect due to ancient prescription. And if there had been no John Scot or Raban, there might have been no Berengar, and the grossest materialism might have passed current through all the Middle Age as the orthodox exposition of the Christian faith.

We have thus endeavoured to establish for the learned Irishman of the ninth century a claim upon the gratitude and respect of theologians as the author of the most valuable treatise on the Holy Eucharist which is furnished by the Middle Ages. This book, as Chancellor Massingberd well observes, is of 'high interest to English Churchmen. By means of it, Ridley first, and from him, Cranmer became persuaded that the then received doctrine on the Sacrament was not the original doctrine of the Church. The first English edition, in black letter, was published in 1560, by Augustus Bernherd, the faithful friend and attendant of Latimer, in accordance with the last injunction of Ridley, as related in the Martyr's Letters.'¹ In addition to this, it may be noted, that the book was of still earlier cherished value in the Church of England. In the Easter Homily of the Abbot Ælfric, in the tenth century, there occur considerable passages translated almost word for word from this treatise, which is a strong and satisfactory proof that the Church of England at that period, as it confessedly excelled the continental churches in learning and acquirement, so it excelled them also in purity of doctrine and the faithful enunciation of Catholic truth.

¹ Massingberd's *Hist. of Reformation*. Preface to Fourth Edition, p. 12.

ART. IV.—1. *The Fathers of Greek Philosophy*. By R. D. HAMPDEN, D.D., Bishop of Hereford. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

2. *Ancient Philosophy: A Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy anterior to the Christian Era*. By the Rev. FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A. Fourth Edition. London: Griffin, Bohn, and Co. 1861.

BISHOP HAMPDEN'S 'Fathers of Greek Philosophy' is hardly so well known as it deserves. As an introduction to the study of Aristotle and Plato it is, to say the least, one of the best. Clear and close in thought, though obscure sometimes in language, the author is well fitted to initiate into the mysteries of ancient philosophy those—and none other are worthy—who are willing to give their attention in earnest; while his judicial impartiality and calmness amid the controversies which have vexed generation after generation, enable him to speak with authority, when, as he does on occasion indeed, but not often, he applies the ancient philosophy to questions of our own day. In the excellences as well as in the deficiencies of his book Bishop Hampden resembles his illustrious predecessor on the episcopal bench to whom we owe the 'Analogy.' In both writers, especially in Bishop Butler, the absence of embellishment and the redundancy of a too prosaic phraseology render the ideas of the writer far less effective than they would have been in a warmer, terser style. But there are passages in 'The Fathers of Ancient Philosophy' which stand out in brilliant contrast to the too sober colouring of other portions; passages which, by their compressed energy and by their measured stateliness of diction, seem as if they might be pages of Bishop Thirlwall's 'History of Greece.' The following extract is a just and eloquent estimate of Paganism at Athens or Rome:—

'This intimate connexion of Theology with Metaphysics in the Ancient Philosophy was a natural consequence of the separation which heathenism established between Theology and Religion. In the civilized states of antiquity religion was pursued only as a matter of public policy, and not as a rule of life to the individual. Whatever was the established creed of the state it was the recognised duty of the good citizen to support as established. Not involving any question of truth or falsehood in the particular creed adopted, it readily admitted of any additions of super-

stitution not repugnant to the laws and manners of the state ; but imperiously rejected all questioning of the fundamental assumption of the importance of that which was established. It may be said to have been the great principle of their religion, that it should be made no question of truth and falsehood. The religious instincts of the human heart were under such a system at once gratified and diverted from their proper end. Their strength was spent in the vain amusement of festal ceremonies, and their purity corrupted by demoralizing orgies. In this state of things, the better and wiser part of men were driven into a metaphysical religion. They could not acquiesce in the views of the Deity presented by the popular superstitions. Yet the subject could not but recur to them in the reasonings of their hearts, as soliciting earnest inquiry. They searched for God accordingly, not seeking what to do, but what to know. Whatever the truth concerning Him might be, it was not to be expressed in the uplifting of pure hearts and hands to Him. Though the whole world might be found His temple, He was not to be worshipped as the Holiness of their shrines. Though the heavens were telling of His glory, and the stars were singing together for joy at His presence, yet no praise was to ascend to Him, the Lord of heaven and earth, in the perfumes of the altars, or the poetry and music of their hymns.

‘Thus devotion, being banished from the heart, sought a refuge for itself in the wilderness of a speculative, theological philosophy. Hence Socrates and Plato, and Aristotle and Cicero, and other illuminated sages of heathenism, continued without hypocrisy professors of the established religion, whilst they aspired after a purer knowledge of God in the thoughtful abstractions of their own intellect, and the cultivation of their natural sense of the sacred law of conscience.’

Our space does not permit, or we might quote some profound and suggestive passages on the resemblance which the formality and intolerance of Paganism present to the corruptions of primitive Christianity.

On the whole, ‘*The Fathers of Greek Philosophy*’ is a book which may be cordially recommended to students of this subject, especially to those who are reading, as the phrase goes, ‘for their degree ;’ only, we should advise them to invert the order of the writer, and to begin with Socrates and Plato before proceeding to the more elaborate system of the Lyceum. The book is, indeed, a triumphant vindication of the traditional course of education at Oxford against those who would revolutionize it.

Professor Maurice’s treatment of the same subject is highly characteristic. It is that of an advocate rather than of a judge. It is always interesting, always original, always profound ; not always very definite. The genial sympathy of the author enables him to realize with singular felicity the mental and moral phenomena which he is describing ; to throw himself freely into the condition in which these originated ; to identify himself in a manner which is really marvellous with the subtle processes and experiences through which the thinkers of two thousand years ago evolved their respective systems. His

impassioned eloquence throws a charm even over disquisitions which would otherwise be dry and repulsive to ordinary readers. Under his touch the rise and progress of Greek Philosophy is like an ancient trilogy, rich in poetic colouring, glowing with dramatic interest, culminating in a sublime climax, illustrative in its growth and development of the working of an overruling Providence. But we miss the definitive and dogmatic accuracy which is needed especially by those who come as neophants to be initiated. The Professor rarely evades a difficulty; but his explanations do not always leave the matter much clearer. He enjoys with a keen and cordial relish Socrates demolishing the vulgar fallacies of his opponents; he revels in the gorgeous mysticism of the great disciple on whom the Socratic mantle fell; but in his exposition of Aristotle he is comparatively jejune and meagre. Of course, as all Professor Maurice's readers must expect, he discusses the old questions of the Academy and the Lyceum with a constant, though not always explicit, reference to the besetting tendencies of our century. Nor is this the least valuable characteristic of his book.

It is important, for instance, now that some of our modern philosophers, in their zeal for the rights of that which has hitherto been considered the weaker sex, appear to disregard the essential distinctions between man and woman, to find Professor Maurice saying¹ that the 'doctrine of a community' in wives and children is, in a logical mind, inseparable from 'the doctrine, that the two sexes are intended to perform 'exactly the same duties and exercises.'

We may observe in passing that the attempt to introduce Plato in an English version to those who cannot read him in his own language is very difficult, and scarcely attended with results commensurate with its difficulty. The late accomplished Master of Trinity and others have made the attempt. But, even at the best, a translation of Plato is like champagne decanted, very much of the ethereal sparkle and effervescence is lost; and we doubt whether any one, speaking generally, can understand Plato without first learning to understand the peerless language in which Plato had the happiness of expressing himself.

A great help to the right appreciation of a book is the right appreciation of the person of the writer, his character, and his circumstances. The importance of this may have been exaggerated lately in some quarters; and it cannot be denied that there is a danger lest the warm tints which partiality throws over its object may be prejudicial to the 'dry light' of

¹ *Ancient Philosophy*, p. 166.

philosophy. Still, the man and his work are so intimately and indissolubly connected, especially where the work is of real and lasting value, that each in its place serves, if rightly regarded, to illustrate the other. If this be admitted in the case of the general or the statesman, where so much more depends on other persons and other things,—on the materials, animate and inanimate, with which the master-mind has to work,—it is yet more true of the poet or the philosopher, and of writers generally. The insight into the man, into the real inner life of the man, into his pursuits, his predilections, his hindrances, his opportunities, the outward circumstances which surround him, the natural propensities which give a bias to this or that direction, is the best preparation for understanding what he writes. The knowledge of the man is, as it were, the porch which admits into the edifice which he has constructed; or rather, it is the sanctum, the shrine, from which the scheme and proportions of the building can best be appreciated. The old saying, ‘*Aristotelem non nisi ex ipso Aristotele intelliges*,’ may be applied to his life as well as to his writings.

We shall be better able to enter into Aristotle’s theories if first we have some idea of the man himself. There is a good deal of gossip about Aristotle which may be put aside as summarily as the silly stories which haunt the fame of Shakespeare and of others whom their very greatness makes a target for obloquy. And about Aristotle as about Shakespeare, Homer, and others pre-eminently great, there hangs a haze of uncertainty, disappointing the inquirer. But enough, at least, is certain to enable one to form a notion of the philosopher as a man. The most striking point in the anecdotes which are recorded of him is the very thing which stamps his philosophy with its individuality, and which is the keynote of his system. It is a more than ordinary power of balancing things opposite, of adjusting, of reconciling them. This habit of mind shows itself in small things as in great; in the trivialities of daily life, as well as in its sterner experiences. The very phrase—one thoroughly characteristic of the Greek nation generally, and of their subtle discernment, but peculiarly the property of Aristotle—the phrase which recurs so continually in his writings, and by which he emphasizes his distinctions, is irresistibly recalled by his biography. He seems continually endeavouring, and successfully, to counteract natural infirmities,—to overcome, by the adaptation of himself, the force of uncongenial circumstances. He was, we are told, like the great Apostle, of a mean and contemptible presence; but he was studiously careful in his dress. He was of a weakly and sickly constitution; but he got the better of it by temperance and by attention to rules of diet. He was of a restless and inquisitive

temperament. 'Tell me the cause,' he said to his physician,— 'treat me not as a driver of oxen or a digger—but tell me the cause, and you shall find me obedient!' He drove his aged teacher, it is related, to take refuge in the garden by the importunity of his questionings. But he could restrain this propensity when necessary. With his usual tact he cautioned Callisthenes, his democratic disciple, to converse seldom and very courteously with his royal patron, Alexander. He thought, studied, wrote about politics, and yet had the good sense to keep himself clear of the political entanglements around him; and when at last the malice of his enemies expelled him from Athens, he accepted this change in the 'popularis aura' with the equanimity of a true philosopher. Like the king-maker of our own country, he reigned by deputy; and, through his royal pupil, exercised an indirect but incalculable influence on the policy of Macedon and on the destinies of the world.

But there is another characteristic of the man to be noticed—not less important than this, and closely allied to it. Any one who has read even a few pages only of Aristotle's treatises, cannot but mark the brevity and terseness of his style. It is, in a word—inappropriate as the epithet may sound when applied to a dweller beside the Ilissus—thoroughly Laconic. But this is not all. A closer acquaintance detects beneath this epigrammatic terseness a vein of irony; not of irony such as Socrates delighted in, humorous and genial, but severe, caustic, and incisive. Socrates is quite willing to make himself ridiculous, if only he can make the truth clearer in the end. He does not at all object to his own snub nose being used as an illustration, nay, he is the first to call attention to it, provided that it may serve his purpose, and help on his argument. He can bear to have the laugh against him for the moment, knowing that, in the sequel of the controversy, 'he will laugh who wins.' Aristotle is too self-contained, too proud, too reserved to stoop thus. His irony is that of a man who sees a something wanting everywhere; who is painfully alive to the defects and mistakes of others; who detests any overstatement, even when he feels confident of his position, and dreads the interference of that 'forward and delusive faculty,' as it has been termed, the imagination; who feels constrained to own with a sigh, after all his researches, that 'what is, must be.' Now the anecdotes of Aristotle prepare us for all this. They are so consistent with one another, so accordant with these peculiarities, that they warn us to make allowance, when we come to his writings, for this 'enstatic' habit of mind, this scrupulosity in objecting. When asked, 'What grows old soon?' he is said to have answered, 'Gratitude;' and he defined hope as 'the dream of one awakened.' Cautious

to the last, he shunned even on his deathbed to commit himself in favour either of Theophrastus or Menedemus, who both claimed the honour of succeeding him. He merely indicated the former by the words, 'The Lesbian is the sweeter.' These casual traits are in perfect keeping with his philosophy. While Plato strikes a full, resounding chord, Aristotle thinks and writes, as it were, in a minor key: His very pride, as often happens, lends to his self-restraint an air of humility. He will not soar too high, because he foresees the fall. He is too well aware of possible objections even to his own most cherished theories, to expose them more than is absolutely needful, or to trust himself to a general statement which he does not feel able to substantiate. His was a thoroughly critical, judicial mind. He was a thorough man of the world, as well as a professor of philosophy. He would rather build slowly and surely than see his cloud-castles toppling over at the breath of adverse winds. Accordingly, we find the school which Aristotle founded small and insignificant; but the influence which Aristotle has exercised on the world at large unequalled in history.

Nor is it difficult to trace the same connexion between the life and the writings in Socrates and in Plato. The extensive learning of the latter, his familiarity with previous philosophies, his travels far and wide, his residence at the Court of Dionysius, and in the college of the Pythagoreans, all contributed to mould his system, and, in conjunction with his own exuberant imaginativeness, to impart the attributes by which it is distinguished, of largeness and complexity. Or we may take the details of his system,—the antagonism, for instance, which he expresses in the 'Republic' to poets. At first sight this may appear inconsistent in one so truly a poet himself. But, if we look again, we can see how naturally and logically even this follows from what we know of his antecedents. In the internecine war which he and his master waged against the Sophists, he was contending for certainty of knowledge and of belief against the notion that everything was an open question. Poetry, whether as a creative or as an imitative art, seemed to him to contradict the certainty which he was asserting. As a creator, the poet, in the eyes of Plato, was substituting his own conceits for realities. As an imitator—and in this light Plato was more apt to regard him—he was setting up idols in the shape of his own misrepresentations. We may add, that Plato had good cause to distrust the influence of a stage on which his master had been caricatured, and that his moral sense was disgusted by poetry, whether epic or dramatic, which degraded the popular conception of its deities.

In Socrates, above all, the man and the philosophy are one.

In every page of his 'Dialogues' we see and hear the man himself. Like our own great moralist, who preferred Fleet Street in the high tide of its noonday bustle to any landscape, Socrates was a thorough townsman. His knowledge came not from extended travel, nor so much from books, as from the study, first of himself, then of his fellow-citizens. It must be admitted that neither of his biographers, if we may use the word rather loosely, is quite a Boswell. Plato is too prone to identify his teacher with himself. Xenophon, skilled like our own Napier to wield alike the sword and the pen, excludes from his reminiscences whatever does not bear immediately on the great questions of the trial. Still, the two together give us a portraiture of almost Boswellian completeness. We see Socrates, with his snub nose, and his stare like that of a mountain bull, with features, in fact, like a comic mask, and with a shabby dress, such as the poorest wore, grotesque enough to provoke a laugh even from observers less sensitive to the ridiculous than the Athenians, but too good-humoured, too truly magnanimous, to take offence at it. He meets us in the grove, the market-place, the festive supper-party, wherever people were most likely to be congregated, forcing even the most reluctant to undergo the ordeal of his cross-examination by an ingenuous profession of his own ignorance, which was not a profession only. Dean Swift, when asked by an odd-looking little man, who had pestered him with a long string of foolish queries, 'Pray, what is a note of interrogation?' is reported to have replied—'A little crooked thing which always asks questions.' Some such definition of Socrates as this may have occurred to the self-satisfied Sophists, who retired silenced and humiliated, they scarcely knew how, except that it was on their own showing, and by their own admission, from a fight of words with him. The doctrine that knowledge is recollection was the very thing to approve itself to one who found that he could confute the fallacies of his opponents out of their own lips, and that he could discover the truth which he was in search of, by an act of self-recollection, by probing his own experience to the quick, by grasping the Protean problem which was to be solved, and subjecting it to an exact and rigorous process of definition. Logic had been an art of words; he sought to make it an art of things. He was always asking himself, and asking everybody else, 'What does this really mean—this word—this phrase which we use so glibly?' He could not, would not rest, till he had pushed the question home, like a surgeon's knife,—till, like the bull which he resembled, he had driven his adversary into a corner from which there was no escape. Plato went further. This defining process, which had proved so effectual in the hands of Socrates for demolishing his opponents, Plato

used for the construction of his own theories. It supplied precisely what he wanted, in place of the shallow empiricism of the Sophists; it gave him, as he thought, sure ground on which to rear his lofty edifice. But to Socrates, 'Know thyself' was all in all. The philosopher to whom, let Aristophanes say what he will, the merit belongs of drawing philosophy down, like lightning, from the clouds, was habitually and persistently a loungee in the Forum.

The title of Bishop Hampden's book is in some degree a misnomer. For the philosophers of whom it treats were rather the last and best result of Greek philosophy than the 'Fathers' of it. Perhaps, however, we are to take the word as merely denoting that they have the same sort of traditional authority in their own province as the 'Fathers' of the Christian Church have on questions relating to Christianity. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle are a great triumvirate; partitioning among themselves the empire of Ancient Philosophy. Their specialties are too diverse to come into serious collision. The former two excel respectively in analysis and synthesis; Aristotle in the harmonious combination of these two things. Socrates leads the way by levelling to the ground the strongholds of an unreasonable scepticism. Plato, like an Eastern conqueror, dreaming of a universal empire, overruns a vast extent of territory, and presses into his service a motley array of sciences. Aristotle, like a Roman lawgiver, consolidates the empire by marshalling its heterogeneous elements in a more firmly organized policy. Or, to take a homelier illustration, Socrates breaks up the fallow ground, and eradicates the noxious overgrowth of weeds; Plato scatters the seeds with a liberal hand; Aristotle comes last to gather in the harvest, carefully severing facts from figments. Socrates is essentially destructive and refutative, even while he is laying his foundations in the incontrovertible truths of morality. Like the rebuilders of Jerusalem, he bears the sword in one hand and the mattock in the other. His pupil, while developing the same elenctic method, uses the abundant materials at his command to construct a system of his own. The strength of Aristotle shows itself especially in unravelling the ingenious complications of his idealistic predecessor, in reducing impracticable theories to more manageable dimensions, in restricting their pretensions by recourse to facts. Accordingly, we find in history that Plato was the favourite of the Christian Church, while on the aggressive against Paganism, while struggling to extend its influence over regions of thought, as yet unsubjugated; and that Aristotle supplanted Plato so soon as it became necessary rather to consolidate what had been acquired than to attempt new conquests.

These three names represent, it may safely be asserted, the highest point which man has been able to attain independently of Christianity. Even if it could be shown that there have been philosophers as great, or philosophical systems as remarkable, in modern Europe, outside the pale of Christianity, it could not be shown that such men and their systems are not largely indebted to the religion from which they stand aloof, or against which they even rank themselves. The indirect influences which have penetrated the life and thought of Europe during the centuries since the birth of Christ must not be left out of account. Hegel and Spinoza would not have been even what they were had they lived at Athens before the Christian era.

Greek philosophy, at its best, may fairly be taken as the sample of what man can do for himself, not indeed without light from heaven, for even the Hottentot is not left in utter night; and the twilight from which Plato strove to emerge into a higher, purer ether was cheered by many a ray from above; but without the clear and full light of an express revelation. Greek philosophy, so regarded, bears a twofold witness to the religion of which it may be styled, in one sense, the precursor. So far as it goes, so far as it rises to the conceptions of a pure morality, it bears witness to Christianity, by recognising the truths on which Christianity is founded. So far as it is deficient, so far as it falls short of the highest standard of excellence, it bears witness to the need of something better, of a morality not resting merely on arguments of expedience or propriety, but on the authority of a voice from heaven, not propounded by Utopian visionaries or by philosophical theorists, but presented actually to the eyes of men in the life and death of the Incarnate Son of God.

Socrates found philosophy in a state of chaos. The mind of man, it has been well said by Mr. Maurice, like a bird in a cage, after vainly dashing itself against the wires of its prison, was sinking down in the exhaustion of despair. As in language, so in thought, history reveals a process of gradual disintegration from primal unity. The same tendency is still at work, and must be. More and more each department of science and of art vindicates for itself an individual existence, even while the unity of the principles which underlie them all is becoming more and more manifest. The 'correlation' of forces, the 'continuity' of nature, are daily revealing themselves more and more explicitly to the mind of the philosopher; and yet this other process of distinction and demarcation is busily at work also. It was part of the vocation of Socrates to show that the cosmogonic philosophies then in vogue were a confusion of things which must be kept distinct from each other—of matter and spirit. He saw around him a whirl of conflicting theories about

things physical, such as even our own advancement in science cannot deliver us from. He saw, what was of graver moment, an incertitude and a recklessness about moral truth, such as happily we can hardly imagine. The universe—material, moral, intellectual—was reeling around him. He had to prove the very existence of a moral sense at all. If he was sure of anything he was sure of this: that every man is himself a microcosm; that to know this little world well and thoroughly, even in one instance only, is the most precious of all kinds of knowledge; that there is in man something which stands apart from and above the changes for ever going on in the material universe—the concourse of atoms, the perpetual flux of generation and decay. His aim was not to teach, but to enable men to teach themselves. Just as a child once having been taught to read holds a key in its hand wherewith to unlock all knowledge that is to be got out of books, so Socrates taught his hearers that they must know themselves, if they would know anything really worth knowing. Plato, treading in the steps of his master, starting from the same point of departure, was not satisfied merely to distinguish man from the external world. He longed for a system comprehensive enough to contain and explain all things. His was one of those minds which are essentially synthetic; very quick to detect a hidden resemblance; very strong in the poetic faculty of tracing analogy between things which seem to others very different. Planting himself in imagination at the source and origin of all things, he painted to himself the universe spread like a plain below. To take things as we find them, to see things as they strike our senses, was not enough. The most realistic of idealizers, he would know them as they are, as they exist in the mind of a creative intelligence, as they ever were and ever will be—untouched by change. Can we wonder that here, as always,

‘Vaulting ambition doth o’erleap itself¹
And fall on the other side’?

Plato’s transcendental Dialectic, with its pinnacles lost in a splendid haze of mysticism,

‘Rose like an exhalation with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.’

It stands, to this day, a magnificent ruin; a palatial structure, never to be completed; a warning to the transcendentalists of every age against attempting impossibilities.

Aristotle was not altogether free from this idealism. He

¹ The new reading, ‘its sell,’ is hardly an improvement.

protests against it whenever he has a good opportunity, with the politeness indeed which is due to a preceptor, but uncompromisingly withal, and yet he cannot altogether divest himself of these ideas. For in default of a God, the mind seeks something to which it may attribute finality of causation. Without saying, with Bishop Hampden, that Aristotle makes ideas the cause of our cognition,—a notion contradicted by Aristotle's preference for reasoning upwards from things with which we are actually conversant—it must at all events be admitted that Aristotle is much too fond of arguing from a presumed intention in nature. This it is which, as well as the inadequacy of his observation, vitiates his physical philosophy. Socrates had put physics aside as irrelevant to his subject and comparatively unimportant: Plato had an instinctive antipathy to physics, save so far as he could generalise about them at pleasure. Aristotle alone of the three had in himself the requisite capacity. But his 'data,' whether acquired from others or from his own observation, were ludicrously insufficient. This deficiency, and at the same time the craving for something in place of a creative and over-ruling Providence, he endeavoured to satisfy by the notion of an 'Anima Mundi,' as if nature were a machine working by itself. Deceived by an apparent uniformity in nature, which a wider range of experiment might have disproved, and predisposed, through narrowing his philological researches to his own language, to attach an intrinsic power to words which is out of all proportion with the proper functions of language, he was only too ready in physics to invert the legitimate process of reasoning which he usually followed, and to say, 'This is, because it ought so to be.' This perverted application of logic to physics is the rock on which his mediæval disciples foundered in their physical speculations. It is as if the teeth were expected to masticate without any food, the mill set to work without any grist, the spinning jenny without any cotton. Aristotle's physical philosophy need not detain us from those other branches of philosophy in which he is a far more competent teacher. Yet even here it is remarkable and indicative of his acuteness, that he is said to have anticipated not a few of what are called modern discoveries.

In *Metaphysic*, as it is now the fashion to call it after the example of our French neighbours, Greek Philosophy was more at home, and is more competent to speak authoritatively. For it is not easy to see what new facts bearing upon this subject have been brought to light since the days of Aristotle. But our readers need not fear that they are about to undergo an infliction of *Ontology*. In truth, *Ontology*, pure and simple, cannot find much for itself in Aristotle. He asserts plainly that only particulars have a real existence, and that universals, or to speak

more exactly, generals, are nothing more than an arrangement which the mind finds convenient in sorting and grouping its perceptions; that he controverts rather than countenances the theories of transcendentalism. To him the conception of an universal is only a bundle of particular instances, tied together and labelled, so as to be carried about ready for use. He speaks indeed of substance; but not in the sense which came to be attached to that much-disputed word by his disciples in the Middle Ages. Under their heavier manipulation, the subtle and impalpable idea was stereotyped in rigid outlines. The very idiosyncrasies of the two languages presented an insuperable difficulty. The Greek term refused to be translated adequately by a Latin synonym.

But it is more interesting to turn to the Aristotelian Psychology. Here again his native shrewdness and common sense protest against transcendentalism. Instead of bewildering himself with ideal phantasies, he regards the senses as the foundation, the starting-point of knowledge. He does not favour the doctrine of innate ideas. Like our own philosopher, Locke, he traces back the processes of the mind to sensation in the first instance. Even mathematical science may be cited as a witness in favour of this theory. No study is more purely abstract; and yet it would not be easy to prove that the primary principles of notation are really derived from any other source than the senses. The 'idea' of numbers, what is it but the perception through the senses of two or more objects, which are felt to be distinct? All the senses, he teaches, anticipating here the discoveries of a later generation, are only various forms or modifications of one sense, and that is touch. Natural talent, by which one man has an advantage over his competitors in the race which all have to run, he attributes to a superior delicacy in the organization of the senses. For example, though the instance is not his, the circulation of the blood, its rapidity or sluggishness, seems to have much to do with quickness or slowness of apprehension. The madman thinks too fast, the idiot too slowly. Similarly it cannot be questioned that certain persons begin life with constitutional propensities towards good or evil, which form a very important item in their responsibility. It seems probable that the continual progress of physical science will tend more and more to confirm all this. Possibly in time we may learn that even force can be resolved into matter. But in all this there is nothing which need alarm a religious man. There is a sound and healthy materialism, which must not be confounded with the materialism which denies the existence of will, human or divine.

Aristotle himself certainly recognises a something in man

which is distinct from the organization of the senses. In the act of seeing, he says, there is something besides the exquisite mechanism of the eye, without which the mechanism of the eye does not, cannot operate. He compares this immaterial something to a monarch acting through the instrumentality of servants and officers in the government of a great nation. We may not be able to assent unreservedly to Aristotle when he seems to exalt the intellect beyond what is due. But we cannot wonder at it. Everything tended in his day to drive philosophical minds back upon themselves. The world without them was in too unsatisfactory a state to attract them into participating willingly in its active employments. The world within them needed, in default of legislation from heaven, the strong restraint which the intellect alone could then supply, to curb its passions, and quell their turbulency. We can see that the organization of the brain, as well as of the heart, the machinery by which the mind forms its conceptions, as well as that by which the desires whisper their promptings, is in a sense material. We can see, indeed, as one of our greatest modern psychologists has argued, that the emotive part in man, rather than the intellectual, is that which gives a direction to his powers. We need not fear, even though science demonstrates more and more convincingly every day that the finer qualities in man's nature may be resolved into the action of material elements. For, whatever else can be proved to be material, the will cannot. The will of man, like the Divine Will, of which it is the emanation, remains supreme, guiding and governing—but, alas! not always like its divine prototype, wisely—the powerful agencies subjected to its sway. The reasoning faculty in man, like his emotive nature, may be shown to differ in degree rather than in kind from that of the inferior creation. But the consciousness of will, the conscious choice between good and evil, stamps his responsibility as altogether different from theirs.

Before quitting this part of our subject, it is important to observe that we owe great thanks to Aristotle for two most important, most characteristic distinctions. First, that of which mention has been made already, between the particular instances which the mind perceives and the general rule or principle which it gathers from them, a distinction not indeed originated by Aristotle, but enforced by him with peculiar directness and emphasis. Next, and this is a yet more valuable contribution to a sound philosophy, the distinction between things as they are essentially, and things as they are in relation to ourselves at any particular time, in any particular conjuncture of circumstances. It is the neglect of this distinction which leads men,

whether positivists or transcendentalists, to aim in vain at a certainty of knowledge which is utterly hopeless to man in this life. It is through careful regard to this great distinction that minds naturally most eager and inquisitive have been enabled to content themselves with probability as a help to faith, where a more certain knowledge is simply unattainable.

In logic, again, it is almost impossible to overestimate what the world owes to Aristotle. He has been called the inventor of logic. But the epithet is only true so far as he may claim the credit of having taught clearly and explicitly what had hitherto been involved in wild confusion and overlaid by other subjects. Aristotle himself is not always proof against this temptation. When he discourses on categories and predicaments he mixes up the various applications of the principles of his art with the principles themselves; he speaks of the subdivisions of his subject as if equally important with its fundamental laws. But it may be allowed that Aristotle invented the syllogism, in the sense in which it is true that the greatest effort of genius is to give new life to old truths, to clothe with distinctness and reality truths which have been lying dormant, familiar to every one, and yet not consciously expressed in so many words. Every human being is a syllogiser. Whenever we think at all, at least whenever we think consecutively, we are syllogising. All that logic can do is to put us on our guard against errors in the working of the machine. So the man in Molière's comedy was astonished to learn that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it.

In a similar sense it may be allowed that Aristotle is the founder of the inductive method. Of course, even before his time, philosophy had been attempting to make its inductions; in other words, to form a collection of facts from which to elicit laws of general application. This, again, is not a method peculiar to philosophers, but common to every mind. We are all so constituted as to perceive a resemblance, and to classify instinctively the objects which we perceive according to their resemblance. By the same law of association we go on to infer, by what is called the deductive syllogism, that, wherever there is resemblance, there what we have already ascertained about one thing may safely be predicated or asserted of the other. The only difference is in the manner of collecting our particular instances, and drawing from them our general conclusion. These operations may be performed loosely or exactly, partially or with true comprehensiveness. Our analysis may be misled by a false resemblance, our induction by an imperfect collection of instances, our deduction by an erroneous manner of connecting the two propositions from which we argue. Plato,

for instance, used the inductive method, as well as the analytic method which is the first step in induction. But his analysis and his induction were of ideas rather than of facts, and were not conducted with the strictness and exactness which Aristotle inaugurated, and which Bacon enforced yet more emphatically in regard to the study of physics.

We shall appreciate better the extent of our obligations to Aristotle in this respect if we realize the importance of the syllogism. The syllogism is the most elementary mode of thought next to the mere apprehension of a quality in anything, for it is simply the combination of two apprehensions, which are connected in the mind by something which is common to both. On meeting with any object which resembles an object known already, the mind, obeying its law of coincidence, substitutes this in thought for the object known already, and imputes to it whatever qualities belong to that object. What is called the hypothetical syllogism is, in reality, only the ordinary syllogism, altered in expression, and may easily be converted into it. The distinction between inductive and deductive reasoning is sometimes pressed too far, as if the syllogism belonged to the latter only. But even induction uses the syllogism, and cannot proceed without it. In every step of its researches induction uses the syllogism as its instrument *provisionally* for classification and generalization. Each particular instance which meets us is, so to speak, a supposed universal for the time being, and retains the force of an universal statement until dethroned by wider experience. One rose must stand as the representative in the mind of all roses till the mind lights on another. The process which is always at work in the mind of a child as soon as it begins to take notice is the same process in embryo as that by which the philosopher elaborates his theories. The form of the syllogisms is identical. The connecting link between the two objects which the mind endeavours to adjust within itself in due relation to one another is the little word which expresses, in its strictest sense, identity of extent and intention, and, loosely used, mere resemblance. 'This *is* that' may express any degree of coincidence from absolute identity to a mere likeness in appearance. For example, a child perceives that an object called a stone is heavy: instinctively, and by a law which it must obey, it argues that a something else which seems to resemble this stone has the same properties, and, therefore, to complete the syllogism, that this also will be heavy. The process by which the inductive philosopher establishes his general statement is precisely similar. Certain eagles, for instance, he learns by observation, have a certain habit; all eagles, so far as he knows, are like these

eagles; therefore, he infers, all eagles have this habit.¹ To a child even the sameness of name brings with it the sense of actual identity. A child accustomed to any one, for instance, called John, cannot at first understand without difficulty that there can be another of that name, another person and not the same. What is called '*à priori*' reasoning is, if we analyse it, reasoning '*à posteriori*,' done hastily and superficially, and therefore, done wrong. The facts from which it argues are only guesses. This, for instance, is the great fault in Aristotle's physics. He assumes an end in the operations of nature, and he assumes further that he knows what this end is. Instead of patiently testing the supposed law by reference to abundant instances, he infers the facts from a surmise as to what ought to be. In the same spirit, and with the same faultiness in logic, unbelievers are apt to reject in revelation whatever is not such as they anticipated. It is the same fallacy of framing a hasty generalization from an imperfect induction; it is arguing from what, as we imagine, ought to be, not from what is. But, we repeat, since the syllogism is only, in fact, another word for reasoning, great thanks are due to the philosopher who has been the first to strip the syllogism of the incumbrances which hung about it, and who has bequeathed it as a polished instrument ready for the hand of succeeding philosophers. We may add, that the technical phrases which occur so frequently in his treatises, '*matter*,' '*form*,' and '*privation*,' are almost as valuable in detecting points of likeness by analysis, as the syllogism is in deducing an inference from these resemblances. The terms correspond in fact to those more commonly used for denoting generic and specific differences.

But it is, of course, in its moral philosophy that ancient Greece comes most closely into contact with Christianity; and it is this also which as it concerns men most nearly so can be most generally appreciated. Few men are professed logicians; still fewer have taste or aptitude for a study so abstruse as metaphysic; but every one is a moralist. The morality of the '*Apology*' and of the '*Phædo*' shows what conscience can do, unenlightened by a distinct revelation from heaven. It is the highest and purest teaching which human lips could utter, until there came the teaching of Him who '*spake as never man spake*,' because He was the Incarnate Deity. The voice which

¹ The syllogism is here put in its purest logical form. The truth of the inference is certain, provided only that the observation is exhausted in its range. Obviously as to matters of experience real certainty is impossible in an universal statement. For it is never *absolutely* certain that other instances may not occur to upset it.

Socrates heard continually admonishing him, the voice which he felt within his heart, but which the multitude, misjudging his playful irony, supposed to be the voice of some oracle or familiar spirit—was the same 'still small voice' by which the Holy Spirit imparts a yet holier inspiration to Christians. When Socrates taught that goodness is a science, a certain knowledge, and that all that we have to do is to recall the mind from delusions to these latent realities, to awaken this dormant sense, to make explicit what is as yet only present implicitly, he was testifying to the great truth, that there is in every man a moral sense, vague, dim, and torpid, till quickened by the touch of things outside itself, which seem to call it into existence; that the will of every man is in itself a will for good, even while it knows not its own true good, even while blinded by the fraud and malice of an unseen tempter. When Plato described a well regulated character by terms borrowed from the art of music, and pleasure as a delicate aroma, imperceptibly wafted across our senses, but not itself substantial, he was expressing, as well as words can express, the harmonious action of soul and body in a Christian's life, and the happiness which a Christian finds without seeking. When Aristotle laid down moderation as a rule, not indeed as the principle, but as the rule of right, he was anticipating the very words of the great Apostle, 'Be ye temperate in all things.'

Still much is wanting. Beautiful and sublime as this morality is in comparison with mere Paganism, it cannot shake off the burden of self, ever clogging its flight, and depressing its aspirations. Like a bird, beaten back by adverse gusts, while attempting to soar upwards, and weighed down by its own feebleness of wing, it strives in vain to raise itself far above the surface of the ground; or, if it makes a little progress upwards, it very soon sinks down again exhausted and weary. Like a wild creature struggling to be free, it cannot break the chain which circumscribes its movements within a narrow circle. Self is the centre of attraction always. Can we wonder that a morality always gravitating towards self fails to attain perfect purity, perfect charity? Aristotle and Plato alike, though in different ways, exalt the social and political life above the life of a solitary individual; but it is that each man may derive an advantage to himself, by using his fellows for his own convenience. They extol friendship; but it is mainly as a matter of mutual convenience, an arrangement which it would be very foolish not to avail oneself of. These things, it was argued, tend to promote happiness, they foster and develop a man's faculties and his excellencies; therefore he must not neglect them. Even Plato cannot define love as anything less unselfish

than a yearning for an immortality of being and of happiness. The Stoic inculcates a stern repression of bodily appetites. S. Paul seems to say the very same thing when he speaks of keeping under the body, and of bringing it into subjection. But the difference is great. The Stoic subjugates his body to his soul that he may be free to enjoy himself more fully, that he may not be trammelled and cumbered by bodily cares and wants, that he may rid himself of what, as he knows by experience, is attended with endless trouble and vexation. The Christian subdues and disciplines his body, not for his own but for his Master's sake, and for the sake of his fellow man; that he may be a less unprofitable servant to the one, a better neighbour, a more useful friend to the other. In the morality of a Stoic the body is an unmixed evil; and yet selfishness is not expelled, nay it grows stronger than ever, takes deeper root, wears a more insidious disguise. In the morality of the Gospel, self becomes a secondary motive; for body and soul alike are consecrated and devoted in all their powers to the highest service. Epicureanism and Christianity both promise happiness to their followers; the former proposes it as an end in itself; the latter proposes duty as the end of life, and happiness as a reward for those who do their duty for duty's sake, and not from selfish motives.

The want of any motive power other than self is the great defect of the ancient morality. The only authority to which conscience could appeal in justification of its suggestions was the example of good and wise men, of men generally allowed to be such. With nothing else to hold by, without the external support of authority from heaven, without the encouragement of an Example irresistibly attractive, unimpeachable in its holiness, conscience could only hope to hold its own amid the selfish turmoil which surged around it, by calling self to its aid. It feared to stand alone. Falteringly now and again, it seems, in the old philosophy, as if impelled by a conviction which will not be silenced, to assert its own prerogative. It repeats, as if hardly knowing the full meaning of the words, its formula of moral obligation, saying this *ought* to be, or *ought not* to be; it appears for the moment to look for sanction to something better than expediency. But, as a rule, it is driven to take refuge in public opinion. Aristotle himself cannot find any better way of defining what is right and what is wrong than by citing the teaching and conduct of those who are generally recognised as virtuous, who have had the opportunities of self-improvement. Aristotle himself, keensighted as he was, and fearless in his attempt to penetrate the secrets of the universe, seems baffled here, by the want of something more certain, less fluctuating, than the public opinion of his age and country.

The more closely we examine Greek philosophy, the more clear it becomes, that on many points, and these of greatest importance, this philosophy bears unconscious testimony to the fundamental truths of Christian ethics. Especially is this true of Aristotle, not because his moral philosophy is higher than that of his master, for it scarcely rises to the same level, but because his firmer grasp and steadier insight make his teaching more systematic. As we have seen already, faith and charity, whatever positivism may profess to the contrary, are simply impossible in the highest form of pure disinterestedness without the sense of loving obedience to a Personal Being superior to man. Still, we do well to be thankful for whatever is subsidiary to truth, wherever it can be found. Aristotle evidently felt a strong repugnance to the idea of a 'summum bonum.' By a reaction of thought, most natural in his case, he suspected that the inquiry after any such thing would prove the pursuit of a chimera. He would not waste his time and trouble on anything so unpractical. His strength lay, and he knew it, in discriminating among the various circumstances of time, place, occasion, &c., which give its proper character to any particular action. The same action, he was well aware, may be worthy of praise or blame, according to the manner in which it was done, the causes and consequences which belong to it. Killing an invading foe in battle, for instance, and killing the friend who sits beside one at a feast, are the same action, and yet as contrary as light and darkness. Aristotle would not lend himself to what had proved a fruitless quest to Plato. Still he felt, as every one who thinks at all on the subject must feel, that there is at the bottom an unity of principle in all manifestations of goodness, happiness, beauty, and truth. The Apostle recognises this moral unity in using the same word for covetousness and lust. Christianity shows, by the life as well as by the teaching of its Divine Founder, that unselfishness, the sacrifice of self, is the vital principle of all virtues. Christianity shows that a wise unselfishness, rather than a wise self-love, is the long sought philosophers' stone, which transmutes all things into unalloyed happiness. Discouraging the fanaticism which takes a morbid delight in the mere mortification of self as an end in itself, the Gospel inculcates a self-denial, such as coincides in its final results with those of expediency and prudence, although its motive is no selfish one, but a sense of duty. A moral unity of this nature Aristotle could neither comprehend nor imagine; but he could see that there is a proportionateness, invariably, which determines the fitness of every action, and which, as it is observed or disregarded, characterises any habit as good or evil. His famous rule of always choosing the mean between two

extremes implies, indeed, that a man must know what are the opposite faults which he is to steer between, and where they lie, before he can know where the mean is; but it is an indication, so far as it goes, and—if taken in conjunction with his definition of justice, as what is due from man to man—is by no means an unintelligible one, of a common principle underlying not the four cardinal virtues only, but every virtue within the reach of humanity.

But the most momentous question of all, in regard to which Aristotle is an ally, and an energetic one, of truth against error, is the question of free will. He may write as a pantheist when discoursing of the motions of celestial bodies, but he writes as a Christian philosopher may write in treating of man's power to choose and reject the right course or the wrong, and to fashion his own habits, his own character, well or ill, by the daily indulgence of good or evil propensities. With the shrewdness and common sense which distinguish him, he saw more clearly than Plato, that to wish is not the same thing as to will, to intend as to resolve, to know as to act according to knowledge. The man who knows and admires what is best, and yet in practice prefers what is less worthy, is just the sort of person Aristotle anatomises with contempt rather than pity. The constant self-restraint, without which it is impossible for a man's higher nature to triumph over his lower appetites, is just what Aristotle understands and portrays feelingly. He saw clearly how many and how varied are the processes to be gone through, before thought and desire culminate in action. He felt that when a thing has been wished for, planned, and purposed, there is still wanting the deliberate and conscious assent of the will, that is, of the man himself, to crown the whole, to make it complete and irrevocable. Aristotle may seem to extol unduly the contemplative life over the life of action. Considering how much there was in the world at that time from which a pure and serene philosophy must have recoiled in disgust, and how little there was to satisfy its longings, this is not wonderful. On the other hand, the emphasis with which, after analysing, with unrivalled skill, the complex elements of man's nature, he teaches that man himself is no mere machine, no abject victim of circumstances, but that he is lord and master of all his faculties, conscious of this lordship, and of the responsibilities which it entails, is enough to stamp his philosophy with a practical value in the truest sense of the word.

As was to be expected, the political philosophy of ancient Greece neither surpasses nor falls short of the ethical. Both Aristotle and his master exaggerate from causes already indicated, the importance of politics. As mutual convenience was the end

in view, rather than the training of souls for a future existence, the individual was nothing in comparison with the state. As conscience had no higher authority to appeal to, it was forced to create for itself a moral dictatorship in 'the powers that be.' The same wants, and the same remedy for them, distinguish the Mosaic economy from that of Christ. The standard of right and wrong which Greek philosophy proposes to itself and to its votaries is honour. The Apostle enjoins the Christians to practise things that are 'lovely' and 'of good report,' but it is in order that their Master may not be spoken against, and that their Father in Heaven may be glorified. With Plato or Aristotle honour is an end by itself. Whatever brings with it praise and renown, whatever enhances a man's reputation among his fellow-citizens is right; and the verdict admits of no reversal by a higher tribunal. Exile was ignominious beyond what we with our notions can understand, simply because to be expelled in disgrace by his neighbours branded a man as having forfeited the good opinion which was the only criterion of virtue.

Plato's commonwealth, like his philosophy, is a glorious but impracticable confusion of things which the infirmities of human nature and the conditions of an earthly existence require imperatively to be kept distinct at present. His communism, his attempt to obliterate the essential differences between the vocations of man and woman, his misappropriation of authority to the class of persons least fitted for it practically, are not merely freaks of his imagination, but an abortive anticipation of a state of things such as, according to Christianity, if ever to be realized, is not to be realised in this life. It is a dream, such as poets fabled in their Isles of the Blest; it is a dazzling vision of a heavenly city, such as earth may never know. Similarly his doctrine of the transmigration of souls, or rather his assent to that Pythagorean doctrine, is a poetic adumbration of the gradual probation which the soul must pass through before it can be perfected. Aristotle, always averse to gratuitous theorising, was, besides, a practical politician, which Plato was not. His sense of proportion qualified him peculiarly for understanding that balance of contending interests, which is the equilibrium of a state, and without which one class or another gains undue preponderance. But even Aristotle, invaluable as are the political aphorisms which may be extracted from his pages, fails to delineate such a commonwealth as Christianity has rendered possible. Not to specify other deficiencies, a slave with Aristotle is only a living tool. Christianity may allow slavery, under certain modifications, as a temporary necessity, as a lesser evil than lawlessness and anarchy, as the only way to restrain brute force until the slave can be educated for citizenship; but

Christianity never forgets that slave as well as freeman has inalienable rights, which belong to every being who is endowed with free will and an heir of immortality.

Rightly regarded, a state, or commonwealth, is an association for the preservation of life and property, in the widest sense of the phrase. It is something higher and better than a railway company, or a jointstock bank. It is the family on a larger scale. It does not regulate motives of action, as religion does, simply because it cannot. It is compelled to content itself with the regulation of overt acts, in their bearing on the community; with prescribing and encouraging such as tend to the general welfare, preventing and punishing such as are injurious. Where the state attempts, as with the Wahabees, to do more than this, and to interfere with the conscience of the individual, the result, as experience proves again and again, is an immoral conformity.

It would be superfluous for our present purpose to dwell long on ancient philosophy in its connexion with rhetoric and poetry. Yet it would be an omission to pass by these subjects, without a tribute to the rare acuteness and perspicacity which Aristotle displays here as always. Logic, he saw, stripped of the adventitious considerations which disguised it, is purely and simply the art of reasoning. Rhetoric, he saw, is the art of persuading. The one is of fact, the other of action; the one of the past, the other of the future; the one is concerned only with what is; the other with what we wish for, choose, approve; the basis of the one is the sensation, that 'This is like that;' the basis of the other is the sensation 'This I like better than that.' The one is a work of the intellect solely, the other of intellect biassed by the passions. Logic is, in itself, a science invariable as mathematics, for it deals with things invariable so far as they exist already, and by invariable laws. Logic indeed would be as exact as mathematics, if it might always use figures for words; if words were as unvarying in their signification as numbers are. Rhetoric aims at influencing the will, variable and mutable as the wind; it treats of results uncertain as yet, however probable, because hidden in futurity; it draws its arguments from motives at which it can only guess, because they are latent in the breasts of those on whom it pours the tide of its eloquence. Logic convinces; rhetoric persuades; logic proves that a thing is; rhetoric that the hearers ought to make it so to be. It might be expected beforehand that a speech, for instance, on the repeal of the Corn-laws, or in recommendation of a new Budget, would be as drily logical, as a problem in Euclid. But, when human interests are at stake, human emotions insist on having a share in the argument: and in the hands of a consummate orator, the speech, instead of being a mere didactic exposition of arithmetical

calculations, glows with the earnestness of moral persuasion. In short, rhetoric is to logic as the statue is to the skeleton, as the draped figure is to the nude. It is logic adorned or disguised, as the case may be. In the hands of an eloquent and honest speaker, it is reasoning invested with all its charms. In the hands of a low pettifogger it can only whisper: 'No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney.'

There is only space for a very few words on the ancient theory of the poetic art. The old definition of poetry as imitation has often been disputed: and it is argued by Bishop Hampden and others, that this definition comes from the drama being the most prominent form of poetry in ancient Greece, and from all the scenic embellishments of the stage. But, if the word may be taken in a wider sense, it may fairly be admitted as a definition of poetry. Indeed it would not be easy to invent a better. For poetry is an attempt to interpret the world without man in accordance with the emotions within him struggling for utterance, and invoking the sympathy of nature. As philosophy attempts to introduce a logical order and unity into what would otherwise be a chaos, so poetry—with more impetuosity than precision, attempts to reconcile the passions which give it birth with all that is presented to them from without; it attempts even, in its own illogical way, not always without success, for even in this life glimpses are allowed of the intuitiveness which, like the electric flash, lights the sky from pole to pole—to appease the endless strife of passion with intellect. In this sense poetry is imitative; by the rapidity and vividness of its analogies, it presents the abstractions of thought as living, moving things before the eye, and brings them home to the heart. Imagination and fancy are the synthesis of intellect and emotion. When the intellectual element prevails, we call it fancy; when there is more of feeling and less of ingenuity we call it imagination. This imitativeness, or quick perception of even a superficial resemblance, is the very essence of poetry. A poet may always be tested by his metaphors. And it is through this power of reproducing things without and things within that poetry, according to Aristotle, purifies the soul by exciting pity and terror.

In whatever direction we turn, with the one exception of physical science, and even there occasionally, we find the ancient philosophy of Greece bequeathing to modern times a priceless legacy of truth. No nation ever undertook the study of philosophy more richly equipped with all appliances for such a work. It may safely be asserted, that no nation has ever surpassed the Greek in that exquisite sensitiveness of the physical organization which is the first requisite of genius; no nation has ever

had at its command a language so peculiarly framed by the copiousness of its resources, and by the delicacy of its touch, to express the fine and impalpable distinctions of philosophy clearly and with ease. It is no wonder that modern treatises, whether ethical, logical, or metaphysical, however valuable they may be, fail to supersede the masterpieces of ancient Athens. Where these fail, there the teaching of Christianity supplies what is wanting; not indeed as a philosophical system, for its Divine Founder did not descend from Heaven to found a new school of philosophy, but so far as man needs a clearer light along his pathway through this life to something better. We may learn from Socrates not to expect a revelation more than is really needful for beings in a state of transit and probation. Socrates taught his followers to consult the oracle not about such things as they could learn for themselves by patient study, but about such things only as could not be known except by a direct revelation. It were better both for religion and science, if this distinction were not so often overlooked as it is on both sides. Where philosophy can give us the truth which we are in search of let us accept it thankfully. We may regret that to a philosopher of ancient Greece the soul was merely the intellect; and that the only immortality which he could ever imagine as possible, was of the most impersonal and shadowy kind; but we cannot wonder. It was a corollary of the doctrine that the Deity was only a name for the soul of the universe. A good and thoughtful man in those days had simply to choose between such impersonations of vice and folly as were the deities¹ of the vulgar mythology, and a mere abstraction, a being at any rate far too superior in goodness and power to take any notice of men. The prayer of the philosopher, if even the ineradicable instinct of prayer forced its way upward from his soul, would naturally be—

‘Thou Great First Cause, least understood.’

Or if in thought the philosopher could raise himself to the conception of a Person in whom the attributes of divinity might worthily reside, he would still be offering his homage to an ‘Unknown God,’—

‘To One, by many names adored,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.’

We have endeavoured to show that not even the Fathers of Greek Philosophy could conceive, much less embody, in their

¹ The word ‘Erastianism’ is too often misapplied to any interference of the State with things spiritual. Paganism *was* Erastianism; for the State made the religion for the people, and was in fact the Church.

lives, the perfect holiness, the entire self-renunciation which can spring from no other source than devotion to a God perfect in His own holiness, and yet condescending to identify Himself with His creatures, by the sacrifice of Himself for their sake. The teaching of these great and wise men tends, as we have seen, to establish the fundamental truth that there is a right and wrong in morals, which no perversity of scepticism can annihilate. It bears witness to the yearnings of the soul for something external to itself, and superior to itself, to confirm, purify, and elevate this implicit sense of duty. It portrays to itself, dimly indeed, faintly, and imperfectly, such a Being as the incarnate Saviour for the only worthy object of its reverence and love. Like a king on his deathbed, it points with faltering hand to the successor who shall ascend the vacant throne; or rather, in the full glory of its meridian, it resigns its crown and sceptre to the rightful Lord of Humanity, whose 'kingdom shall have no end.'

ART. V.—*The Reign of Law*. By the DUKE of ARGYLL.
Second Edition. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

WHY should Science and Religion be at war? Why should philosophers and theologians be supposed to dwell in hostile camps? Why should it be so often taken for granted that between the natural and the supernatural there must be an irreconcilable antagonism; and so give excuse to reckless reasoners to deduce from this assumption the corollary, that belief in the supernatural is a superstition fast fading away with the night of ignorance, and that knowledge of the natural is the only true light which shall ultimately take possession of the intellectual firmament? These questions, or questions such as these, are asked and answered, and asked again in our day, with, it must be confessed, more frequency than satisfaction. And yet there is a solution of them which requires no very abstruse investigation to reach. The history of religion and the history of science each contributes its share, and their joint contributions furnish a complete answer. That truth is both everlasting and self-consistent is a statement which insults our understandings by offering them a truism; nevertheless, the occasion of all the conflicts between theology and philosophy is the ignorance, or at least the oblivion, of this truism. The language of the learned and the wise is never more exalted and self-sufficient than when it meets inquirers, and repels objectors, by a lofty reference to abstract principles; but this fondness for abstraction, as for a dignified retreat in which may always be found repose from troublesome questions, has not had that good effect upon those who entertain it which we have a right to look for. The one thing which it would have been of priceless value if the learned and wise had always been careful to remember in the abstract, is truth itself. This they have a most provoking tendency to regard only in the concrete; and the consequence is, that the atmosphere of controversy rings with cries of scientific truths on the one hand, and of religious truths on the other, as though they were marshalled in battle array, and the din of the conflict drives the bystander to ask more in despair than in hope, "What is truth?"

The effect of this exclusive attention to truth in the concrete is to bring about a schism in truth itself, to divide truth against itself, to destroy the unity of truth. Of course, this effect is only wrought in appearance, and with respect to the oppositions

of human views of truth. For truth, in reality, is indivisible; its unity is indestructible, as is the unity of God, of Whose essence it is—as is the unity of creation,—the universe,—which is its sphere of existence—as is the unity of the Church, which is its spiritual expression. In short, by constantly viewing truth in its concrete forms, men acquire the same sort of idea of its nature as they would entertain of light, if its rays were only received upon their visual organs through the medium of a prism. In the latter case they would connect in inseparable association the idea of light with the number and variety of the prismatic tints; light would be to them a set of colours, it would not be what it really is, colourless; they would always think of it in its variety, never in its unity. So in like manner truth becomes to men's minds a series of truths more or less extensive according to the power and culture of their intellects, but still a series of separate truths always viewed in separation, never in unity. But the case is worse with truth than we can imagine it to be with light. For the eye is a perfect organ and does see the whole of light, though we may conceive of its being obliged to receive its rays, not directly, but through a prismatic medium: the eye, in a word, would see every colour of which light consists.¹ But the human mind is not a perfect organ. It not only destroys the unity of truth by regarding it only in its concrete forms, but it destroys its fulness by omitting from its observation portions of the truth. Thus we have theologians, on the one side, advancing the truths of religion as the only truths they will recognize, and philosophers, on the other side, preferring the truths of science as the only truths they can acknowledge.

The reason for this antagonism between these two concrete forms of truth,—the theological and the scientific,—is to be sought, it would seem, in the fact that religion preceded science by an immense period of time in the history of human knowledge. The effect of this separation in time was two-fold. The minds most deeply imbued with religious ideas, and most fully devoted to their maintenance and vindication, looked with angry suspicion upon science whenever it touched, even in the slightest way, the domain which they believed to be exclusively their own; and repelled its advances as they would those of a trespasser upon their ancient rights and privileges in the region of thought. The favourers of science, on the other hand, were not free from

¹ Of course the writer is not ignorant of the fact that there occurs, in some individuals, a defect of vision called colour-blindness, and that this peculiarity is only known to refer to the red ray in the pencil of light. If the reader be so inclined, he may adopt this physical phenomenon, and use it to point a moral in analogy with the illustration which it has been attempted to draw from the human eye as a perfect organ of sight.

the faults which commonly attach to the explorers of new paths, the propounders of new ideas, the discoverers of new facts; they were arrogant, self-confident, and wanting in proper respect for men and principles who had possession of the field of knowledge long before them. The bias of the one party was to regard truth as something long since known, that of the other to consider it as something yet to be discovered. In the opinion of the one the charm of truth was its antiquity: in the opinion of the other its peculiar fascination was its novelty. These conflicting tendencies pushed their respective partisans into the opposite extremes of irrational assertion. To the one all that was old was true; to the other whatsoever was true must be new: which two propositions express the greatest amount of absurdity in the most concise terms; for they contradict, though in exactly opposite ways, the verity that truth is from everlasting as well as to everlasting, never old and never new. This view of the attitude which theologians and philosophers have assumed towards each other, is not a mere fanciful picture. The tone of their writings, the allusions which the one party makes to the opinions and teaching of the other, bear witness to its reality. The open defiance of their respective champions does not more surely mark the origin of the hostility than do the well-meant, but little successful attempts at compromise which have been made by the peacemakers who have from time to time gone forth from either side. The theologico-scientific literature which has grown up around geology, bears upon its face the evidence of the fact that theology and physical science are separated by the distance of ages as to the times of their access to the human mind; and, moreover, it points, by the whole tenor of its reasonings, to that fact as the reason for the hostility which it is intended to allay.

A glance at the scheme and conduct of the warfare between theology and science may help us to understand its nature and its probable issues. The theologian claims to possess truths by revelation: the man of science boasts that he has acquired truth by discovery. They are both right in their respective claims; they are both wrong in their respective denials of each other's claims; and the effect is, that on the surface these two claims have the appearance of being irreconcilable, an appearance which has been given to them by the peculiarly prejudiced state of mind of both parties. We say emphatically that this appearance of irreconcilableness has been given, and we assert that it proceeds from the influence of prejudice, because the day will assuredly arrive, and even now has begun to dawn, when intelligent minds will be struck with amazement that hostility so decided upon grounds so untenable could have been maintained for so long, and with such vigour. The unity and the univer-

salinity of truth, which is the deeply cherished conviction of all enlightened minds, will, after it has dwelt long enough in human intelligence to germinate and spring up, and bear its precious and abundant fruit, effect such a change in the mutual bearings of theology and science that men will read with curiosity of their contests, and only marvel that it should have been possible to excite a strife which now it seems almost hopeless to quell. They will ask with astonishment, Surely is not the belief in truth, and the love of it, sufficiently powerful to keep men, who investigate its various forms, patient under the hardships of the pursuit, and forbearing towards their fellow-inquirers? Truth comes to man from God in various blessed forms. It descends upon him as an endowment straight from heaven, and reaches his soul through the "still, small voice" of the Holy Spirit: thus he receives it by revelation. It also waits for him by the wayside of the laborious paths of science, and rewards his patient toil with the knowledge and the service of Nature, whom he has learnt to subdue; and thus he receives it through discovery.

But there is another fact, the existence of which is a fruitful source of evil, but will come in time to be looked upon with wonder as a special monstrosity among the many monstrous growths which have sprung from ignorance. That ethics and physical science have real and proper bearings upon each other, no one who knows anything of either will deny; but the perverseness of men who have taken part in the warfare between theology and science has forced them into an unnatural connexion which ought to be a subject of unfeigned astonishment, as well as of regret. Scientific departure from truth is error, moral departure from truth is falsehood; this needs only to be stated to be at once acknowledged; and yet this obvious distinction has been, and even now is, repeatedly lost sight of by angry disputants on either side: one party alleges an error, the other replies as though he were meeting a charge of falsehood. It would be tedious to our readers to conduct them over the field of controversy, and point out the numerous examples of this confusion of ideas.¹ When the history of the war between theology and science comes to be written, the historian will find a large

¹ One may, perhaps, be permitted to refer in a note to an instance of this confusion occurring in the writings of so excellent a man as Hugh Miller. He says, that 'though theologians have at various times striven hard to pledge it [the Bible] to false science, geographical, astronomical, and geological, it has been pledged by its Divine Author to no falsehood whatever.' ('Testimony of the Rocks,' p. 132.) The impropriety of using the term 'falsehood' in such a connexion must surely be patent to every calm and unbiassed mind. But it is only one of a thousand instances in the works of this and other eminent writers, of the heat of temper generated by the introduction of ethical language into discussions purely scientific.

portion of his task to consist in describing the pitched battles and the desultory skirmishes which have taken place, because imperfect knowledge has been mistaken for moral obliquity. The time, however, has not arrived for writing such a history, though the work has been frequently attempted; but these attempts have only served to swell the list of partisan literature. The warfare is still being waged, and while it lasts there can be no calm resting-place of observation for the historian. Whether it will ever cease no one can be blamed for doubting, and they who think it will end must not be surprised if they be derided as visionary and fanciful. Still, though the fact of antagonism be not done away with, the spirit of the contest is changed, and the change most will allow to be for the better. Men do not now so often rush at the conclusion that when their opponents make an inaccurate statement they are intentionally mendacious; there is not quite so much recklessness in accusing of atheism those whose ideas of the Deity differ either in kind or expression from one's own; and with regard to the treatment of Holy Scripture, there is an abatement of that most wild and pernicious line of defence which may be called the 'all-or-nothing principle,' because it poises the vast and glorious edifice of revealed truth upon the point of a single incidental statement of some fact, either of history or science, and then declares, with an audacity which makes one shudder, that if that single statement can be disproved, the whole structure must fall to the ground. These, to say the least of them, are cheering signs, and their general effect must be to dispose men's minds to listen to the persuasive and impartial voice of any calm and judicious thinker who may speak out in the interests of peace. Such a voice has been lifted up by the Duke of Argyll, in the volume which now lies before us. Its tendency is decidedly pacific, its tone is temperate, its conclusions are sound, its suggestions are entitled to respect for their manifest sincerity and fairness. The book, in short, is an Eirenicon in the contest between theology and science.

The principal matter of this work has been before the public under different forms for some time, though its materials have only recently been collected within one cover and under one title. Four out of the seven chapters (now expanded with new matter) of which it is comprised, appeared in *Good Words* in the early half of 1865. The first chapter was originally published in the *Edinburgh Review*, of October, 1862. The last two chapters formed the substance of Presidential Addresses to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

In the opening chapter our author deals with the questions, 'The Supernatural—What is it? What do we mean by it? How do we define it?' and he complains that although these

questions are of first importance, yet 'we find them seldom distinctly put, and still more seldom distinctly answered.' And this remark may be extended to almost the whole employment of language in the enunciation of philosophical ideas. Logomachy, after all, was the battle chiefly waged in the schools; and even now that the facilities of the press give the greatest opportunities for accuracy, and for the correction of errors in the use of words, it is to be feared that controversy is still as much taken up with disputes about the terms employed as ever. 'Nature' and 'supernatural' are two expressions very freely used in the discussions which deal with subjects that touch the confines of theology and science; but the freedom with which they are used does not so much betoken the perfect mastery over their significations which their employers possess, as betray the carelessness which springs from ignorance. The students, and even the masters in science, have a rough-and-ready way of treating 'nature' as a term with elastic boundaries, which can be stretched in any direction that for the time suits their own mental conception of the subject they are engaged about, and which also can be drawn in and narrowed down to the small area of their own observation. The whole region beyond the limits which they thus capriciously appoint to 'nature,' they, with like caprice, designate as 'supernatural.' Consequently, these two terms, which ought to be most carefully and perspicuously applied in philosophical investigations, come to be treated with strange levity and inconsiderateness. 'Nature' they are partial to; the 'supernatural' they do not care for; accordingly we find 'nature' made to stand as an equivalent expression for the space within the horizon of the investigator's own knowledge: it is his world. The 'supernatural,' on the other hand, is 'behind the hills' of his knowledge, or at least of his present interests. He uses it as a synonym for the unknown, and even for the unknowable. He casts suspicion upon its existence, and behaves with a scant respect towards its claims to be considered as having weight in settling the boundaries of his favourite 'nature.'

On the other hand, theologians, it must be admitted, are scarcely less partial and irrational in their own use of the words 'nature' and 'supernatural.' They have an unfortunate way of treating 'nature' as a sort of impious rival of their favourite 'supernatural.' We say this is unfortunate, because it tinges with a narrow jealousy their whole treatment of scientific questions, and gives to their intercourse with men of science the appearance of unfriendly reserve. Their minds are prepossessed with the notion that the 'supernatural,' whatever it may mean (for they, no more than the men of science, are clear as to what it does, or ought to, mean), is that which they must defend at all hazards

against the hostile encroachments of the 'philosophers.' They are haunted by the fear that some sacrilege is intended in every step which advances the progress of human knowledge in physical science; and they seem to assume that the supremacy of the 'supernatural' is threatened, and its dignity insulted, by every success achieved in scientific investigation. Some allowance however, should, in common fairness, be made for this unhappy conduct of theologians. If they have been jealous, the men of science have been presumptuous; if they have exhibited an unworthy alarm for the position and claims of the 'supernatural,' the science-men have excited their fears by their undisguised contempt for all that they did not choose to include within the province which they themselves assigned to 'nature.'

It is clear, then, that the faults on both sides spring from the same cause, namely the neglect of having previously ascertained the meanings to be assigned to the words 'nature' and 'supernatural' before making such free use of them in discussion. It is not necessary that these meanings should always be the same—that is to say, that their boundaries should be unalterably and for ever determined. What is required is precision in the use of language. No intelligent thinker would desire to forge out of the definitions of words fetters to cramp the action of free inquiry. All useful ends, therefore, would be sufficiently attained if the same words were scrupulously used in the same sense that had been already agreed upon, until, for good reason and after careful statement, some enlarged or otherwise modified range of meaning be adopted. In theology it is well known what confusion blurs the pages of many excellent writers, in consequence of the two distinct meanings of the term 'faith,' namely, 'belief' and 'trust,' being carelessly interchanged; and it can at once be seen what a chaos of ideas would be produced by the word 'natural' being indiscriminately employed as opposed, at one time to 'mechanical,' at another to 'artificial,' at another to 'human,' at another to 'divine.'

Towards clearing up the obscurity which hangs over philosophical discussions through a careless employment of the terms 'nature' and 'supernatural,' it is the chief merit of the Duke of Argyll's book to contribute some very valuable suggestions. It is notorious how often definitions fail in making plain the meanings of the words defined; and this frequently arises from the definer supposing that a definition must be dogmatic in its tone, and brief in its expression. Our author avoids this error by not attempting formal definitions. At the same time he renders efficient aid towards attaining the purpose of formal definitions; and no one, who needs such help, can read the first

chapter without feeling that he has acquired a clearer understanding of what 'nature' and 'supernatural' should mean.

The following quotations may be put in evidence :—

' Seeing the boundless extent of our ignorance of the natural laws which regulate so many of the phenomena around us, and still more of so many of the phenomena within us, nothing can be more reasonable than to conclude, when we see something which is to us a wonder, that somehow, if we only knew how, it is "all right," all according to the constitution and course of nature. But then, to justify this conclusion, we must understand nature in the largest sense, as including all that is

" In the round ocean, and in the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

We must understand it as including every agency which we see entering, or can conceive from analogy as capable of entering, into the causation of the world. First and foremost among these is the agency of our own mind and will."—P. 7.

' Let us never forget, then, that the agency of man is of all others the most natural—the one with which we are most familiar—the only one, in fact, which we can be said, even in any measure, to understand. When any wonderful event can be referred to the contrivance or ingenuity of man, it is thereby at once removed from the sphere of the supernatural, as ordinarily understood.'—P. 8.

From this point our author proceeds to point out that the limitations people put upon 'nature,' by either distinguishing it from human will, or by restricting it to those effects the causes of which we know and see, cannot be maintained. Thus step by step he leads on to the conclusion that 'nature' is co-extensive with the constitution and order of the universe, both mental, moral, and physical. This, as our readers well know, is no new or original line of reasoning. They will recall to mind Butler's words: 'Though one were to allow any confused undetermined sense, which people please to put upon the word *natural*, it would be a shortness of thought scarce credible to imagine, that no system or course of things can be so, but only what we see at present: especially whilst the probability of a future life, or the natural immortality of the soul, is admitted upon the evidence of reason; because this is really both admitting and denying at once, a state of being different from the present to be natural. But the only distinct meaning of that word is, *stated, fixed, or settled*: since what is natural as much requires and presupposes an intelligent agent to render it so, *i.e.* to effect it continually, or at stated times, as what is supernatural or miraculous does to effect it for once. And hence it must follow, that persons' notion of what is natural will be enlarged in proportion to their greater knowledge of the works of God, and the dispensations of His Providence.'¹ This is only one of a

¹ Analogy, I. i.

thousand instances in which the great thinker of the last century anticipated, if not the whole ramifications of those arguments which are from time to time being advanced for the solution of the problems that lie on the confines of science and theology, at least the germs of thought out of which the more modern reasonings spring.

The passage just quoted from the Bishop, so far as it tends to define 'natural' and 'supernatural,' contains nothing inconsistent with the line of argument adopted by the Duke. In fact the sum and substance of the Duke's reasonings in his first chapter amount simply to the negative inference, that there is no reason deducible from what we at present know of the constitution and order of the universe, for excluding any part of it, either mental, physical, or moral, from the limits of the term 'nature,'—an inference which finds almost identical expression in the above-cited words of Butler. But here comes in the divergence of our author from the Bishop—so far, that is to say, as two writers can be said to diverge from each other who are not writing upon exactly the same subject. The Duke of Argyll pushes the boundaries of 'nature' so far and wide on all sides, as to leave nothing outside of them but the Deity himself; for, though not explicitly, certainly implicitly, he includes all the works and workings of God, as well those commonly called natural as those called miraculous, within the limits of 'nature;' at least he gives such an aspect to miracles, that it is cast upon any objector to show cause why they should not be included within the region of nature. But in order not to misunderstand him upon this point, one must first have fully and carefully appreciated how vast is the region of what he calls nature. The Bishop, on the contrary, while he fully recognises all known and all unknown effects of an intelligent agent that are wrought continually and at stated times, as being properly called 'natural,' assumes that there are certain effects which do not answer his definition of natural, *i.e.* 'stated, fixed, or settled,' and which he accordingly calls 'supernatural or miraculous.' In a word, if a disproof of miracles being supernatural were established, it would not contradict any direct statement of the Duke's, but it would contradict an assertion of the Bishop's. In fact our author accepts frankly enough Mr. Lecky's inference from his line of argument that his notion of a miracle does 'not *generically* differ 'from a human act, though it would still be strictly available for 'evidential purposes.'¹

¹ See note on p. 15. It may be interesting to quote in this connexion a passage from a very profound and masterly work on legal science, in which the conceptions entertained by the ancient Greek philosophers of nature and her law are set forth:

Butler's strong disposition of mind to accept the broadest view of the natural order and constitution of the universe, no one acquainted with the first part of the 'Analogy' can fail to observe; and the expression he uses so frequently in that part for the name of the Almighty, 'the Author of Nature,' contains this view within it by implication. When again, in the second part, 'Of Revealed Religion,' he substitutes for this title 'God' or 'Providence,' the change is deeply significant to the student of Butler; but as our present subject does not invade the region comprehended under that head, it is not within our scope to dwell upon it. There is, indeed, strong evidence to show that Butler would have accepted very cordially the idea contained in the expression, 'The Reign of Law;' though whether he would have accepted with equal cordiality the expression itself, as an adequate representation of the idea, is another matter. To the consideration of the chapter in which our author sets forth what he wishes to be understood by this expression we must now proceed.

The title of this second chapter is, 'Law: its Definitions.' At its commencement the Duke sets forth in a paragraph of concise and vigorous statement the convictions of his own mind upon the subject he is about to discuss. Though standing so near the beginning, it is really the conclusion of the whole book, and for this reason it will be well to extract it.

'The Reign of Law,—is this, then, the reign under which we live? Yes, in a sense it is. There is no denying it. The whole world around us, and the whole world within us, are ruled by law. Our very spirits are subject to it—those spirits which yet seem so spiritual, so subtle, so free. How often in the darkness do they feel the restraining walls—bounds within which they move—conditions out of which they cannot think! The perception of this is growing in the consciousness of men. It grows with the growth of knowledge; it is the delight, the reward, the goal of science. From science it passes into every

'The word *φύσις*, which was rendered in the Latin *natura*, and our *nature*, denoted, beyond all doubt, originally the material universe, but it was the material universe contemplated under an aspect which—such is our intellectual distance from those times—it is not very easy to delineate in modern language. Nature signified the physical world regarded as the result of some primordial element or law. The oldest Greek philosophers had been accustomed to explain the fabric of creation as the manifestation of some single principle which they variously asserted to be movement, *force*, fire, moisture, or generation. In its simplest and most ancient sense, nature is precisely the physical universe looked upon in this way as the manifestation of a principle. Afterwards, the later Greek sects, turning to a path from which the greatest intellects of Greece had meanwhile strayed, added the *moral* to the *physical* world in the conception of nature. They extended the term till it embraced not merely the visible creation, but the thoughts, observances, and aspirations of mankind. Still, as before, it was not solely the moral phenomena of human society which they understood by *nature*, but these phenomena considered as resolvable into some general and simple laws.—*Ancient Law: its connexion with the early History of Society, and its Relation to Modern Ideas*. By Henry Sumner Maine. Second Edition, p. 53.

domain of thought, and invades, amongst others, the theology of the Church. And so we see the men of theology coming out to parley with the men of science, a white flag in their hands, and saying, "If you will let us alone, we will do the same by you. Keep to your own province; do not enter ours. The reign of law which you proclaim, we admit—outside these walls, but not within them: let there be peace between us." But this will never do. There can be no such treaty dividing the domain of truth. Every one truth is connected with every other truth in this great universe of God. The connexion may be one of infinite subtilty and apparent distance—running, as it were, under ground for a long way, but always asserting itself at last somewhere, and at some time. No bargaining, no fencing off the ground—no form of process will avail to part this right of way. Blessed right, enforced by blessed power! Every truth, which is truth indeed, is charged with its own consequences, its own analogies, its own suggestions. These will not be kept outside any artificial boundary; they will range over the whole field of thought, nor is there any corner of it from which they can be warned away."—Pp. 53, 54.

The illustration which our author here uses to picture the relative positions of science and theology, or rather of their professors, is, unfortunately, true to fact; and we attempted, at the outset of this article, to account for it. The men of theology, as being the more ancient occupiers of the region of thought, are fittingly represented as inhabiting a city, as being in the condition of an established and long-settled people. The men of science are new men to the soil,—invaders of its territory, having no habitation, but being in a state of advance and encroachment, drawing their parallels like besiegers around a beleaguered town. Against the assumption which gives outline and colour to this picture we emphatically protest. It presupposes that there is no unity of truth; but there are theological reasons quite as strong, quite as irrefragable, as any that science can produce, for believing most firmly, and asserting with the greatest confidence, that truth is one and indivisible. The manifestations of truth, however, are multitudinous; and the system which regulates them, being necessarily co-extensive with truth, that is to say, universal, has received the name of Law, because that term expresses better than any other the complex idea of unity in essence and universality in extension. Yet how many persons shrink from allowing a universal reign of law, even when they have conceded the premises from which it inevitably follows, namely, that truth is universal and one! And the ground upon which they raise the objection is curious. They do not like to admit the reign of law to be universal because that admission implies that the law is inviolable. And yet, assuredly, a law is not esteemed any more, but less, because it can be violated; and the honour accorded to the maker of a law is not increased, but rather diminished, by its violation. The greatest thinkers have always shown themselves disposed to believe that the laws of nature are inviolable, even when stating in the same breath the

power of God to suspend, break, or change them. Bacon, in that remarkable piece of his, 'A Confession of Faith,' offers a good example: 'God created heaven and earth, and all their armies and generations, and gave unto them constant and everlasting laws, which we call *Nature*, which is nothing but the laws of the creation; which laws, nevertheless, have had their changes or times, and are to have a fourth, and last. . . . So as the laws of nature, which now remain and govern inviolably till the end of the world, began to be in force when God first rested from His works and ceased to create; but received a revocation in part by the curse, since which time they change not.

'That notwithstanding God hath rested and ceased from creating since the first Sabbath, yet, nevertheless, He doth accomplish and fulfil His divine will in all things, great and small, singular and general, as fully and exactly by providence, as He could by miracle and new creation, though His working be not immediate and direct, but by compass; not violating nature, which is His own law upon the creature.

'That at the first the soul of man was not produced by heaven or earth, but was breathed immediately from God; so that the ways or proceedings of God with spirits are not included in nature, that is, in the laws of heaven and earth; but are reserved to the law of His secret will and grace, wherein God worketh still, and resteth not from the work of redemption as He resteth from the work of creation, but continueth working till the end of the world; what time that work also shall be accomplished, and an eternal Sabbath shall ensue. Likewise, that whensoever God doth break [transcend, Rawley's MS.] the law of nature by miracles (which are ever [may ever seem as, R.] new creations) He never cometh to that point or pass but in regard of the work of redemption, which is the greater, and whereto all God's signs and miracles do refer.¹

The reader will not fail to be struck with the tenacity with which Lord Bacon clings to the idea of law in the above passage, and also how ready he is to acknowledge its inviolability; and yet how in the same sentences he recognises its breach, its revocation, its change. Is it not, then, worth while asking what style of language we are using when we speak of law, and the reign of law, in reference to the unity of truth and to the order and constitution of nature? The importance of this question cannot be stated more forcibly than it is by the Duke of Argyll in the following passage:—

¹ Words, which should be the servants of thought, are too often its masters; and there are very few words which are used more ambiguously, and therefore

¹ Bacon's Works, edited by Ellis, Spedding, and Heath, vol. vii. p. 220.

more injuriously, than the word "law." It may, indeed, be legitimately used in several different senses, because, in all cases, as applied in science, it is a metaphor, and one which has relation to many different kinds and degrees of likeness in the ideas which are compared. It matters little in which of these senses it is used, provided the distinctions between them are kept clearly in view, and provided we watch against the fallacies which must arise when we pass insensibly from one meaning to another. And here it may be observed in passing, that the metaphors which are implied in language are generally founded on analogies instinctively, and often unconsciously, perceived, and which would not be so perceived if they were not both deep and true. In this case, the idea which lies at the root of law, in all its applications, is evident enough. In its primary signification, a "law" is the authoritative expression of human will enforced by power. The instincts of mankind, finding utterance in their language, have not failed to see that the phenomena of nature are only really conceivable to us, as, in like manner, the expressions of a will enforcing itself with power. But, as in many other cases, the secondary or derivative senses of the word have supplanted the primary signification, and law is now habitually used by men who deny the analogy on which that use is founded, and to the truth of which it is an abiding witness.—P. 63.

In the latter part of this quotation our author has seized with a firm and decisive grasp the key to the difficulties which involve the controversy in which one party asserts, and the other denies, the inviolability of natural laws. Not a little of the jealousy and suspicion with which men of theology treat the doctrines put forth by men of science concerning natural law arise from the fact that the latter are really offending against the analogy of their own chosen metaphor by claiming for law an absolute priority and supremacy. They make law to annihilate will and absorb power. In other words, while they proclaim the universality of law they withdraw, by the very terms in which they proclaim it, the constituent parts which go to make up the idea of law. The phrase which stands as the title of this book is open to this very objection. How can law be said to reign? Law obeys will, and is enforced by power. This is serving, not reigning. Law prevails throughout the universe, will reigns over it; and the mode or system upon which will exercises its universal reign is called law. There is a sense, of course, in which law may be said to reign, just as in the Psalms we read, 'The sun to rule by day;' 'The moon and the stars to rule by night;' but this is piling metaphor upon metaphor,—that is to say, law in a metaphorical sense is said to reign in a metaphorical sense. Place side by side the two phrases, 'The reign of supreme will,' and 'The reign of law,' and we see at once that the word 'reign' is used in two different stages of meaning: it is literal in the former, metaphorical in the latter; and in this latter sense our author uses it.

But in the use hitherto made of the term 'law,' we have been speaking in the abstract. The law of nature is the sum of the forces which are at work in nature. It is, however, customary

to call each force a law ; hence we speak of natural laws. But it must be carefully borne in mind that law is not used in the same sense in both cases. Any one force in nature operates invariably in a certain direction, and tends to produce always the same result. But natural law produces an infinite variety of results. How is this? Simply through the infinite combinations into which the different forces of nature may be thrown. Each note in the diapason is fixed and immutable; it can give forth no strange, no uncertain sound. But the changes that may be rung by varying the combinations of the notes are incalculable. And in the diapason of nature what is the combining power? Indisputably the supreme will; which will, therefore, is outside of and above law. This is the supernatural. But this most important and interesting truth, viz. the changefulness of results being the consequence of the unchangeableness of the various laws which are at work in nature, is so admirably put by our author, that we must let him express himself in his own words, and at full length:—

‘It is perfectly true that every law is, in its own nature, invariably producing always precisely, and necessarily, the same effects—that is, provided it is worked under the same conditions. But then, if the conditions are not the same, the invariableness of effect gives place to capacities of change which are almost infinite. It is by altering the conditions under which any given law is brought to bear, and by bringing other laws to operate upon the same subject, that our own wills exercise a large and increasing power over the material world. And, be it observed, to this end the uniformity of laws is no impediment, but, on the contrary, it is an indispensable condition. Laws are in themselves unchangeable, and if they were not unchangeable, they could not be used as the instruments of will. If they were less vigorous, they would be less certain, and the least uncertainty would render them incapable of any service. No adjustment, however nice, could secure its purpose, if the implements employed were of uncertain temper.

‘The notion, therefore, that the uniformity or invariableness of the laws of nature cannot be reconciled with their subordination to the exercise of will, is a notion contrary to our own experience. It is a confusion of thought arising very much out of the ambiguity of language. For, let it be observed that, of all the senses in which the word law is used, there is only one in which it is true that laws are immutable and invariable, and that is the sense in which law is used to designate an individual force. Gravitation, for example, is immutable in this respect—that (so far as we know) it never operates according to any other measure than “directly as the mass, and inversely as the square of the distance.” But in all the other senses in which the word law is used, laws are not immutable, but, on the contrary, they are the great instruments, the unconscious agencies of change.¹ When, therefore, scientific men speak,

¹ The writer is here somewhat inaccurate in his language. His purpose is to show that the immutability of laws renders them instrumental in effecting changes. He therefore should not have said, ‘laws are not immutable,’—that is to say, not incapable of being changed, for that is not his meaning. He should have said, ‘laws are not opposed to change.’ It is the very fact of their immutability in themselves which makes them subserve mutability out of themselves.

as they often do, of all phenomena being governed by invariable laws, they use language which is ambiguous, and in most cases they use it in a sense which covers an erroneous idea of the facts. There are no phenomena visible to man, of which it is true to say, that they are governed by any invariable force. That which does govern them is always some variable combinations of invariable forces. But this makes all the difference in reasoning on the relation of will to law,—this is the one essential distinction to be admitted and observed. There is no observed order of facts which is not due to a combination of forces, and there is no combination of forces which is invariable—none which are not capable of change in infinite degrees. In these senses—and these are the common senses in which law is used to express the phenomena of nature—law is not rigid, it is not immutable, it is not invariable, but it is, on the contrary, pliable, subtle, various. In the only sense in which laws are immutable, this immutability is the very characteristic which makes them subject to guidance through endless cycles of design. We know this in our own case. It is the very certainty and invariableness of the laws of nature which alone enables us to use them, and to yoke them to our service.—Pp. 98—101.

Thus we see that what some may call the inviolability of natural laws is the very reason why such infinite variety can be produced by their application. They are so trustworthy that they can always be employed with confidence. What would the science of gunnery be, for example, if the law of gravitation were not perfectly trustworthy—absolutely invariable in its operation?

The dislike which is often felt, and the disbelief which is sometimes expressed, with regard to the doctrine of the immutability of natural laws, arises from the notion that it tends to destroy the freedom of will. But freedom of will is no better than a chimera, unless it have power to execute its intentions; and it is the very fact that natural laws are immutable which gives scope to will to exercise its power. At the same time it must be remembered that each particular law is, so far as its own operation is concerned, a restraint upon, nay an insuperable obstacle to the exercise of the freedom of will; *e.g.* if a man hold a stone over the mouth of a well, and, simply relaxing his hold of it, should will that it rise upwards, or go off in a horizontal direction, instead of falling downwards, the law of gravitation would thwart his will. But there is another law, which he can make use of, which would enable him to carry out his purpose—the law of motion. He can apply this law by the exercise of muscular action; and thus these laws in combination empower his will to cast a stone in what direction he pleases. Now, whatever abstract notion we may have of the freedom of will, it is only through experience that we can learn what it is able to effect; and experience teaches us that the will can effect an infinite, an ever-increasing variety of results by combining in numberless ways the operations of natural laws, each one of which operates in an invariable manner independent of any exercise of mere will to the contrary. If, however, it should be

maintained in opposition to this doctrine that the very necessity of combining natural laws in order to bring about the purposes of the will is destructive of the freedom of the will, then it may reasonably be asked, by way of rejoinder, Have we any right to speak of freedom of will irrespective of the teachings of experience? It is quite true that a man may picture in his imagination the stone rising upwards when the hand is withdrawn, and he may will that that impossibility should take place; and the objector may assert that there can be no freedom of will where the will is not free to carry out whatever the imagination can conceive. But this objection involves a fallacious notion of what the imagination and its freedom are. Because it is generally supposed that the imagination is free to conceive anything—anything beyond, as well as within, the range of experience—it is assumed that it obeys no laws, is subject to no restraints. This, however, is not true. The imagination is, indeed, able to picture to itself things and processes which never have, never will, and never can exist. But if its wildest fancies be analysed, they will be found to be made up of materials which experience has furnished it with. In the case in question, a man can imagine a stone rising upwards, or moving horizontally, because he has seen it take place; and in his imagination he can separate this motion of the stone which is really the result of a combination of forces, from the action of those forces, and keep the result in his picture and discard the forces; and the freedom of imagination lies in this power to separate cause and effect, and retain the effect and exclude the cause. But here is the limit of its freedom. Strange as its pictures are, imagination never yet painted one that did not consist of materials which experience had furnished, though its combinations of those materials may be as ridiculous, impossible, and fanciful as you please. All the fabulous animals of mythology are the works of imagination, but experience provided the parts. Imagination could not have pictured a centaur if experience had not shown it a man and a bull. Thus we see that the will is free to imagine in a way closely analogous to that in which it is free to act. A man is free to make what pictures he likes out of the materials which experience furnishes, and he is in like manner free to produce what results he likes by the combination of the forces which nature places at his service; but he is not free to make pictures absolutely independent of experience, nor is he free to work absolutely independent of the laws of nature. If anyone chose to say that there is no such thing existing as freedom, then he is welcome to his crotchet, and we shall not trouble him to answer the question whence he obtained the idea of freedom.

Seeing, then, that the forces of nature are constant in their operation, or, in other words, that the laws of nature are immutable; seeing also that this constancy and immutability make them trustworthy servants of will, and facile instruments of purpose, by the power of combination; it follows that this combining power is necessary to the action of will in all cases wherein natural forces do not directly serve its purpose.

This power of combination is called contrivance, and our author very clearly and succinctly states the 'necessity of contrivance arising out of the reign of law,' in the commencement of the third chapter. After making this statement, he proceeds to illustrate it by an 'example in the machinery of flight,' which occupies the remainder of the chapter. It is impossible by any analysis or quotations to do justice to the interest and beauty of this section of the Duke of Argyll's book, and we will not mar the pleasure the reader will certainly experience in reading it, by attempting to give it in outline.

But while 'contrivance' is generally acknowledged to prevail throughout nature for the fulfilment of 'purpose,' it has been objected by some that contrivance, in certain instances, is a failure, and that 'purpose' has been defeated. The very important chapter in which this subject is handled, should, like the precedent section, be read to be appreciated. In it the reader, who may have been fascinated by the charms of Mr. Darwin's book upon the 'Origin of Species' into accepting the theory he propounds therein, will find a most efficient balancing power. If he read attentively the arguments and illustrations there advanced, he will learn that there is no necessity for giving himself over unreservedly to the Darwinian hypothesis.

When we approach the question of purpose in the order and constitution of nature, we are entering that inner circle of controversy within which the disputations of the men of theology with the men of science, raise the most distinct issue. What is that issue? Even this: Are we competent to decide what is, or what is not, purpose in respect of the infinite varieties of contrivance which we behold in Nature? Men of science say, Yes: men of theology say, No. It may of course be denied by some on both sides of the controversy that this is a fair representation of the case. But that it is so we feel convinced by the fact, that the theories of the men of science which are looked upon with most disfavour by the men of theology, are just those which demand that this question should be answered in the affirmative as a basis of their stability. Now we are far from asserting that theologians are always wise when they frown upon scientific theories. History tells of instances in which they have been wondrously silly in so doing. But we think it will be found on

investigation, that in no case in which theologians have been in the wrong has the question been cast upon this issue. That there are some, nay many cases of contrivance, the purpose of which we may be quite certain about, theologians do not think of denying. The beautiful examples of contrivance in the adaptation of wings for the purpose of flight, so admirably described by our author, are sufficient proof. But what theologians do say, and are right in saying, is, that it is bad philosophy, as well as bad theology, to decide what shall be considered a purpose and what not; and to exclude as failures in the attainment of purpose those contrivances in nature which do not achieve the particular purpose predetermined for them. Mr. Darwin says that some naturalists have protested 'against the utilitarian doctrine, that every detail of structure has been produced for the good of its possessor. They believe that very many structures have been created for beauty in the eyes of man, or for mere variety. This doctrine, if true, would be absolutely fatal to my theory. Yet, I fully admit that many structures are of no direct use to their possessors.'¹ In reference to this passage, the Duke of Argyll says, and we cordially go with him, 'So much the worse for his theory.' Surely a more glaring example of what may be called the arbitrariness of scientific theory cannot be adduced; nor, indeed, a more candid confession of it. Mr. Darwin predetermines that usefulness is a purpose, and that beauty is not a purpose. His theory of development by natural selection demands that the purpose striven after in the developed structure, should be useful to its possessor; and as mere ornament is not useful to its possessor, the beauty which mere ornament produces is not a purpose. Nothing weaker than the tyranny of theory could withhold a man from accepting the pleasure which the contemplation of the beautiful affords, as a sufficient answer to the question, Has ornament a purpose?

'Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils,
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression, and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of Beauty smiling at his heart.'

Pleasures of Imagination, iii. 526.

It is, indeed, open to him to reply that the beauty of creatures who may never meet the human eye, or at least so rarely, so late

¹ *Origin of Species*, p. 199.

in the history of their existence, that the pleasure which man derives from the observation of them bears an infinitesimal proportion to the causes which are said to have been created for producing that result, is an insufficient account of their purpose. But if he take up this position, he also assumes the responsibility of its consequences; and one of these is to prove that the beautiful has no independent existence, is not in itself a worthy purpose of natural law, but has only the relative value arising from its being seen and admired by man. This it will hardly be attempted to assert. Men have long ages ago assigned a place in the order of nature to beauty, quite irrespective of its enjoyment by human sight. Countless forms of ornament have adorned the universe, and have utterly perished, upon which the admiring gaze of man never rested. To say that these forms were thrown away merely because man received no benefit from them, would be absurd as well as arrogant. 'He that made the eye, shall He not see?' Is no purpose attained by the beauty of nature because one creature in it—man—may have missed the enjoyment of it? Surely a higher philosophy guided the ancients in giving to the universe the same names—*κόσμος* and *mundus*—which they also used to indicate ornament. 'Mere beauty, mere variety,' says the Duke of Argyll, 'for their own sake, are objects which we ourselves seek where we can make the forces of Nature subordinate to the attainment of them.' And in so seeking for the beautiful we are not making it, we are only exploring the boundless resources of Nature; and if the discovery of the beautiful stimulate our energies in searching for it, that itself is purpose, and refutes the baseless assumption that there is no purpose in mere ornament. The poet is a better philosopher than the utilitarian naturalist:—

'Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
With kind illusion of the wondering sense
Thou mad'st all nature beauty to his eye,
And music to his ear.'

In his fifth chapter the Duke of Argyll deals with the subject of 'Creation by Law.' On the first page of it, he sets forth this very important statement: 'These discoveries of physiology, though they are helpless to prove that law has ever been present as a master, are eminently suggestive of the idea that law has never been absent as a servant;—that as in governing the world, so in forming it, material forces have been always used as the instruments of will.' The regard of the whole chapter, like that of the former one, is towards Mr. Darwin's theory; and the point of attack at which it assails that theory may be understood from this single sentence: 'His theory gives an explanation, not of the processes by which new forms first

‘appear, but only of the processes by which, when they have ‘appeared, they acquire a preference over others, and thus become ‘established in the world.’ Any one acquainted with Mr. Darwin’s interesting book, knows this to be perfectly true; and it only requires the reflection of a thoughtful and intelligent reader of that book to arrive at the same conclusion concerning it which the Duke of Argyll well expresses in the following passage:—

‘Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin’s theory is not a theory on the origin of species at all, but only a theory on the causes which lead to the relative success or failure of such new forms as may be born into the world. It is the more important to remember this distinction, because it seems to me that Mr. Darwin himself frequently forgets it. Not only does he speak of natural selection “producing” this and that modification of structure, but he undertakes to affirm of one class of changes that they can be produced, and of another class of changes that they cannot be produced, by this process.’—P. 230.

In fact, a pigeon-fancier’s collection teaches all there is really to be learnt about development and selection; and the common ‘rock,’ that may chance to fly over our heads as we are looking at the pouters, and the tumblers, and the fan-tails, reminds us that the lesson has its limits. The fancy-birds prove the expansiveness of existing organisms: the original bird of nature’s mould asserts the necessity for an organism to exist before it can be expanded. Mr. Darwin has taught—and taught with admirable clearness and power—the lesson of expansiveness; but he has mistaught, or rather he himself has failed to learn, the lesson of pre-existence. A fallacy runs throughout the whole work on the ‘Origin of Species.’ It lies in the title, it lurks in every chapter. But it is likewise true that those who, claiming to be the champions of orthodoxy, were most fervent in their attacks upon the book, were the victims of a fallacy likewise. They thought the mischief lay in the doctrine of development by natural selection; that this doctrine was subversive of the doctrine of origin by creation; and they accordingly set themselves to combat the doctrine which Mr. Darwin has irrefragably established. But the real fallacy of the book lay in speaking of development as though it could originate, or produce, or create anything. Consequently the proper line of controversy would have been, first to have accepted the development theory, and then to have shown, that so far from encroaching upon, or threatening to supersede, the doctrine of origin by creation, it really made that doctrine more obviously necessary to account for the existence of the organisms, the development of which Mr. Darwin has so truly and beautifully described. The Duke of Argyll has rendered most valuable service to the cause of truth,—both in its scientific and theological aspects,—by the calm, discriminating, and perspicuous exhibition of the real fallacy and its proper refutation. Much misspent discussion

much needless alarm, would have been saved if the last paragraph of his fifth chapter could have been read and understood by the excited disputants.

'There is, at least, one conclusion which is certain, namely, this,—that no theory in respect to the means and method employed in the work of creation—provided such theory takes in all the facts—can have the slightest effect in removing that work from the relation in which it stands to the attributes of will. Creation by law, evolution by law, development by law, or, as including all those kindred ideas, the reign of law, is nothing but the reign of creative force, directed by creative knowledge, worked under the control of creative power, and in fulfilment of creative purpose.'—P. 293.

'When we pass from the phenomena of matter to the phenomena of mind, we do not pass from under the reign of law.' With these words the Duke of Argyll opens his sixth chapter, which deals with 'The Reign of Law in the Realm of Mind.' If we say that it is less satisfactory than the former portions of his work, we do not mean to imply that it is deficient in the excellences which distinguish the author's writing. Lucid in style, judicious in temper, vigorous in expression—all this it certainly is, so far as it goes; but its drawback lies in the insufficiency of its grasp. The subject is too large to be properly treated in so small a compass as that assigned to it in the (scarce) sixty pages of very 'open' print which it occupies in this volume. Moreover, the impression left upon the reader by the whole book is that the Duke is more at home with physics than with metaphysics. It is clear that through patient observation and delicate analysis, he has made himself familiar with the phenomena of matter; but there is not the same internal evidence to show that he has paid equal attention to the phenomena of mind. Consequently the section in which he deals with them does not proceed as from a master hand.

The brain is the organ at which the naturalist and the metaphysician, the student of matter and the student of mind, meet face to face. To the naturalist it is a substance compounded of 'water, albumen, fat, and phosphate salts.' He handles it as he would any other organ of the body. He anatomizes it. He renders a scientific account of its structure, dividing it into its several parts. He then proceeds to state the functions of the brain. At this point a change comes over his language. He cannot go on speaking of the brain and its functions as he would of the heart, the lungs, the liver, and their functions. It is manifest, even to the most unscientific observer of the process, that the naturalist is passing into a new region of study, that he is handling a different set of phenomena, from those which he had to do with when discussing the other organs. The chapter, in a treatise on physiology, which discourses of the brain, reads like a section out of a book on mental and moral

philosophy. It is obvious that the physiologist is dealing with mind as well as matter; that, when he has laid down his scalpel and exhausted the resources of chemical analysis, there is a great deal beyond the reach of anatomy and chemistry which, student of matter though he be, he cannot refuse to inquire into and render an account of. Accordingly we hear him discourse thus: 'The functions of the cerebral hemispheres are those of the organs by which the mind, 1st, perceives those clear and more impressive sensations which it can retain, and judge according to; 2dly, performs those acts of will each of which requires a deliberate, however quick, determination; 3rdly, retains impressions of sensible things, and reproduces them in subjective sensations and ideas; 4thly, manifests itself in its higher and peculiarly human emotions and feelings, and in its faculties of judgment, understanding, memory, reflection, induction, and imagination, and others of the like class. The cerebral hemispheres appear thus to be the organs in and through which the mind acts in all those operations which have immediate relation to external and sensible things.'¹ And then, to put the conclusion, in the words of the Duke of Argyll,—

'No series of facts, tending to the establishment of any physical truth, is more complete or more conclusive than the chain which connects the functions of the brain with the phenomena of the mind.'²—P. 301.

Upon the brain, then, is bestowed the intensest interest. It is the centre of converging interests—the interest of the physician, the interest of the metaphysician. Hence springs up the anxious question, What are its laws? The eagerness with which it is asked is likely enough to hurry the questioner into contriving some ill-founded answer. And so it has been. The difficulties which beset the study of the brain are greater than those which surround the study of any other organ. Experiments, by vivisection, upon the brains of brutes (and these only upon the smaller animals, as the dog, rabbit, pigeon) have been abundantly supplied by Longet, Flourens, Foville, and others. But the human brain can only be handled at a post-mortem, unless disease or accident may admit the inquirer to a partial, very partial, observation of the living organ. Yet it is the living organ, when in a healthy state, that alone can supply directly the information so much desired. Consequently the student has to rest content with indirect information, with inferences rather than with demonstrations. But it has been thought that this might be helped. The exterior mould of the skull differs in different individuals. Suppose these differences were trustworthy signs of the conformation of the brain within, so that we could read off on the outer skull the character of the

¹ See 'Handbook of Physiology,' by W. S. Kirkes, M.D. p. 451.

inner brain, and consequently of the mind? The conclusion was irresistible, notwithstanding its resting upon mere assumptions—assumptions which have been proved to be illusory. Hence Phrenology. Sir William Hamilton was a powerful and inveterate enemy of this (so-called) science; and his most fatal blow to it was delivered when he said that phrenology 'is the result, not of experience, but conjecture; and Gall, instead of deducing the faculties from the organs, and generalizing both from particular observations, first of all excogitated a faculty *à priori*, and then looked about for an organ with which to connect it. In short, phrenology was not discovered, but invented.'¹

But phrenology, though it may be false as a science, yet does some service by bearing testimony to the truth that there is a 'reign of law in the realm of mind.' The manipulation of cranial inequalities may be no better than fumbblings in search of this law; but while the bumps of the skull may go for nothing, the belief that the mind, of which the brain is the organ, is obedient to law, at least has the advantage of keeping the inquirer's eyes open to see the true principles of mental law when they come before him. These principles are strictly analogous to those of physical law; or, rather, law is self-consistent in its operations throughout the whole order and constitution of the universe in the domain of mind, as well as in that of matter. In other words, law reigns by adapting and combining the forces of nature, and this adaptation and combination is brought about by the power of will. Now would come upon the scene, if we had time and space to admit them, the long-drawn train of arguments concerning free will and necessity. But we have neither. We shall, however, make room for the last paragraph of this chapter, in which the Duke of Argyll sums up his conclusions concerning the 'reign of law in the realm of mind.' He has been criticising the doctrine of Positivism concerning necessity, and controverting the statement of that doctrine by its most distinguished disciple in England, Mr. John Stuart Mill. He then proceeds:—

'There is, then, not much real difficulty after all in disengaging the great facts of our own free will from the verbal confusions of positive philosophy. Nor will the same methods of solution fail us when we apply them to the further question, How far, and in what sense, are our own solutions themselves subject to law—that is, to the influence of adjusted forces? For as one great consequence of the reign of law over material things is the necessity of resorting to the use of appropriate means for the accomplishment of purpose, so does the same necessity arise out of the same conditions among the phenomena of

¹ See Sir William Hamilton's 'Lectures on Metaphysics,' vol. i. p. 415. His confutation of the phrenologist's notions about the cerebellum and the frontal sinus is, as it seems to us, complete; and, consequently, perfectly destructive of their theory.

mind. If we wish to operate upon human action, we must go to work by presenting to the will some motive tending to produce the action we desire. Above all, if we seek to operate, not merely on individual actions, but upon that which mainly determines conduct—namely, human character—we must direct our efforts to place that character under outward conditions, which we know to have a favourable effect upon it. In the material world we should be powerless to control any event, if we did not know it to be subject to laws—that is, to forces which, though not liable to change in essence, are subject to endless change in combination and in use. The same impotency would affect us, if in the moral world also definite conditions had not always an invariable tendency to produce certain definite results. It is a mere confusion of thought and language which confounds the “invariability” of “laws,” either moral or material, with the denial of the power of will to vary, alter, and modify in infinite degrees the course of things. It is the fixedness of all forces in one sense which constitutes their infinite pliability in another. It is the unchanging relation which they bear to those mental faculties by which we discern them and recognise them, that renders them capable of becoming the supple instruments of those other faculties of will, of reason, and of contrivance, by which we can work them for altered and better purposes.’—Pp. 351—353.

We have said that the Duke of Argyll’s treatment of ‘law in the realm of mind’ is not so firm or comprehensive as in the previous sections. It is only fair to him to quote what he says in the preface with regard to the deficiencies in his work, especially with reference to this subject. ‘I had intended to conclude with a chapter on “Law in Christian Theology.” It was natural to reserve for that chapter all direct reference to some of the most fundamental facts of human nature. Yet without such reference the reign of law, especially in the “realm of mind,” cannot even be approached in some of its very highest and most important aspects.’ We are inclined to think that the Duke has acted wisely in postponing the fulfilment of his intention. The book, as we have it, is a very valuable contribution to calm, healthy thought upon some of the most profound questions that can occupy the human mind; and its power for good would certainly not have been increased, perhaps it would have been diminished, by pushing the investigations into the special sphere of theology. In saying this, we do not in the least speak from any narrow-minded apprehension that our author might propound theological views at variance with what we conceive to be just and true. For our own part, we should be glad to hear what he may have to say upon ‘Law in Christian Theology,’—not that we think it very likely that we should agree with him, but because we believe he would treat the subject in a becoming spirit, and in a way both suggestive and instructive, even though we may reject his conclusions. But the general opinion concerning the book would probably be coloured, and coloured unduly, by the omitted chapter, and thus its usefulness would be impaired. As it stands it is, as we have already ventured to call it, an Eirenicon. If the theological element were more distinctively present, it would be treated as an Apology.

Over the last chapter we shall not detain our readers long. Not that it is devoid of interest, for certainly at this present time, if ever, the idea of 'Law in Politics' ought to be most engaging. Though it cannot be said to be the offspring of the age in which we live, it is indeed growing and expanding to a degree of importance which none but the most philosophical minds of former days would have attached to it. Hitherto thinkers and legislators have been two distinct classes of persons; and although there has always been a certain amount of truth in the saying that 'the philosopher of to-day is the statesman of to-morrow,' it is only now a dawning possibility that the philosopher may become a statesman. At any rate now, if ever, men ought to be willing to listen to the philosophical discussion of political subjects.

If we can believe that the individual mind is under the reign of law, there need be no difficulty in going on to believe that the collection of minds which compose a nation should be under the same reign. In other words, the laws of nature, or natural forces, cannot be supposed to have lost the strength which they are known to have in individual minds, when those minds are associated in multitudes under political systems. But while they continue to operate in states as well as in individuals, they will be subjected to a different set of combinations—they will become variable under new conditions, or (which is the same thing) contrivance will be exerted in a different sphere, and Will, effectuating purpose by power, will produce a new class of phenomena. When we approach the subject of 'Law in Politics,' we are at once met by a force which is unknown to any other region under the 'Reign of Law.' Human law confronts the law of nature. Let us consider for a moment how much is contained in this statement. It will be readily admitted that the operation of national law is never more important, more interesting to man than when it works upon his condition as a civilized being and member of a political body; in short, as a citizen. On the other hand, the power of human will to adapt, control, and combine by contrivance the forces of nature, is never put forth with so much vigour, nor draws after it such weighty consequences, as when it is exhibited in the highest form of which it is capable,—namely, the political institutions of a nation. It must, therefore, be a vital question how far those political institutions are wisely adjusted to natural laws. And here we see that the laws of a people do carry on their face the knowledge or the ignorance which that people may possess of the laws of nature. It would be far beyond our scope to pursue this subject further; but one or two examples which our author has touched upon may receive from us a passing notice.

The old Protectionist notions about commerce were a mis-

reading of natural law ; and when Adam Smith proclaimed the doctrine of Free-trade he corrected that misreading. At the same time that that master of political science made this correction, another question came up concerning which human law perpetrated another error. The progress of the mechanical arts forced forward into importance the question of labour. The very same class of men who accepted most readily the correction of the error as to trade were most persistent in maintaining the error as to labour. Trade ought to be free, so ought labour ; that was the shape which their blunder took, and the consequences of this blunder were painfully exhibited in all the horrors and miseries of the unrestricted employment of women and children in factories. Happily the Factory Acts show that much has been done towards correcting this grave mistake, and remedying its evils ; but much still remains to be done, and especially in extending the principles of the Factory Acts to all kinds of labour, so as to embrace the atrocious gang-system which afflicts certain agricultural districts. Again, the respective rights and interests of labour and capital are in rivalry, and have to be adjusted. Labour has made a stride towards adjustment by organizing Trades Unions. Unfortunately its progress is disgraced by a black catalogue of trade outrages, as well as by some irrational and ignorant behaviour in the matter of strikes ; and the removal of these scandals, and the solution of the difficulty out of which they have sprung, is one of the most anxious of the many anxious questions which are pending at this hour. If, however, the principle of combination be carefully considered, it will be seen that its application to social conditions is universally recognised in some shape or other, and that Trades Unions are only a development of that principle with reference to a particular set of conditions. The club system is nothing novel, as everyone will admit when it is spoken of under this name. What is novel is that stage of development at which it has just arrived, wherein the principle is brought to act upon large bodies of men of imperfect education, and with reference to subjects most vitally affecting their interests. That great moral disasters should occur at this stage is more to be lamented than to be wondered at. The force which the principle of combination calls into power is immense. It is not simply in proportion to the numbers who may be associated in a club. The ratio of force increases. The power of a club of a hundred men is more than double the power of a club of fifty men. When this is remembered it will be perceived that the mischiefs which have occurred through Trades Unions are the consequence of a great force having been put into play without due checks and safeguards having been applied to regulate its action. It is the duty of the State to apply those checks and safeguards, and fortunately the State is addressing itself to the

task. Some persons, however, condemn Trades Unions as utterly evil, and wish nothing short of their abolition. But this opinion, though excusable on account of the just abhorrence excited by the crimes which have been committed by unionists, and the folly perpetrated by unions, is not a judicious and calm opinion. For unless its upholders are prepared to show that the club system is bad in principle, it is unreasonable to prohibit its application to skilled and unskilled labour. In fact, the principle has long ago been conceded with general approbation in respect of what are called Benefit Societies, such as sick funds and burial clubs; and if it be right for men to combine to protect themselves against the calamities of life, surely it is arbitrary and illogical to declare that it is wrong for them to combine to secure the advantages of life. But it is sometimes argued that each man is well enough able to look after his own interests, and all he wants is a fair field,—that is to say, the absence of external impediments. This, however, is refuted by experience. Such is human nature that a man requires the help of combination to enable him to do that which he knows it would be his interest to do, and also the coercion of law to restrain him from doing that which he sees clearly will injure him. In proof of the latter part of this remark we may refer to the employment of children in factories. The persons who most earnestly invoked the interference of the Legislature to prohibit this evil were the very parents who sent their children to work in the factories. Human nature is a very complicated machine, and human law must necessarily be complicated (though not confused) to regulate the action of its many and strange forces. The popular fallacy that that people is governed best which is governed least, is not so popular as it was. It arose from the mischiefs which resulted from ill-adjusted laws, and it made the mistake of assuming that the mischief was the consequence of law, and not of ill-adjustment. The world has much yet to learn upon the application of law to social and economical subjects; and the first step in the advance which it has to make—or rather is making—is to get rid of the delusion that true freedom consists in the absence of restraint. Mankind has a deep lesson set it in these words, ‘The perfect law of liberty.’

The most interesting form of economic combinations which has, hitherto, been tried, has not been at work long enough to furnish sufficient data for general conclusions. We refer to the union of the interests of capital and labour in Co-operative Societies. This system has not blotted the new page it has turned over in our social history; but as for the Trades Union system, it, alas! has done little else than blot its page with black crimes and egregious blunders.

Here we must conclude our review of this able and instructive

and (especially at the present time) deeply interesting book. Perhaps we cannot do better than allow it to bid its own farewell in its own concluding words :—

'The laws of nature were not appointed by the great Lawgiver to baffle His creatures in the sphere of conduct, still less to confound them in the region of belief. As parts of an order of things too vast to be more than partly understood, they present, indeed, some difficulties which perplex the intellect, and a few also, it cannot be denied, which wring the heart. But, on the whole, they stand in harmonious relations with the human spirit. They come, visibly, from one pervading mind, and express the authority of one enduring kingdom. As regards the moral ends they serve, this, too, can be clearly seen, that the purpose of all natural laws is best fulfilled when they are made, as they can be made, the instruments of intelligent will, and the servants of enlightened conscience.'

Hitherto we have spoken exclusively to the book and to its subject. We have not diverted into the many lines of thought of which it is suggestive. We have, moreover, taken the book upon its own ground, and looked at the various questions it deals with in its own light. The specially theological aspect of those questions we have, so far as it was possible, kept out of view. But this has not been altogether possible, simply because the questions themselves were root questions, about which theology was quite as much interested as science. Again and again, as the reader will have observed, we have trenched closely on the domains of theology when we have spoken in the language of science; and at those points we felt strongly inclined to translate the language of science into the language of theology. But we refrained, because we did not wish to misrepresent the tone and bearing of the book we had in hand. The Duke of Argyll is in the camp of the men of science, but he is employed in persuading them that they are working a futile work in throwing up entrenchments against the men of theology. We have been standing within the lines of the men of theology, but we have endeavoured to point out to them that their interests are identical with the interests of the men of science; because the interests of both are all engaged about truth. And now one word we must speak more distinctively theological. Christians, and especially Catholic Christians, should hold very firmly to that anchor-truth of the Christian faith, the universal, undivided reign of the Holy Spirit. Never should they for one moment allow that there is, or ever has been, or can be, any region in the whole order and constitution of things, whether material, moral, or spiritual, that is not subject to Its divine sway. Never should they concede, either to the pretensions of the men of science or to the exclusive dogmatism of the men of theology, that the power and work of the Divine Spirit is shut out of any sphere of nature. And yet this has been done by those who have handed over, with a blind readiness, the material world to the

laws of nature, in order to reserve what they deemed to be the spiritual world to the rule of the Divine Spirit. But to these pseudo-spiritualists, as well as to the materialists who err in the opposite direction, the first page of Genesis administers a rebuke, 'The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters;' and there is nothing either in the Book of revelation or in the records of nature to say that matter has been withdrawn from the dominion of the One Spirit. It only requires that this error of secluding the operation of the Spirit within a certain sphere, and leaving all without that sphere to the control of natural laws, should be pushed further, in order to reproduce in principle, if not in form, that ancient heresy which held a duality of powers in the universe, and, while it reserved spiritual existences to the reign of one Supreme God, committed matter to the control of the Demiurge. 'The bond of peace' between theology and science is only to be secured through the common belief in the 'unity of the Spirit.'

And the unity of the Spirit involves the unity of truth, of which the Spirit is the Divine guardian and teacher. On the other hand, the universality of the truth implies the universality of the Spirit's operation. They who believe in this most firmly will not hastily start aside when they are told by thoughtful men, whether in the ranks of science or of theology, that there is no reason to limit the domain of nature to the material world, or to exclude from its sphere any whatsoever of the 'things visible and invisible.' Nor, again, will it seem to him a thing incredible that the domain of law should be co-extensive with that of nature, and that mind as well as matter, the metaphysical as well as the physical, should submit to its wide-spread reign. Nothing, perhaps, betrays so surely the weakness or the disease of a man's faith as his being alarmed and in doubt about the safety of truth. To feel anxiety concerning one's own apprehension of the truth is, indeed, both reasonable and wise; but to be cast into agitation for the ultimate triumph of truth itself argues either ignorance of, or unbelief in, the mission of the Comforter, who is the Holy Ghost, to take care of truth, and to show its treasures to earnest and trustful hearts. Truth is not in human keeping, though its discovery be the highest reward of human effort, and its revelation the most blessed bestowal of Heaven's gifts. Neither is truth the exclusive possession of any one portion of mankind. No sect of religionists, no school of philosophers, no party of politicians can rightfully declare that the whole truth is theirs, and theirs alone. Verily, 'truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven:' but just as the Sun of righteousness sheds His quickening beams over the whole earth, so will the scattered blades of truth be found to grow, here more thickly, there more sparsely, but in some measure everywhere, testifying to the unity of the Spirit from Whom

it daws its life, and promising the ultimate restoration of the Spirit's universal reign. How wise, therefore, was Clement of Alexandria when he wrote amidst the jarring conflicts of his day, 'Let all, both Greeks and barbarians, who have aspired 'after the truth—both those who possess not a little and those 'who have any portion—produce whatever they have of the 'word of truth;' and could also add, 'So, then, the barbarian 'and Hellenic philosophy has torn off a fragment of eternal 'truth, not from the mythology of Dionysus, but from the 'theology of the ever-living Word. And he who brings again 'together the separate fragments and makes them one, will without peril, be assured, contemplate the perfect word, the truth.'¹ The language of a true philosophy concerning the reign of law needs only to be translated into the language of devout theology in order to express the deepest belief of a Christian; and the phraseology which speaks of supreme will accomplishing purpose by power exercised in combining or contriving the forces of nature, we gladly exchange for the words of Hooker, who was both a good philosopher as well as a sound divine: 'With us there is 'one only Guide of all agents natural, and He both the Creator 'and Worker of all in all, alone to be blessed, adored, and 'honoured by all for ever.'²

POSTSCRIPT.—The writer of the foregoing article, like the writer of the book which it reviews had, when he wrote it, the first edition of Mr. Darwin's 'Origin of Species' to quote from. But the reader ought to consult p. 238 of the fourth edition of that work, in order fairly to judge of the author's opinions concerning beauty as a purpose in nature. That the conceptions of the beautiful vary according to the culture, progress, and conditions of nations and individuals, no one will venture to deny; but the same may be said of other things besides beauty, which things, nevertheless, most persons will allow to be fulfillments of purpose. Mr. Darwin is quite right in trying to save his theory from the disastrous consequences of admitting the purpose of beauty; but it hardly follows that beauty is not a purpose because the Chinese have queer notions (as they seem to us) about the beautiful. Collect all the examples you can of various and inconsistent ideas of beauty, and you are only storing up cumulative evidence to show that there is a purpose to be fulfilled in respect of beauty, and irrespective of utility.

¹ Stromata, lib. i. cap. xiv.

² Eccl. Pol. i. iii. 4.

ART. VI.—*England and Christendom*. By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Longman, Green & Co. 1867.

PROBABLY most of our readers are more or less familiar with the three pamphlets which have during the last three years proceeded from the pen of the Archbishop of Westminster. The last and longest of the three was noticed in this review soon after its appearance in the spring of 1866. Dr. Manning has seen fit to reprint it, together with the two previous *brochures*, in a handsome volume, which contains a hundred additional pages by way of preface, but with no alteration, as far as we can discover, of the rest of the contents of the volume. In that review we took occasion to draw a contrast between the two representatives of the two schools of thought which divide the empire of the Roman Church between them—the Liberal school, as represented by Dr. Newman, and the Ultramontane, headed by Archbishop Manning. The prominent characteristic of Dr. Newman may be said to be love for those from whom he finds himself separated, whilst the Archbishop's line is an uncompromising and contemptuous denunciation of the errors from which he rejoices that he is freed. The latter is evidently quite unable to see how it is possible that persons whom he once acted with should not take the same step which fifteen years ago he was himself induced to take; whilst the other, with an equally firm persuasion that that step which he had some years before ventured on was right and imperative, knows and understands the difficulties which prevent different minds from seeing things all from the same point of view. We have looked through the Archbishop's volume again, and have considered the Introduction, which, as we have said, is the only part that claims to be new. But new as it is in form, it adds little or nothing to the argument of the volume which it ushers into public notice. It is neither more nor less than what each of the three separate publications was, viz. an attempt to make the most of the various disasters which have befallen the Church of England, to disparage it in comparison with Dissenting communities, whilst ignoring all that has been so often repeated on the other side of the question, and all that can be urged against the Roman communion in the way of scandal and offence. If we had no other means of judging, we should suppose, from Dr. Manning's style of writing, that within the pale of the Roman communion all was peace and serenity, whilst the Church of England presented an appearance of nothing but anarchy and

confusion. Now it would not at all serve our purpose to gloss over the evils of our position, nor would that position be one whit improved, if we were ever so successful in exposing the weakness of the Roman cause; yet the different views that are taken of our position by those who have seceded from it, are worth taking into consideration, if only with the view of understanding the true ground on which we stand. And assuredly Dr. Manning has brought forward no new reasons which would induce us to forsake the communion of the Church of England for that of Rome, though perhaps he has heaped together everything that can be said against the tenableness of the theory which is commonly called Anglicanism.

The first three essays in the volume contain the argument against the Church of England, as founded on the judgment of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, on 'Essays and Reviews'—on the attempts of Convocation to give a judgment on the same subject—and a provision against the defence that will be set up for the Church of England on the score of supposed workings in her communion of the Holy Spirit of God. Of the fourth we abstain from speaking, partly because it is an utterance addressed to the Roman clergy, with which we are not now specially concerned, and partly because we have already, in a previous article, said what we had to say on the subject. Now we are far from wishing to understate the case that may be made out against the Church of England. No doubt some very sharp and telling things might be alleged against the manner in which the Reformation was brought about, both in its beginnings in Henry VIII.'s reign, and still more in its continuation under Edward and Elizabeth. Damaging attacks have been made, and may yet be made, against the moral character of the Reformers. We may be told also that their learning has been vastly overrated by Protestant historians, to whom Englishmen always refer for the facts as regards the reformation of religion in this country; and for the sake of argument, we might rejoin—

'Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse et non potuisse refelli.'

But supposing all admitted, what does it come to? We might, if we pleased, retort the accusation, and point at the scandalous characters of Roman ecclesiastics at and before the time of the Reformation; the unblushing venality of the Roman court; the horrid vices that prevailed amongst Popes and Cardinals and the inferior clergy; and the influence which Rome fails to exercise over intellectual minds, nay, we may say over society at large, except where its vagaries are kept under wholesome check by the presence of Protestantism. But all this would not serve

our purpose. The corruptions of Roman practice are points we do not like to dwell upon, and would not indeed allude to at all, if it were not that Archbishop Manning forces it from us. But when in the very first pages of his book he contrasts England of the present, with all its spiritual sins and social disorders, with the beauty and the sweetness of England of the past, while yet in the unity of the faith, we are tempted to wonder at the audacity of the man who ventures the comparison. Is it possible that the writer is ignorant of the frightful impurities of monastic life, or that he has never looked at the headings of the statutes enacted against the enormous crimes which were prevalent? We do not doubt at all that there were splendid exceptions to the almost universal corruption of morals, but we confess we hardly know where to look for them. Surely those who believe in the Council of Trent, and those who adopt the Thirty-nine Articles, and those who object to both, will agree in this, that the period which immediately preceded the Reformation was not a period which can justly be spoken of in connexion with the ideas of beauty and sweetness. The Archbishop has been drawing from his own imagination, in utter disregard of historical evidence. Neither is he at all more fortunate as to his language than as to his facts. He does not always write even with grammatical correctness, and he seldom ventures upon a metaphor without falling into some egregious blunder. When he speaks of the rapidly changing phases of religious thought in England, we do not care to express our dissent from what he means, but we do not think much of the intellectual power of a man who can commit himself to such solecisms of grammar and rhetoric as the following:—‘The last three years since the first of the letters *were* published, are crowded with events. The religious changes *in* England are moving with an *accumulating ratio of speed*. And this, too, not only in *their* downward but also in *its* upward tendencies.’ We suppose that in plain English this means that the three years that have passed since the publication of the first of these letters, have been very eventful, especially in religious change, which has been going on with a continually accelerated velocity; but we confess that the *their* and the *its* of the last sentence fairly beat us; we do not know what to make of them. And this from the pen of him who is at the head of the Roman Catholic religion in this country, and who, if report speaks truly, has had a narrow escape of a Cardinal’s hat. The next paragraph tells us that the only system that is stationary is the Catholic Church. Now people may approve, or they may disapprove, of the principle of development, but we think that the decree of the Immaculate Conception can scarcely be spoken of as being connected with the stationary nature of the Catholic

Church. It has been objected to the Greek Church, and with great force of argument, we think, by Dr. Newman, that she has been stationary, and it is thought by many amongst us, that the entire inability of the Articles of the Church of England to develop—that is, to adapt themselves to the rapid changes of thought which are going on—is evidence somewhat conclusive against their present utility. And the principal objection which many entertain against the decree on the subject of the Immaculate Conception is this, that it does not seem so very like an obvious development of Catholic doctrine, whether we regard the terms of the decree itself, or the mode in which it was established. Even though it were admitted that it is tenable as a pious opinion, we are unable to see that it has arisen naturally, like other definitions of Œcumenical Councils, from the circumstances of the time. But be that as it may, we are unable to comprehend Rome as a system which is stationary.

We continue our quotation from Dr. Manning: 'The only system which is stationary is the Catholic Church. All around it seems to be in rapid and eccentric motion, like the meteors of last November.' Now, if the metaphor is worth anything, the rapidity and the excentricity of the orbits are just the indications of the beauty of the system of which they form a portion; but perhaps the Archbishop uses the term eccentric, (and his mode of spelling it leads to the suggestion), in the sense of *funny*. But then the metaphor must be given up. And then the comparison of the meteors of November seems to us a little unfortunate. The meteors may play an important part in discovering new light as to the regions of space through which this planet is moving, and are by no means the anomalous things that our author seems to imagine them. The plain truth of the matter is this. The Archbishop is ignorant of the veriest elements of mechanical and astronomical science, and had better abstain for the future from drawing his metaphors from these sources.

But now let us come to the real matter of the Preface, which, with all its faults of style, is readable and interesting. Dr. Manning lays it down as a kind of axiomatic truth that tradition, Scripture, and reason are nowhere in full application except in the Roman Communion, where they co-exist in full harmony as before the Reformation they co-existed in England. The harmony was not altogether unbroken, as the student of physical science may know by referring to the life of Galileo, and the absurd condemnation pronounced upon the doctrines which he was forced to abjure. We are not going to make the foolish mistake of supposing that Rome was for ever bound by the decision which emanated from the delegates of a single Pope. Still if we are to be accused because we cannot in all cases adjust the

limits of the claims of Scripture, reason, and tradition,—and in this respect we do not know that the Roman Church, since the Reformation, has made much more progress than the Church of England,—it seems at least fair to point out the delusion into which Archbishop Manning has fallen from his indulged habit of viewing everything Roman *en couleur de rose*. The author traces the downfall of Anglicanism in what appears to us a very strange method. He divides the period of three hundred years which has elapsed since the Reformation, into three portions; the first, which he calls the Traditional Period, lasting till the Revolution of 1688. During the second period, when the Scriptural element had the ascendancy, the Rationalistic element was gradually working. This began with the Revolution, and was overthrown in 1830. From that time the Latitudinarian school has been dominant, and gives every sign and promise of a complete final ascendancy. Now we do not know whether to call this ignorance or perverseness. It is so far from being the truth, that it is hardly at all like the truth. Surely the very idea of the Reformation in its first stage, and all the way down that dreary sixteenth century, and the beginning of the seventeenth, till Laud checked it, was that Scripture was paramount. The idea appears on the face of the Thirty-nine Articles. It was the view of things under which Henry got rid of his first wife, and married Anne Boleyn. It was this view which Henry would have pressed, if he had been forced to such an alternative, in appointing bishops without consecration. It was the hypothesis under which alone general councils could be admitted to have any value. The traditional element was as entirely gone from the view of Edward's and Elizabeth's divines as if there never had been any such thing. To the obscurity of the first three or four centuries of the Christian era they were indeed content to refer, feeling satisfied that there was not much to condemn them there, and that it made a good show to refer to the times nearest the Apostles, but they never willingly adopted this view, nor till pressed to it by their adversaries. Unintelligible as the view of settling things between individuals by reference to Scripture is to us in the present day, who have seen a hundred different sects making their confident appeal to the Bible in justification of a thousand contradictory statements—and the latest vagaries are those of Mormonism and Irvingism—the case was very different three hundred years ago, when the appeal to Scripture was in its infancy, and had scarcely produced any fruits at all, excepting the burning of a few heretics who had interpreted it in contradiction to certain Catholic doctrines. The Reformers were driven, as it were, unwillingly to rest the interpretation of Scripture on the early writers of the first few centuries.

Tradition, as the interpreter of Scripture, was the special and peculiar badge of the Caroline divines. It may indeed be said that they are the lineal descendants of Bishop Andrewes; but then it can hardly be alleged that Andrewes represented the theology of the Church of England at the close of the reign of Elizabeth. The process that has been going on is exactly the reverse of what Dr. Manning represents. The Caroline divines found that Scripture, in the sense of the Reformers, would not do. They were pressed by Puritan interpretations of Scripture, which they had the wit to see were nearly as good as their own, or at least would be thought quite as good by those who wished them to be true, and so they took the ground which has never yet been deserted by the Church of England, that the voice of the undivided Church must be considered decisive when it was to be found. We are not concerned now to defend or attack this view. All we insist on is that it is unfortunate for Dr. Manning's point that the historical course of the Church of England has not been what he fondly thinks it ought to have been—that it has been all along, from 1552, a process of recovery, instead of one of decadence. In saying this we of course are committing ourselves by implication to the statement that there were grievous deficiencies in the formularies, and equally grievous mistakes in the practice, of the reign of Edward VI., and there will be those who will be glad enough to carp at us as disloyal to the Church of England, just because we are so very loyal as to approve from our inmost hearts of every change she has made from that time to this. We are willing to admit that in the second stage of the English Reformation we are unable to find any person whose conduct we can approve of, or any result in which we can rejoice. Of the return to Roman obedience under Philip and Mary we are not now going to speak; but omitting this episode, and treating the history of the Church of England as it has developed since the separation from Rome under Henry VIII., every step that has been made is such as to represent the difference between Rome and England as less and less. We repeat, we have no sympathy with Edward's Second Prayer-book. We do not know why we should have any; it is quite a different book from the Prayer-book of 1662. There may be persons who regret that the word *minister* of this book has been altered into *priest* in our own Prayer-book. They may sorrow over the addition of the present words which are taken to imply the doctrine of the Sacrifice. They may wish that they could recur to the form, 'Take and eat this in remembrance,' 'Drink this in remembrance,' and may desire that they had it in their power to justify the rare celebration of the Holy Communion by falling back on a rubric

which directed that there should be no Celebration except there be a *good number* to communicate with the priest, according to his discretion, and to fortify their view of its being a mere commemorative rite by a rubric which denies a *real* and *essential* presence; and they may from various motives give their preference to other statements or implications of the Second Book of Edward VI. We are not attacking them, but humbly submit that those are more loyal to the existing Church of England who proclaim their adhesion to its existing Prayer-book, in preference to that from which it presents such remarkable alterations and to which it has added so much. Indeed there cannot be found a greater proof of vitality in the Church of England than her recovery from the deadness of 1552, first at the somewhat amended state of affairs under Elizabeth, and then at the great step made at the Hampton Court Conference, by the addition of Sacramental questions and answers in the Catechism; and still more at the important changes which followed the Conference at the Savoy in 1662. We say, then, that the traditional element which was violently ejected at the time of the Reformation, has been gradually and surely returning into the system of the Church of England. And this is the more remarkable because, amidst the countless sects into which the Protestant world of this country is divided, there is not one that presents any appearance of resemblance to this recovery. Tradition is alike the bugbear of Presbyterians and Independents, Quakers and Socinians. They have not the faintest inkling of understanding the appeal which the Church party has now for so many years been making to the voice of Christendom of the past, or to the decisions of an Œcumenical Council when such can be assembled together.

And now that we have taken the liberty of flatly contradicting Dr. Manning's assertion of the decline of the respect for tradition in the Church of England from 1558 to 1688, we will just stop for a moment to inquire what the phenomena are that he speaks of in such strange perversion of language. The appeal that was made by Jewel to the early Fathers in the impassioned sermon that he preached at Paul's Cross is well known. They were taken as the key-note of the English Reformation, and the argument was supposed, genuinely enough by himself and the other Reformers, to be unanswerable. They had to justify their position against modern innovations by an appeal to antiquity. It was a telling argument; and though Jewel was not learned enough or sufficiently well read in the first three centuries to know that prayers for the dead, the doctrine of the Eucharistic sacrifice, and other things that he did not believe, could be proved from them, he had read enough to know that

they did not contain anything very conclusive against the hypothesis which he adopted. Learning did indeed disappear from the Church of England, for the Church of England was herself all but extinct during the few years of Puritan ascendancy; but surely it cannot seriously be contended that tradition had gradually less and less weight assigned to it, when the names of Bull, Cosin, Thorndike, and Hammond are remembered, for the period of the Rebellion and the Restoration. As for the half-century that succeeded that, when the Church of England was again convulsed to its very centre, and seemed scarcely likely to survive the storm, Dr. Manning seems to be of opinion that the Latitudinarian divines carried the Church of England with them; whereas the fact is quite otherwise. We are not concerned to deny the evil fruits that the Protestant feeling of the country has produced in such abundance; but surely the prevailing view of the Church of England will be admitted to be represented by the various writings of Waterland, which belong to the first half of the eighteenth century, whilst the republication, in 1738, of all the controversial works of James the Second's time in the three ponderous folios of Gibson's '*Preservative against Popery*,' attests the value which was still supposed to be possessed by the argument from antiquity against modern Rome. Again, Bingham's '*Antiquities of the Christian Church*' is a work which shows that the clergy at least had not forgotten the idea of continuity as an essential element of the Church's existence. We confess we see no reason for taking Tillotson and Burnet as the representatives of the system of the Church of England at a time when Wake and Potter were living, just because these were at the moment in a lower station, from which they afterwards emerged to occupy in succession the see of Canterbury. The facts we have mentioned are evidence enough to disprove any gradual declension of the value of tradition in the eyes of English Churchmen. If Archbishop Manning feels inclined to attribute the deadness of religion through the dreary eighteenth century to the ascendancy of the ante-Roman view in this country, we would ask him to what he attributes the same phenomenon as it manifests itself simultaneously in the religious Communion which he wishes to uphold? We have said enough to show that the Revolution of 1688, whatever other damage it temporarily inflicted on the Church of England, did not drive out the traditional element from it; and if in the conflict with infidelity which occupied the latter part of the eighteenth century English divines were driven to the task of defending their religion by the aid of reason, we do not find that Roman divines of the period did much to aid in the victory which it is admitted the English divines achieved. All that

Archbishop Manning is able to see in this state of things is that in the Church of England 'it is certain that the school of tradition was finally overthrown by the school of private judgment. It lingered on in a few writers, and, for the most part, it went out with the Non-jurors, and with them it died.'

If the Archbishop had opened his eyes wide enough to take a comprehensive survey of the state of Christendom, instead of confining his attention to that of England only, he might perhaps have been able to attribute the universal decline of morals to other concurrent causes besides the prevalence of Protestantism. He seems to be in a state of blissful unconsciousness of the recoil upon his own head of the passages he quotes at second-hand from David Hartley's 'Observations on Man.' The author speaks of the decay of religion and corruption of manners as likely to issue in the ruin and desolation of the present States of Christendom. There is not the slightest appearance of his wishing to restrict what he says to Protestant countries. On the contrary, the mode of life which prevailed in the great towns of the continent of Europe, which were still Catholic, gives point and colour to the accusation he is making against the existing state of morals everywhere. Yet this decline in the morals of European Christendom is actually quoted by the author of 'England and Christendom' to prove that the decline of morals in England was owing to the throwing off the element of tradition which had survived through the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts to the Revolution. We will give it to our readers in the Archbishop's own words. After giving the quotation at length, ending as it does with the words: "All these things have evident mutual connexions and influences, and, as they all seem likely to increase from time to time, so it can scarce be doubted by a considerate man, whether he be a religious one or no, but that they will sooner or later bring on a total dissolution of all the forms of government that subsist at present in the Christian countries of Europe." With these words actually staring him in the face, the writer proceeds as follows: 'Thus much have I quoted in proof of what has been affirmed, namely, that the second collision of England with the Catholic Church in 1688 produced a far more violent recoil and a far wider departure from faith, than the first in 1562; and I do so for the purpose of showing that the tendencies of faith and unbelief at this time give reason to fear that another collision may come hereafter, of which the result would be a still greater recoil from faith and a wider departure from Christianity.' Let us hope that as Archbishop Manning has been so ludicrously mistaken in his description of the past, his sagacity in conjecturing the future may be as signally at fault. To do him justice, he does not

speaking very confidently about the future, and admits that his prophecy may sound strangely in the ears of those who entertain hopes and daily offer prayers for the conversion of England. He states the other side of the case with candour and fairness, with fewer solecisms of expression, and upon the whole, as it appears to us, more truly. He tells us that unbelief and immorality reached their climax about the middle of the last century; that from about the year 1750 men have been returning to the belief, first, that Christianity was reasonable, then that it was true, then that certain elementary doctrines such as that of the Trinity and Incarnation, and subsequently those of atonement, sacrifice, and grace, began to reappear; and with this remark he lands us at the year 1830—the commencement of that wonderful era in the Church of England, which in less than forty years has produced the extraordinary state of things out of which Dr. Manning's volume has arisen.

Let us take Dr. Manning's assertion for what it is worth—that the tone of the Church of England has been gradually rising since 1750. We are afraid we should hardly have ventured on a date so remote. But at least it is on his principles an absolutely inexplicable phenomenon that out of three centuries which ought to have been centuries of gradual decadence, a period considerably exceeding a hundred years should have been a period of growth and recovery. The Archbishop does not affect to conceal this view of the case. He dilates upon it, and, if anything, overstates the case. He traces the development of Anglican doctrine from 1830 in the Oxford movement, which gradually permeated the country; and if we cannot quite go so far as to think that a majority of the clergy were predisposed to receive its principles and spirit, yet the favour which this movement met with up to the publication of No. XC. of the 'Tracts for the Times' was certainly very wonderful. It was not perhaps to be expected that Dr. Manning should be much at home with the state of things which has existed amongst us since he quitted our communion. He does not appear to us to have formed any tolerable estimate of the immense growth of those principles and the greatly deepened hold which they have upon the affections of people since the disasters of 1844 set in. The movement at its commencement was too popular. There were many attracted to it because of its mere novelty, and by its offering a form of religion free from the ridiculousness of Puritanism; many took it up because it was manifestly the most intellectual thing going, and was headed by the first intellect of the day. But all was not right when the conversation at a ball in the intervals of the dances turned upon the revival of the daily service of the Church; nor was it to be expected that the

fever would be of long duration which prompted young ladies to rise at seven to go to church and on their return home to go to bed again to sleep till near mid-day. There was so much of outside about the movement in those days that there was wanted something in the shape of persecution or suffering of some kind or other to winnow the chaff from the wheat. And without doubt it came with unusual severity. First, the loss of the leader of the party detached all the merely intellectual hangers-on; the evident prospect of being left behind in the race of life, by the coming unpopularity of the system, shook off all who were lukewarm adherents; whilst a large number, finding that there was nothing to be made of it, without actively forsaking their friends, gradually subsided into neutrality, and have lived on ever since shutting their eyes to the controversies in the midst of which we have been living for these twenty years, or at least, excluding from their minds any consideration of the true issues of the case.

The result of the whole has been such an extraordinary development in the direction that Dr. Manning would most wish, that we should have expected nothing from him but a song of triumph instead of what is now like the wail of despair. But the Archbishop of Westminster, as we have already implied, seems incapable of holding two ideas together. We do not pretend to define his meaning when he protests that no 'consecutive mind' could follow such and such a course. But the chief reason of his arguments being so little consecutive seems to us to consist in this, that he is unable to entertain at once in his mind the whole of any given case. He wraps himself up in a part of it, which to himself is most striking, and he has not grasp of mind to comprehend the mutual relations between the parts. He sees the results of the trials on appeal before the Privy Council, which have been, with a single notable exception, such as to shew that anything is tenable in the Anglican Church, so far as the ability of the law goes to dispossess the holder of his preferment. It used to be said by that very comfortable class of clergy who held preferment which a little exceeded the limits of what the law allowed, that 'you could hold anything if only you could hold your tongue.' The aphorism has to be enlarged to meet the present case. To hold opinions in the Church of England, it is no longer necessary to be able to hold the tongue. Those who have spoken out the loudest against Church doctrine have been under one plea or another let off, and though they probably will live the rest of their lives under the suspicion of nine-tenths of the clergy and laity of the Church of England, they will remain in undisturbed possession of their preferment.

This is the point against the Church of England which the

Archbishop is perpetually urging. It is not for us to underrate its significance or importance. In the transition state through which we are passing, as friends and foes must alike admit, this is undoubtedly a most alarming feature. If taken by itself, the indications are as if indifference to doctrine had got hold of the clergy, and as if this must necessarily perpetuate itself by the aid which it is sure to receive from the ignorant and the worldly. There are still a sufficient number of good appointments in the Church to attract intellectual men, if they can once be made to understand that they are not bound to believe its formularies or doctrine. And the opening of the door at once admits this very undesirable class, and excludes all those who believe that the very opening of the door is itself equivalent to the denial of the faith once delivered to the saints. If the state of things which begun with the iniquitous decision in the Gorham case is to go on, and be perpetual, *actum est de Ecclesiâ Anglicanâ*. It is because we feel that this cannot be so, that we have hopes which are not dispelled by whatever number of adverse judgments are given in the Court of Appeal. For in truth, whatever be the weight of the argument against the Church of England from the decision in that case, it is not in the slightest degree increased by any judgment that has since been given, nor, we may add, by any that is likely to be given. That the Church of England is, in a legal point of view, tolerant of heresy, could no longer be denied after that trial. The 'one baptism for the remission of sins' was impugned and denied. The issue of that case proves that for the present a clergyman who is heretical on this point cannot be deposed unless the precedent thus established should be reversed on another action on the same count. The two doctrines on which so much stress has been laid, the inspiration of Scripture and the eternity of future punishment, are under the present view, and for the present argument, of much less importance, however far-reaching may be the consequences of any decision as regards them. They do not nearly so directly touch the foundations of the faith, and though they may confirm the Archbishop in the opinion which he seems to have formed instantly upon the Gorham case being decided, that the Church of England has no claims to his allegiance as a Church, they add absolutely nothing to the amount of argument adducible against her. That she is tolerant of heresy in any degree is as good an argument as that she allows it in any, however great a degree, and in how many soever instances. Let us fairly face the fact that the judgment protected a clergyman in actual heresy; and if the argument is on whatever ground resistible, that resistance, if successful, carries with it the solution of all difficulties of a similar kind that have since arisen. We have

no manner of doubt that it was the Gorham case alone that decided Archdeacon Manning, as indeed it did many others who did not act so precipitately as he did, against the Church of England.

The letter to an Anglican friend is the first of the four brochures which have been stitched together to make up the volume which is now entitled '*England and Christendom.*' It is dated March, 1864, and it tells the story of the author's conversion as distinctly as if it were directly intended to be a personal narrative. He has a vivid recollection of all the proceedings, and though there is not a word, and we honestly believe not a thought of egotism through the whole, we read there the whole history.

'Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.'

Seventeen eventful years and more have passed since the stirring period of the Gorham controversy. In his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter had wound up his telling philippic with the urgent appeal to his Grace, 'Call together your comprovincial bishops; invite them to declare what is the faith of the Church on the Articles impugned in the judgment.' The Bishop must have known well the fruitlessness of such appeal, but he had no resource left but to proclaim his unwavering faith in the decision to which the English episcopate would be directed. To us, looking at it at this distance of time, we must admit that we have little faith in what would have been the judgment of the bishops in the spring of 1850. We scarcely think it likely that after what had taken place, there would have been found even a bare majority of the bishops of the province of Canterbury, or of the united provinces of York and Canterbury, to give a flat contradiction to the judgment of the Court of Appeal on the Sacrament of Baptism. But even if there had been a bare majority who would have consented to decide in favour of a judgment which should contradict the court, it is certain that such decision would now have come to be looked upon as almost worthless, because representing nothing more than the opinions of a majority of individuals, who happened to have been raised to the highest stations in the Church. Neither would such a decision have at all satisfied those who had staked their belief on the issue of that case. The prevailing impression amongst Churchmen at that time was as far as we recollect something of this kind, viz. that unless there was a very general protest of bishops, as well as of the inferior clergy and laity, it would be difficult to divest the decision of the Court of Appeal of the apparent character which

it claimed of being the voice of the Church of England. The leading Churchmen of 1850 were, as they well might be, extremely perplexed at the unexpected position in which they found themselves placed. No one, till a few days before the issue, had any suspicion that so flagrant an injustice could have been committed by the eminent lawyers and ecclesiastics who composed the tribunal. The fact that such opinions as Mr. Gorham's, or at least opinions equally heretical, had ever been held with impunity in the Church of England had been urged, and was indeed the only ground on which the judgment could rest; but it was not expected that any such outrageous perversion of the plain meaning of words and super-jesuitical interpretation of statements, could commend itself to the eminent lawyers who sat upon the appeal, however it might fall in with the prejudices of the two weak prelates who occupied the chairs of the metropolitan sees. To use an expression more pointed than elegant, people were taken aback; nor was the judgment itself rendered more palatable by the fact that the presiding judge had, in the course of conversation, previously been heard to say with reference to the coming decision, and as it were in defence of it, 'But what is to be done with the Evangelicals? We can't afford to drive them all out of the Church.' Recent events would probably have shown that eminent lawyer that his fears were quite groundless; but the fears existed, and we have no doubt were the sole cause why the luminous judgment of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust in the case of the Bishop of Exeter *versus* Gorham was reversed, without so much as the faintest reference being made to the elaborate statement of the grounds on which that judgment was formed and pronounced. The decision was received with the utmost astonishment. And no doubt many who never acted as they thought they should have done, were under the impression that the Church of England was somehow or other committed to the doctrine of the Court of Appeal—followed as that decision soon was by the forcing of Mr. Gorham upon the diocese of Exeter. The view of such persons was that there must be a simultaneous rising of Churchmen to vindicate their Church, and to reassert the true Catholic doctrine of baptismal grace. And here, though it is a little off the point, we cannot forbear reminding our readers of the amazing argument of the court on the efficacy of prayer. We must in common charity suppose that Archbishops Sumner and Musgrave did not give their adhesion to the mode in which the judgment was fortified, though unhappily we are precluded by their own admissions from defending them from being participators in the judgment itself. The judgment speaks as follows: 'Those who are strongly impressed with the earnest prayers which

'are offered for the divine blessing and the grace of God may not unreasonably suppose that the grace is—not necessarily tied to the rite.' The line of separation, it may well be believed, does not appear in the printed form. We have added it to draw attention to the argument. We do not think Aristophanes himself ever produced so splendid a specimen of a *παρ' ὑπόνοιαν*. The Bishop of Exeter gives his account of the state of things which was then only incipient. 'Very serious doubts,' he says, 'have been raised in the minds of many, whether the Church, if she continued passive under this judgment, would not forfeit her claim to be a portion of the Church of Christ.'

This is the state of things with which the letter to an Anglican friend commences. The author was well qualified to describe the case, for it was the turning-point of his life. He was himself concerned in that declaration which was so carefully prepared and afterwards signed by about a dozen members of the Church of England, half of whose number subsequently seceded to Rome, and four of whom are still in the same position that they occupied then, five being no longer living. We need not enumerate all the resolutions that were then drawn up. The sting of the Archbishop's recounting of them exists in the first, which runs as follows: '1. That whatsoever at the present time be the force of the sentence delivered on appeal in the case of *Gorham v. the Bishop of Exeter*, the Church of England will eventually be bound by the said sentence, unless it shall openly and expressly reject the erroneous doctrine sanctioned thereby.' Whilst probably all who still remain in communion with the Church of England would agree in all other parts of these resolutions, they must,—while admitting that the allowing the contradictory of an article of the Creed to be held is a virtual abandonment of the article, and that any portion of the Church which abandons such article thereby ceases to be a part of the Catholic Church,—they must, we say, retract the opinion there expressed of the binding force of this decision on the Church of England. Not only has everything failed which was suggested in that protest, but Churchmen will probably rejoice in the failure of each suggestion that was made. An authoritative declaration by Convocation, if it had been made, would certainly have been made not unanimously but only by a majority, whether small or great; whilst a re-affirmation by the united episcopate would certainly at the present moment be considered of no value whatever. Churchmen of that day did not perceive—and how was it possible that they should guess—how things were moving. The silent growth of belief in the doctrine of baptismal grace would, if they could have foreseen it, have more than answered all their expectations. It is certain that any new declaration or re-

affirmation of a doctrine so plainly expressed in the formularies of the Church could have had no effect at all upon those who believed it, or on those who considered that disbelief in it was reconcilable with the claims of conscience. And though the theoretical difficulty still remains, we must for the present be hopeful in the *solvitur ambulando* process, which has so far outstripped all calculation. The party whose position was thought secured by the Gorham judgment, are almost extinct as far as influence is concerned. And an approach to something like orthodoxy of belief, as far as regards this sacrament, has been steadily going on for seventeen years. The Archbishop does not tell us who was the individual who addressed the rest of the signers of the document in the words: 'If then the Church of England shall not clear itself of the Gorham judgment, we are all, I suppose, prepared to leave it.' He says he also remembers the answer of one who spoke, he fears, also for others, viz. that, come what might, he had no intention of leaving the Church of England.

Now, Dr. Manning, if he was not the first of these two speakers at least highly approves of what he said, and mentions the answer not only with the view of reprobating it, but apparently as indicating the folly of a man who by his words must of course be supposed to have meant that he had an entire confidence in the Church of England. We do not presume to say anything in the way of justifying the expression taken in its exact letter, nor probably did the person who spoke the words mean more than that he felt a full confidence that under whatever difficulties and dangers she might have to pass the Church of England would eventually steer clear of them all; but we confess that we entirely disapprove of the hard and critical tone of the other speaker, who could deliberately stake the convictions of a life on the issue of a single case. It seems to us there could have been little of the tenderness of a son towards a mother, an allegiance very superficial and lightly sitting, which forcibly reminds us of the flippant and flaunting way in which some earlier conversions were effected, in the case of persons who laid down the law for themselves how they would interpret the formularies, apparently for the express purpose of using the refusal of their claim as the handle for quitting the Church of their fathers. It is not for us to judge others, but it has been gradually more and more deeply impressed on our minds as events go forward, how much more wisely they act who wait to see the end. It is of course possible that any one event may be like the last ounce which breaks the camel's back. And there are undoubtedly perplexities enough in recent affairs to make any one anxious about the future. But the condition of things

in 1850 was very different. The secession of Dr. Newman had taken place some time before; and the startling effect of the loss of that master mind had been in some degree recovered. There had been no alarming appearances. And though probably the feeling of most of those who sympathize with this Review was quite the same as that experienced by those who seceded soon after or consequently upon the Gorham trial, it seems to us certain that many of those who then left us would have been with us still if they could have known the wonderful growth of the Church of England, which was to be developed in so short a space of time as fifteen or sixteen years.

A remarkable instance of Dr. Manning's one-sidedness occurs in his description of the attempt made by Blomfield, Bishop of London, to amend the Court that had been considered to make such a frightful blunder. He quotes the expression of a right reverend prelate that 'many gems in the Church of England would fall from it,' and the reply made by Lord Carlisle that the gems must be loosely set if they could be so lightly shaken off. The reply was an obvious one, and savoured of the good sense characteristic of the speaker; but Dr. Manning can see no other point in it than to accuse those who have remained in their position of having been too firmly riveted in the Establishment. He cannot bestow a thought upon the nature of the tie which seems so strong. He would not accuse them of acting from motives of worldly interest. And what, then, is the account to be given of the divergence of their course from that which the writer has himself adopted? And here the Archbishop is mute. To him it is simply inexplicable.

In these days of rapidly passing events, when all but the most recent things slip the memory so quickly, it is well sometimes to recur to the history of the early times of the great movement that for forty years has convulsed the Church of this country. We can now see in the past how short-sighted would have been the policy some of us would have adopted. Who would dream now of supporting such a bill as that brought in by the Bishop of London, that the doctrinal and the legal view should be taken apart, the latter being consigned to the judges of the Privy Council, whilst theology was relegated to the bench of bishops. A more suicidal measure for the Church party could scarcely have been devised; yet the measure found favour with many Churchmen of the day. Lord Brougham made use of precisely the same arguments as would be used by Churchmen of the present day, with the exception that he was too polite in the House of Lords to put the question which we now feel we should answer in the negative, 'Suppose that all the bishops of the Church of England should decide unanimously on any doc-

trine, would any one receive the decision as infallible?' He contented himself with the more practical argument—more practical, that is, because founded on a more probable conjecture—that the decision of the bishops would not be thought much of, on the ground of its representing only the opinion of a fluctuating majority.

The failure of this bill, which Dr. Manning, with the singular infelicity of diction which characterizes this volume, speaks of as 'an overwhelming rejection,' is made the most of as shewing the acceptance on the part of the Church of England of the appellate jurisdiction of the Crown. He goes the length of saying that no further attempt has been made to mend it, (but then he is writing in the spring of 1864, and perhaps hardly would have penned the sentence exactly in the same words if he had been producing it for the first time in 1867); and then continues, with an exactness of logic which exactly matches the grammatical precision of the previous statement, that appeals must be settled within the four seas, or they must be carried beyond them. This, no doubt, is an unexceptionable dichotomy, but now for the conclusion, 'that is, the Church of England has no choice for its final appeal but the Crown or the Holy See.'

Dr. Manning is extremely hard to please. He first finds fault with the Church of England for not speaking out, and when she does speak out the matter is only made worse. He seems to make the most of the Church of England having spoken in Convocation on other subjects, but taunts her with not having given an utterance on the Gorham controversy. Does Dr. Manning affect to doubt what would be her utterance as to the grace of baptism? If he does, he can know little of the mind of Convocation. If he does not, we wonder that he does not graciously condescend to admit a truth which he evidently thinks his argument is so strong as to be able easily to dispense with. As it is, he dilates upon the plain fact that the Church of England has not specially spoken on this subject for thirteen years. Does it occur to him to imagine that the reason of this may perhaps be, that the subject has not turned up at all for thirteen years? and can he carry his mind one step further, and recognize that the reason why it has not turned up is this, that the Evangelical clergy even have begun to see the truth on this point, and that the small and uninfluential section of them who still disbelieve the plain statements of the Book of Common Prayer, would be somewhat afraid to express themselves openly in the heretical language of Mr. Gorham, albeit that language is sheltered beneath the broad shield of the judgment of the Court of Appeal.

After having dispatched the subject of Baptism, the Arch-

bishop of Westminster proceeds to the doctrine of the Eucharist. And there he states very fairly that Archdeacon Denison has had to acquiesce in the position that his own view of the subject is regarded as tenable, whilst others more or less contradictory of it are likewise held in the Church of England. Dr. Manning does not take advantage of the circumstance which some people may regard as a doubtful advantage, that no trial on the merits of the case took place. But he might have spared all allusion to the recent trial on the case, if he had contented himself with remarking, what nobody would have been able to gainsay, that two very different views have all along been held on this subject within the pale of the Church of England with entire impunity.

Dr. Manning concludes his catalogue of telling facts against the Church of England with the Jerusalem bishopric, the prevalence of rationalism at Oxford, the sitting of Jews in Parliament, the alteration of the marriage law, Dr. Colenso's permission of polygamy, and the acquittal of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams; neither does he omit to notice the attempt at united action where such action was possible between the two parties of the Church, when the doctrine of future punishment was impugned. He adds, also, his fears that Dr. Colenso is but a type of the 'educated English layman.' On this latter point we can assure him that his fears are quite groundless. Nevertheless, it seems hardly possible not to add, what we heartily wish fact would not permit us to add, that the number of English who disbelieve the supernatural is by no means equal to that of other nations where the Roman Church has its full sway. If all this condition of unbelief has arisen in England from the principle that the Bible, and nothing but the Bible, is the religion of Protestants, from what principle, we ask, has the same state of things, if not a much worse one, arisen in France and Italy and Germany? We are as much opposed to the so-called principles of the Reformation as Dr. Manning himself can possibly be. It is no new thing for this Review to protest that we do not believe either in the doctrines or the characters of the Reformers. We take our stand on the Prayer-book of 1662; or if we must go back to an earlier period for our theology, we shall take the liberty of referring to an earlier century than the sixteenth.

Dr. Manning seems to think it preposterous that any minds should be able still to entertain the idea that there is something divine in the Anglican system, after meeting with such rebuffs in courts of law as have befallen its cherished doctrines. But in truth the real state of things amongst us has not been altered. The legalization of certain errors has not created those errors, it has but sanctioned what already existed; and indeed the re-

actional growth and spread of orthodox doctrine since the first apparently fatal decision in the Gorham case, is by far the most remarkable feature of the whole case. We suppose there never yet was an opinion arrived at which flew in the face of that common-sense which all mankind possess, which did not recoil with ludicrous and disastrous effect upon the heads of the dishonest persons who professed to have formed it. We confess that we were not surprised at the humiliating confessions made in the House of Lords only a few weeks ago with regard to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Common-sense had been outraged, and she resented her rights; and perhaps the ludicrousness of the whole affair reached its climax when a noble lord admitted that though the whole thing had been silly, he was not ashamed of the part he had taken in it, because it was a necessity of the moment. In the same way, the outraged doctrine of baptismal grace has been ever since vindicating its claim in the eyes of English Churchmen. That which Dissenters without a particle of knowledge in theology proper have all along seen and reprobated in the English Church, the inseparable connexion of the outward and visible with the inward and spiritual, has come at last to be recognised, in some modified sense at least, by nearly all who have studied their Prayer-books. The Gorham case has secured an extended acquiescence in the true doctrine of baptismal grace, and has perhaps also been the cause of its subsiding into its proper place in the analogy of the faith, just at the very time when there seemed to be some danger of its occupying comparatively too large a share of persons' thoughts in the economy of grace. It is premature to prophesy what will be the probable effect of the decision in the case of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Williams. But at least there are no symptoms of any considerable party acquiescing in the non-inspiration of Holy Scripture, though of course the teaching which explains away the punishment of sin has affinities which attach it very closely to the natural instincts of the sinner. We will say no more here of the latter awful doctrine, as its discussion scarcely befits an article such as this, but we may hope that the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture may also fall into something like its proper place, now that the minds of people have been directed towards its consideration. One thing is certain, that the general tone of theology in the English Church has been rising each time there has been any change in its formularies and authorized prayers, and that this improvement has been going on with a rapid acceleration during the last few years. Any one who has lived a few years either in the colonies or on the Continent, must have marked the changed aspect of our churches and their services on his return. Dr. Manning has, in another part of

this volume, attempted to discuss this amelioration of tone; but he has, as might have been expected, done it but partial justice. He has commented upon the increased number of Celebrations and other services, but he has said less than it merited on the subject of the devoted and self-sacrificing lives of the English clergy; and so long as these present the marked contrast which is visible between them and the mode of life adopted by, alas! many of the converts to Rome, we think the cogency of the Archbishop's representations, or misrepresentations, will be alike unavailing.

And this leads us on to notice the third of the pamphlets in this volume, which consists of a letter to Dr. Pusey, on 'The Workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England.' The marvellous gifts of God's grace that have been of late years developed in the Church of England, certainly have to be taken into consideration by both friend and foe, in any argument which touches upon the question whether she is or is not an integral part of Christ's Holy Catholic Church. It may, indeed, be scarcely possible for friend and foe to view the subject in exactly the same light, and Dr. Manning bridges over the difficulty by laying down the axiom that 'The operations of the Holy Spirit of God have been from the beginning of the world co-extensive with the whole human race.' This axiom, which is fortified by references to Suarez, and other great authorities, is brought closer home to the point by the admission of the validity of the baptisms of members of the Church of England, in whom, therefore, more than in heathen nations, will be manifested the fruits of the Spirit. These preliminaries being settled, the author is enabled at once to be liberal, and to allow, what of course is undeniable, a large visible amount of the workings of the Holy Spirit in the Church of England, at the same time that he peremptorily refuses to admit these as in any degree evidencing that it possesses the character of a Church.

But, after all, Dr. Manning does not at all grapple with the supposed case of the Church of England. He is not intentionally unfair; for he himself allows that this argument of the workings of the Holy Spirit outside the pale of the Church is as applicable to Dissenters as to members of the Establishment. Yet the heading and title of the whole letter is eminently calculated to mislead. We were led to expect that some account would be given of the singular beauty of character developed of late in the Church of England; a beauty which admits, as far as we have been able to judge, of no parallel or resemblance at all, amongst bodies of Nonconformists. There may be perhaps two accounts to be given why the grace of humility, for instance, or that of self-sacrifice, has shone so conspicuously amongst

those who have been educated in this system. But Dr. Manning has not given us the account which, on his own showing of denying it to be any part of the Catholic system, he was bound to give, if these graces truly appear in Anglicanism in a more exalted form than amongst other bodies of schismatics. He does not indeed in terms deny the fact that we are alleging, but he virtually ignores it, when he says that he is far more able to assure himself of the invincible ignorance of Dissenters as a mass, than of Anglicans as a mass. And surely if the comparison he is instituting on this ground is really between Dissenters and Anglicans, specially so called, the following assertion can only be explained on the supposition of a very confused and illogical mind in the writer. He says they, *i. e.* Dissenters, 'are far more deprived of what survived of Catholic truth; far more distant from the idea of a Church; far more traditionally opposed to it by the prejudice of education; I must add, for the most part, far more simple in their belief in the person and passion of our Divine Lord. Their piety is more like the personal service of disciples to a personal master, than the Anglican piety, which has always been more dim and distant from the central Light of souls.'

This sentence either indicates a most disgraceful ignorance of facts, or a prejudice which is more disgraceful than ignorance; whilst in the instances which are brought to support the assertion, we do not know whether the statement of the facts, or the relation in which the seventeenth century is made to do duty for the nineteenth, is the more comical. 'Witness Jeremy Taylor's works, much as I have loved them, compared with Baxter's, or even those of Andrewes, compared with Leighton's, who was formed by the Kirk of Scotland.' The Archbishop is certainly in an awkward dilemma. It would have been quite safe to allow the superior piety of Anglicans to Dissenters, for he himself admits that Anglicanism contains more of truth than Dissent does; but if every effect must have a cause, he is certainly bound to explain why the contradictory of this proposition holds good, as he asserts it does.

Further on, in answer to the harmless idea put out by one who had criticised his former pamphlet, that he wanted to reduce things to the alternative of Catholicism or Atheism, Dr. Manning appears entirely to misunderstand the accusation. He must have read the 'Analogy,' and no one would think it a disparaging description of that work to say that it was intended to take away the logical defence of Deism, and drive the Deist into Atheism. Bishop Butler knew that people cannot rest in Atheism, but they will try to rest content with Deism, and probably a more convincing *argumentum ad hominem* was never penned than that celebrated treatise. Had Dr. Manning intended to show that he

who could not embrace Roman Catholicism, ought consistently to go on towards Atheism, the argument would have been perfectly legitimate, though probably it would not have been very convincing. 'It would be,' he says, 'both intellectually and 'morally impossible, to propose to any one the alternative of 'Catholicism or Atheism, and that apparently because the Holy 'See has pronounced that the existence of God may be proved 'by reason and the light of nature.' That it can be so proved, surely affords the very best reason why it may be safe to push a disputant to a position which is so utterly untenable.

We really cannot understand either the arguments or the illustrations of the Archbishop of Westminster. He makes the supposition of a believer in Christianity who rejects Catholicism, and says the position is 'an inclined plane, on which, if individuals may stand, generations cannot.' This is the first instance we have ever met with of an inclined plane on which the force of gravity requires time to initiate motion in a body placed upon it. We have before noticed the strange anomalies of this writer's metaphorical language. As we shall not recur to the subject, we may just observe that 'light culminating to a focus' is also a new idea to us.

The remainder of the letter is devoted to an examination of the opinion that 'the Church of England is in God's hand the great bulwark against infidelity in this land.'

Dr. Manning neither sees that it is the bulwark, nor will he admit apparently that it acts as a breakwater. He can only regard it as 'the mother of all the intellectual and spiritual aberrations which now cover the face of England.' Who, or what, then, we ask again, is the parent of all the infidelity of the continent of Europe? 'Anglicanism is the source of all religious error in 'England, because it appeals from the voice of the Church 'throughout the world, and so sets the example to its own people, 'of appealing from the voice of a local and provincial authority.' The description of Anglicanism (as it exists, that is, in Dr. Manning's mind) follows. It is in these words: 'The whole 'idea of theology, as the science of God and of His revelation, has been broken up. Thirty-nine Articles, heterogeneous, disjointed, and mixed with error, are all that remain, 'instead of the unity and harmony of Catholic truth.' Here, then, are two statements brought into close connexion, forming part of an argument against the Church of England, of which we shall make no other remark than that the first is unproved and that the second is manifestly false. The writer would be the last man consciously to attempt anything unfair, but his bias is so strong that he is absolutely unable to be fair. And here again we meet with a recurrence to his favourite topic, of the comparison of

Nonconformists with Anglicans, only here the Archbishop contents himself with placing them on an exact level, with a slight hint, that if anything a preference is due to the Nonconformists, because they have not produced any works like the 'Essays and Reviews,' nor criticised the Bible in the style of the Bishop of Natal. One may perhaps be excused for suggesting the doubt whether the particular style of education, or rather of want of education of Dissenters, has had anything to do with so remarkable a result.

We remember being especially struck by hearing a lecture on the 'Essays and Reviews,' by one who has deservedly obtained a great reputation for knowledge of language, and we suppose may be regarded as a first-rate intellect among Nonconformists: we mean Mr. Craik of Bristol. And it was evident that he thought that he was fairly answering Dr. Williams' and Mr. Wilson's essays; but it was equally evident to any one versed in controversy, that he did not so much as understand the terms that these writers used, when speaking of the doctrines of antiquity as compared with what has been held by modern Protestants.

At the conclusion of his letter, the Archbishop of Westminster, without becoming unkind and possibly without becoming egotistic, becomes somewhat personal. The remarks under this head are drawn out by Dr. Pusey's letter of Feb. 17th, 1864, to the *Record*, calling on all true sons of the Church of England to repudiate the judgment of the Court of Appeal, especially that part of it which concerned the denial of the eternity of future punishment. The Archbishop had commented on this as not in harmony with Dr. Pusey's ancient practice, and provoked some notice from Dr. Pusey. Of this he says: 'You say in your note (page 21), kindly but a little upbraidingly, that my comment on your letter to the *Record* was not like me in those days; forasmuch as I used then to join with those with whom even then you could not.' And so Dr. Manning speaks of his old friend as having drifted backward from his old moorings, whilst fully admitting that he has himself been carried onward in a totally opposite direction. It is too delicate a subject to say much of in a Review. It would hardly be safe to speak of individuals and their characters, or to estimate the consistency of their conduct under altered and trying circumstances. We may, however, without uncharitableness say, that we see in Dr. Manning's history of his past career, an illustration of his present attitude. He has moved from one position to another, and all his vehemence is directed to prove the untenableness of the last post he occupied before quitting the Church of England. He certainly is not liable to the charge of saying hard or unkind things of those from whom he now differs, but to judge from

the style in which he writes, no one of the converts to Rome has undergone a more complete revulsion of feeling.

The second of the essays reprinted in this volume is entitled 'The Convocation and the Crown in Council.' We have not much to say upon this essay, which is as it were a continuation of the subject begun in the letter to the same friend, written four months earlier. The burden of the first letter, however, was that Convocation had taken no steps in the Gorham case; the key-note of the second is an attack on Convocation after it has spoken out on the 'Essays and Reviews.' Still we must do this essay the justice to admit that it rakes up the whole case that can be made against the Church of England, and represents every anomaly in its constitution in so very pointed a manner, as somewhat to belie the often-repeated assertion that the writer is far from rejoicing over the issues that are befalling her. Indeed we do not know why Dr. Manning should so earnestly rebut this accusation. In his circumstances, and with his views, it is scarcely possible but he must rejoice in that which must appear to him the immediate forerunner of her entire dissolution. If he thinks as he says, that the Church of England, so far from being a bulwark against the inroads of infidelity, has floated before it, surely he is bound as a good Catholic to hope and to pray for its speedy extinction. But be this as it may, the second essay in this volume represents the whole case as against the Church of England of the present day, in as striking a light as it well can be represented. It is in truth so well represented that it is only wonderful that any educated person can remain in a communion so manifestly proved to be outside the pale of the Church. The misfortune of the case is that the Archbishop tells the story exactly as an Anglican might have told it. We mourn over the thralldom of the Church, the apparent inconsistencies in which she is involved, and the many other concurrences which he has enumerated circumstantially. And yet we do not come to his conclusion. And simply for this reason. He has stated one side of the case. The other side has no attractions for a convert to Rome. And in the first place we may observe, that every point against the Church of England that is so mercilessly urged against her by her enemies, might have been urged with as great force before as after the recent judgments in the Court of Appeal. It is true no one would have beforehand expected such judgments to be given. Nevertheless, it was always possible that such should be given. They do not place the Church in a worse position than she was in before; they do but bring out into strong relief the weak points in her position. It is not as if they constituted an era in the existence of the Church, a crisis at which it became people to act and judge

decidedly because they have been taken by surprise. That they indicate a weakness in her present condition of alliance to the State is undeniable. But as everybody knows that the union with the State is not of the essence of a Church, and as every one can see that these adverse judgments are owing entirely to the accidental circumstance of that union, it surely is a point of practical wisdom to wait and see the end. The changes through which the Church of England has gone have been so remarkable that it would be impossible to predict what may still be coming upon her. Some crisis is no doubt at hand. Humanly speaking, it is undoubtedly conceivable that the worst fears of her sons or the worst hopes of her enemies may be realized; but the upward direction in which she has been so long steadily moving, naturally makes us hopeful for the future. The improvement in every direction within the Church has been so marked that, to state it at its full, we should seem almost to describe it in the past as having forfeited its character as a living branch of the Catholic Church. What the second Prayer-book of Edward VI. was as compared with the Liturgy of 1662, the state of the Church of England in the eighteenth century is compared with what it is now in the middle of the nineteenth. We have already said that the Gorham judgment has exercised the wonderful effect of spreading the orthodox doctrine of baptismal grace throughout the whole country. There is another point which the judges in that trial insisted upon, which we think is fraught with important consequences as yet undeveloped. It is not likely that the judges in that court would have liked to decide that Eucharistic Adoration was compatible with English formularies. But

‘Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.’

The very condition which the judges made in the Gorham case, apparently for the express purpose of comprehending the party whom the common-sense interpretation of the formularies of the Church of England refuses to hold, will bind their successors in the trial of Eucharistic Adoration, if ever it should come before them, to admit an interpretation which will be maintained by too large a number of adherents to allow of their being excluded. And now we shall be told that after all, supposing such should be the issue, it amounts to no more than a bare toleration of these views as matters of opinion. And indeed this is the exact point which Dr. Manning works with such great effect, representing the Church of England as being the city of confusion, in which truth and falsehood are alike tolerated, and arguing that that cannot possibly be any part of the Church of Christ where heresy of any kind is tolerated.

The argument, no doubt, is plausible, and to a regularly educated Roman Catholic would, without doubt, appear conclusive for the claims of Rome as against England, even were he ever so much disposed to favour Anglican claims. But it deserves to be considered that if this were absolutely conclusive, it was just as conclusive at any given period since the Reformation as at the present moment. Whatever were the advantages derived from the Reformation in Henry the Eighth's reign or in that of Elizabeth, in the point of view from which the Church party regard matters there has always existed this evil. A Protestant party, who to our apprehension have not much standing-ground, have held their own in the Church, and, sheltered behind the Thirty-nine Articles, have been able to make out a case which, we freely admit, on the surface of the Articles, and omitting all consideration of the dogmatic teaching of the Prayer-Book, would be quite tenable in most of its points. That it has stood its ground so long is mainly owing to the ignorance and defective education of the clergy. The absurdities of the Evangelical system, which have been propped up by a traditional hypothesis which has hitherto placed a barrier against the incursions of reason and of common-sense, have already given way, and amid the fray and in the battle-field in which theology and rationalism are fighting a deadly fight for the possession of the vantage-ground of the English Church, their place is nowhere to be found. It has been said, and with some semblance of historical proof, that Anglicanism has stood its ground by opposing Rome. It is certain it will do so no longer. The party whose whole tactics consisted in holding up Roman doctrines which they entirely misunderstood and misrepresented, to the abhorrence of Englishmen, is nearly extinct. It will never again play any part in the history of the Church of England, except, indeed, in petty wranglings amongst its own members over portions of exploded controversy. But its actual existence will continue as long as the Thirty-nine Articles remain part of the English system, for the reason we have already given, viz. that a *primâ facie* view of the Articles is in their favour.

Now, in replying to the Roman attack upon our position, it would be absurd for us to put in the plea that we had reached a final state of perfection, or something as nearly like perfection as can be obtained by a National Church. Whether or not this was the view of cathedral dignitaries of a bygone age, whose sermons seemed to us always to begin either with the words or the sentiment, 'It is the wisdom of the Church of England,' &c. we need not stop to inquire. Certain it is that this is not the standing-point on which the Church of England can take up her position for all time to come. We have before said, and we

confess we think it is the only plea on which our position can be justified, that we are in a transition state. No one, we suppose, would contend now that the Church of England sprung suddenly in the days of the Tudors into a perfect state of development, as Pallas was fabled to have sprung from the head of Zeus. No doubt the view under which the publication of the volumes of the Parker Society was undertaken, was something of the kind, but the people who believed in the Reformers do not seem to have cared to spend much time over their works. We never yet saw a copy of this celebrated series, which is now bought at waste-paper price, but what might fairly have been described in an advertisement as in an uncut state. There is indeed at the present moment an attempt to raise the battle-cry for the principles of the Reformation, and the truths for which our forefathers in the Protestant faith were martyred. But it does not meet with much sympathy. Those who know anything of history know that neither the men nor the principles will bear very close inspection. For good or for evil, the retrograde motion from those principles must be admitted to be a fact by those who have read the accounts of the Hampton Court and the Savoy Conferences, under James I. and Charles II. We shall hear for the future, fierce denunciations from two opposite quarters, of the bigotry and intolerance of the Reformers of the sixteenth century; whilst on the side of the third party, who will attempt their defence, there will be the faint admission that after all they were but fallible men, who cannot be trusted for every point of doctrine, nor justified in every practice of morality which they advocated. We may safely affirm that their day is gone by. And when this has come to be admitted on all hands, as soon it will be, people will begin to see the absurdity of tying down the intellects of people who have succeeded them after an interval of ten generations, to their opinions or their statements. For many years past it has been proclaimed far and wide that people do not choose to be bound by their opinions, and in the inevitable march of events the time cannot be far distant when it will be seen that no defence of subscription to their statements can be maintained. The first critic who shall take upon himself the office of dissecting the Thirty-nine Articles, with the view of exposing their misstatement of facts, their irrelevancy to the present state of opinion in England, or their inefficiency in restraining Roman practice on the one side, or Calvinistic heresy on the other, will probably be found to have much of the argument to himself. Public opinion will follow slowly in his train. And the Church of England will gradually be influenced by the tide of opinion. She cannot remain stationary. People will judge of the movement differently, according to the position from

which they view it. It will seem to Dr. Manning that she is consistently moving onward in the direction of latitudinarianism and general scepticism. To us it seems that she never had so Catholic a tone or such Catholic tendencies as at the present moment.

The present generation may perhaps see the actual or at least the virtual abandonment of the Thirty-nine Articles, by the common consent and united efforts of Churchmen and Latitudinarians, and the next will probably witness the last struggle between the two parties for the possession of the Established Church.

ART. VII.—*History of France under the Bourbons.* By C. D. YONGE. London: Tinsley, Brothers. 1866. Vols. I.—IV.

A MORE complete and definite subject than that treated of in these portly volumes cannot be found in the whole domain of historical research. It presents a drama that appears constructed in obedience to the severest laws of antiquity. Æschylus might have found in it a trilogy ready shaped for arrangement; the sublime humanity of Sophocles, or the passion of Euripides, might have adapted it. We are not insensible to the fact that we justly expose ourselves to the censure of reviewing, as a whole, an unfinished work: for Professor Yonge is yet a debtor to the public to the amount of two volumes. This, however, is one of the points on which our author seems to us to have betrayed a want of judgment, and a failure of historical instinct. We are not in the least degree hinting that the 'France under the Bourbons' is too voluminous—that the projected six might have been concluded in four tomes. We neither hint nor think this; but we hold, that with the young Martyr of the Temple, the dynasty of the Bourbons, properly speaking, determined; that the Constitutionals of the Restoration, who had been in the day of agony the betrayers, as far as in them lay, of the throne, through their own revolting selfishness, were but Bourbons by accident. They neither embodied the traditions nor represented the principles of France or of Henry IV.; and therefore they might have been well left unnoticed in a work treating, not of the French under the Restoration, but of France under the Bourbons.

Professor Yonge has not made in the present work his first literary venture: he has already given to the world 'The History of the British Navy,' which has been well received, and enjoys an honourable repute. He writes in a calm and unimpassioned style; and his page breathes more of Stanhope than of Macaulay. Our author thus creditably fulfils one of his professional duties, for he is Regius Professor of History in the Queen's College of Belfast. But he is also Regius Professor of English Literature, and we heartily wish we could say that his sentences were as easy and grammatical as his sentiments are philosophical and deliberate. A professor of English literature ought, by all 'the branches of learning,' to write good English. In saying this, we hope we are not adding to the wrongs of Ireland: anything that will justify some new form of Fenianism, or lead to some

fearful quotations from the Psalms. Sentences whose clauses are coupled together by 'and which,' are not positively ungrammatical, but they are next door to it. The following may be Queen's College English, but, be Canterbury's Dean the witness, it is not Queen's:—

'He was known by sight to the deputations from the most distant provinces, for he had reviewed them in a body the day before, when several had been separately presented to him, towards whom for once he had discarded his habitual reserve, assuring them of his fatherly regard for his subjects, not only with condescension, but with cordiality.'—Vol. iv. p. 236.

Or again :

'By the side of Descartes, Mirabeau was now laid with a pomp which was not, in the eyes of his countrymen, more extraordinary in that the grief which had dictated it was for the time real, than because it was the first instance of honours being conferred on a man whose acts had been those of peace, which had previously been reserved for the heroes of the sword.'—Vol. iv. p. 264.

Perhaps something *might* be made out of these lines if tried diagonally. Or again :

'Louis, who had refused to let them die for him, having only given their death the additional sting that it had been no service to him.'—Vol. iv. p. 425.

Is this a sentence?

'The only reduction of expenditure which the minister could devise being one which he made the Assembly demand of him, as such, the demolition of those fortresses which were not required for the defence of the frontier, the real inducement to this measure being the degree in which it would weaken the governors of the central provinces, and prevent them from hereafter becoming formidable to the crown.'—Vol. i. p. 273.

Sentences which consist of absolute clauses loosely strung together are the worst possible specimens of English composition, and the very last to be expected from a professorial desk. We have taken at random but a few out of very many like instances which we noted as we read on ; but these are enough to justify the judgment we have formed. Nor would Professor Yonge misapply his time by giving some attention to the pruning of his sentences. He knows, no doubt, better than we do, that the law applies to prose as well as verse, which demands us to clear our sentences of the *verba lassantia aures*. Yet we prefer withal Mr. Yonge's negligence to the affected and ambitious style so common in our day.

There is one omission of our author's which we must point out, and at the same time endeavour to supply. A history of France under the House of Bourbon might have been fittingly introduced by a sketch of the history of that family. It was the oldest sovereign dynasty in the world, except one case. It

has given to Europe more than one hundred sovereigns. As itself a reigning family in France from the accession of Henry IV. to the commencement of the Revolution, it maintained its position for two hundred years. Here is one of the many points of resemblance between the Bourbon and Stuart Houses. It is easy to trace out more fully the historical parallel. We shall only add here, that the founder of each House died a bloody death, and both families were driven into exile. Historical research has not yet settled the question as to the origin of the race; whether the first known Count of Paris, the Butcher¹ Capet, was an illegitimate descendant of Charlemagne, or of the Lombard kings. The House of Capet, which takes rank as the third dynasty of France, reckons fourteen kings who reigned during the 336 years from 987 to 1323, when Charles IV. was succeeded by the first king of the House of Valois, Philip VI. The real founder of that House was Philip I. or the Fair, who by consequence was also founder of the first House of Orleans. This Philip was *fourth* in the succession of the House of Capet. The *seventh* in that succession and 160 years later than Philip, was Saint Louis. Robert, Earl of Clermont, was his sixth son. This Robert married Beatrice of Burgundy. The son of Robert and Beatrice was Louis I., the immediate founder of the House of Bourbon. Louis had two sons. The line of Peter, the elder, became extinct in the celebrated Constable Bourbon, who was killed at Rome in 1527. Of the younger line the eighth descendant was Henry IV. the first king of the Bourbons. Henry's brother, Louis, the younger son of Antoine de Bourbon and Jean d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, was the founder of the Houses of Condé and Conti, whose members styled themselves also De Bourbon and D'Enghien. The House of Bourbon is the fifth dynasty of France, and to Louis XVII. inclusive reckons six kings. In the six generations from Louis XIV. not one Dauphin became king. We readily arrange that period of 200 years into three divisions, marking the rise of the House of Bourbon under Henry IV. and Louis XIII, its noontide glory under Louis XIV, and its decline and political extinction under Louis XV. XVI. and XVII. The fatal House of Orleans has a like history. The third king of the House of Valois, and by a singular coincidence the first Dauphin, was Charles the Wise, whose great grandfather had been first Count of Valois. This Charles V, or Le Sage, had two sons. The elder, Charles VI, continued the royal line to Charles VIII, the last of the race, from whose invasion of Naples Hallam reckons the commencement of Modern History. Charles V. had a second son, Louis, who was the

¹ Dante, 'Purgat.' c. xx.

founder of the FIRST House of Orleans, Orleans of Valois and Angoulême. Louis again had two sons: Charles, second Duke of Orleans, whose son Louis XII. (husband of our Henry VIII.'s sister) was the only King of *France* of this branch of the House of Orleans. Louis XII. had a daughter, Claude; the first duke's second son was John, Count of Angoulême, who was father of a Charles, Count of Angoulême, who again was father of Francis I. This Francis I. married his third cousin, Claude. The grandson of this union, and the last king of the House of Valois, was Henry III, on whose assassination, Henry of Navarre became king. The House of Orleans thus extinguished, the title was revived in favour of Jean Baptiste Gaston, the elder of the sons of Henry IV. by Gabrielle, his favourite mistress: the title did not survive him. But his daughter, the 'grande Mademoiselle,' bequeathed her own title and immense possessions of Montpensier to the founder of the THIRD and last House of Orleans, who was Philip, second son of Louis XIII, and younger brother of Louis XIV. Of this third House there are six generations; the second prince was the celebrated Regent, who on the death of his uncle Louis XIV, for eight years, as guardian of the great king's grandson, was virtually King of France; and whatever his own character might be, very far from being its worst king. The last three princes of this third House of Orleans were the pious Louis Philippe I, who retired into a monastery; his son Louis Philippe Joseph,¹ who, in the subsequent extinction of all titles, more from necessity than affectation, adopted that designation of *Egalité* under which he has achieved an immortality of infamy; and lastly, the son and indefatigable accomplice of *Egalité* in every conspiracy against the throne and life of his kinsman, that Louis Philippe III. D'Orleans, the French citizen king, whose ignominious expulsion from a basely-usurped throne we have had the great privilege of witnessing. If ever there was an instance where a prince might have pleaded the sorrow and the shame of the past as a bar to his acceptance of any throne, it was this case. But in this dark romance and tragedy of family hate and disaster, it would be unjust to ascribe to the House of Orleans the sole pre-eminence in baseness. Let it never be forgotten that Monsieur—afterwards Louis XVIII.—was the earliest as he was the most inveterate enemy of Marie Antoinette; of her who, alone among the Bourbon queens—and, to the greater condemnation of that House, the women were almost invariably pure and womanly—was blessed with a husband wholly loyal to her; of her who, above all the women of her time, by the

¹ He married, the daughter of the Duke de Penthièvre, whose elder and reprobate offspring, Prince Lamballe, dying early, left behind his widow, the celebrated Princess Lamballe, of Savoy.

baptism and the cup was brought into the most intimate fellowship of the sufferings of her God.¹

The assassination of Henry III, the last prince of the House of Valois, opened the way for the accession to the throne of Henry of Navarre. The moment was critical in the extreme. The known attachment of Henry to the Reformed religion was calculated to intensify rather than abate the troubles which France had been so long suffering from—troubles whose origin is exclusively ascribed to differences in religion. The most prominent person of the day was in fact the Queen-mother, who, during the reigns of her two sons, Charles IX. and Henry II, during the childhood of the one, and the absence of the other in his Polish kingdom, under the name of Regent had virtually been sovereign. There can be little doubt that Catherine de Medici was a very able woman: if posterity has magnified her wickedness this cannot be a matter of surprise, when we have the authority of Louis XIII. for the statement that she is chargeable with procuring the death of Charles IX. Most probably we have exaggerated her ability and her wickedness. She did not care for France; she cared for power and for political intrigue; and it was owing to the indulgence of this passion of hers that her favourite son was driven from his capital, and forced to make peace on the terms offered by his subjects. From *personal* intrigue she seems to have been quite free; and though she was atrociously careless about wasting human life, she must be acquitted of the guilt of originating the S. Bartholomew massacre. The idiosyncrasies of the Italian character led her to cultivate craft rather than force, and to calculate in her treatment of the religious factions of the time, not what would promote the interests of truth, or her own convictions, but what would most surely establish her own authority: indeed the massacre of S. Bartholomew must not be regarded as an isolated fact in the history of the French nation. From the days of the Armagnacs to those of the July Barricades, if we may not indicate a still later event, assassinations on a grand scale and an organized system have been the invariable concomitants of every political change in France, of every *coup d'état*. Long before there could have been any hope or prospect of Henry abandoning the Calvinism in which he had been bred up, it is indisputable that his own life and that of his mother was saved

¹ We may perhaps remind our readers that the last surviving child of Louis and Mary Antoinette, was the *Filia Dolorosa* of the Temple. She, at last set free from her prison wholly destitute, eventually married her cousin, the Duke d'Angoulême, the eldest son of her uncle, Louis XVIII. This Duke abdicated all his rights in favour of his nephew, the Duke of Berri, who was assassinated. The eldest son of the Duke of Berri is the Count de Chambord, *soi-disant* Henry V.

by Catherine. She gave the Protestants the Convention of Amboise. It was through her intervention that Henry and Jean D'Albret were extricated from a plot which had been formed, the design of which was to deliver them up to Philip of Spain. She died shortly after her great enemy Guise had perished by a Protestant dagger; this was on January the 5th, 1589. In the following August her unhappy son, advancing to the siege of Paris, was hastened into eternity by the dagger of the Dominican monk, Jaques Clement. It is one of the many coincidences of this remarkable history, that it was one whose name in after years was painfully identified with that of the greatest monster of the Revolution, who matured and organized the assassination of the last Valois king.

For it was a Duchess of Montpensier who quickened the murderous zeal of the monk by the promise of favours, of which it is said she even granted him a foretaste: whose only regret when the deed was done was that the king had died without knowing that it was she who had prompted it; while his Holiness, in consistory, compared the duchess to Judith or Eleazar, and the exploit itself he placed on a level with the Incarnation and Resurrection of the Redeemer.

Religious animosity ran high in that age, but in France there were two causes which gave it a peculiar vitality and bitterness. In no other country were the two parties—Catholics and Reformers—more nearly balanced than they were in France, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

When, in 1560, Coligny presented to the Assembly of Notables at Fontainebleau, a petition from his brother Huguenots, he affirmed—

‘That he could within a few days have easily procured 50,000 signatures to it; and the Duke de Guise admitted the correctness of his assertion, while professing to see in it only a menace to the King, and a proof of the danger which might arise from the toleration of so numerous a body. Two even of the prelates of the Church, Mordlin, Bishop of Valence, and Marillac, Archbishop of Vienne, were notoriously inclined to the new doctrines, a feeling which was shared by a very large portion of the educated classes throughout the nation,¹ for the Reformation in France had this peculiarity also, that it worked downwards; that its first and most numerous adherents were made, not among the humbler classes, but among the rich and fashionable; they, indeed, being those who had suffered most from the exactions of the Catholic priesthood. The Royal Family itself furnished some converts. Queen Margaret, sister of Francis I, had been a zealous protector of the new religion, and had her daughter, the mother of Henry IV, in it; it invaded even the nursery of Henry II, where the youthful Duke d'Anjou, afterwards Henry III, staunch Romanist as he became in his manhood, compelled his brothers and

¹ Coligny, on a previous occasion, reckoned them at 2,000,000, capable of bearing arms: Catherine, at even more than half the educated classes.

sisters to use Huguenot prayers, and to sing Marot's psalms. Secondly, among the chief princes and nobles, the contest between the two religions was also a struggle for political power.'—Vol. i. p. 7.

From the eight desolating wars of France, inevitably issuing from this state of things, it was the happy destiny of Henry IV. to deliver the land. He had already, overborne by the threats of Charles, given a kind of promise of conformity, and on the death of Henry had fully resolved to return to the Church. His own party, interested in his welfare, felt that the preservation of his throne depended on his taking this step. His government has derived additional lustre from the services of the great minister, Sully. Professor Yonge is happy in his personal sketches; here is his delineation of the greatest man in France, after the king:—

* The Baron de Rosny,—or to give him at once the title by which, as Minister, he is best known, though it was not conferred on him till some years later, the Duke de Sully,—was the second. After the accidental death of his brother Louis, the eldest son of the Baron de Rosny, a nobleman of moderate estate, but of so ancient a family that his son, in describing his descent, and tracing it up to "the Ancient House of Austria," is at some pains to explain that he does not by that expression allude to the Hapsburgh branch, but to the old house of De Coucy. His father had adopted the doctrines of the Reformers, and having bred up his son in the same opinions, took him, when only twelve years old, to the Court of the Queen of Navarre, and there presented him to Prince Henry, who knowing the esteem which the Queen, his mother, felt for the baron, at once promised him his protection, and took him into his service. As he grew up, the young Rosny seems to have conceived a strong personal attachment to the Prince, which was cordially returned; though, at first sight, it would have seemed that no master and servant could have been more dissimilar in tastes, pursuits, and general character. Henry was jocund; Rosny was grave. Henry was licentious; Rosny, in a libertine court, preserved the strictest morality. Henry was indifferent to religion; Rosny's convictions on that subject were so strong, that no personal consideration, no apprehension of danger, no prospect of advantage, could induce him for a moment to palter with them. They were both brave,¹ and both indefatigable men of business, but they had no other points of resemblance; and the constancy with which the King supported a Minister who, far from flattering his foibles, had often the courage to tell him disagreeable truths, and even to thwart his wishes, must be attributed to his deep conviction of Sully's worth, capacity, and fidelity to his own best interests, which is equally honourable to both. Previously to his appointment as Superintendent of Finance, Sully had been chiefly known as an artillery officer, in which employment he had so greatly signalised himself by science and skill, and likewise by indomitable courage, that on the death of M. de St. Luc, who was killed at Amiens, Henry would at once have made him Grand Master of the Artillery, if that post had not been begged by Madame de Liancour for her father. Subsequently, when it seemed essential to put that arm on a better footing, a task quite beyond the capacity and vigour of the old Marquis, Henry arranged that Rosny should

¹ It is said that our own great Duke felt much pleased at the likeness observed by the painter between his profile and that of Henry of Navarre.

purchase the offer of him, to which he himself subsequently added the honourable post of Governor of the Bastile. But before this occurrence he had become aware of his still more peculiar talent for finance. We have seen that, when impatient for the recovery of Amiens, it was to Sully he confided the task of providing the necessary funds for the campaign; and when on the establishment of peace he resolved that the very first employment of his undisputed authority should be the placing of his pecuniary affairs on a better footing, he intrusted the whole finance of the kingdom to his superintendence. Having himself a genius for organization, he formed a Council, allotting a separate department to each member, as is done in modern Ministries, of which he then gave the first example. No Prime Minister was made, but it was soon understood that the chief authority belonged to the Minister of Finance: and his colleagues were M. Villeroy, as Secretary for War and Foreign Affairs; M. Bellèvre and Tillery, who divided the Home Department between them; and M. Jeannin, who may be called the Diplomatic Secretary. But Henry himself was very regular in his attendance at these meetings, and reserved to himself the final decision of almost every affair of moment. And in relating the transactions of the remainder of his reign, there will be but little occasion to mention any one but himself and Sully. Sully, who has left us a copious and entertaining account of his life and administration, speaks of himself as endowed with a strong constitution, capable of great toil, as naturally inclined to find his chief pleasure in a steady application to business, and as having made accounts and matters of finance his favourite study. And it was fortunate, indeed, that he had such a disposition, for the task which lay before him was one that nothing but the most indomitable industry, united to the clearest intellect and the most perfect familiarity with economical details, could possibly have brought to a successful conclusion.'—Vol. i. p. 139.

Thus Henry, generous in character and illustrious in wars, and the deliverer of France from the revolutionary violence of Religious Terrorism—a terrorism which in another form was to sweep away the altar and the throne—had the further and singular felicity, unknown to any after prince of his house, of being assisted by an administration which added to consummate ability an incorruptible integrity. All the after Ministers of the crown, the Fleurys, Turgots, and the Neckers, if conscientious, were devoid of true political interest and courage, while the Dubois and the De Briennes, if able, were notoriously corrupt or studious of personal aims, like Richelieu and Mazarin. But all that the heroism of the King—for, measured by the standard of his age, heroical he was, though our author will not say so much—and the wisdom of the minister could accomplish, was in the end rendered nugatory by the vicious self-indulgences of the King. Following the royal precedent, the licentiousness of the court was universal, and exceeded even the worst habits of the previous reigns. In a history like that now under review, the thoughtful reader will ever look onward to the end from the beginning. And Professor Yonge points the true moral of the reign of the Bourbon king in the following judicious sentences:—

'Henry, adding to sensuality the practice of gambling for enormous

stakes, and selecting as his chosen companions, not his old comrades, nor those who had proved faithful servants to him in time of danger, but either very youthful nobles, or still more frequently, men of low birth and rank, whose position did not entitle them to any admission whatever into the royal circle. The court had been no school of virtue for many generations, but it was Henry who established vice in it as its permanent inhabitant, fixing his mistress in apartments side by side with those of his wife. It is his pernicious example in this respect, followed as it was too faithfully by his grandson and subsequent descendants, that undermined that best safeguard of the throne, the virtue of the people; and the atrocities and wickedness of the Revolution of 1789 are but the consistent crowning consequence of two centuries of profligacy and impiety.—Vol. i. p. 173.

The wars of Henry IV. had weaned the people from the odious cruelties which Henry III. had practised, but on the return of peace returned the passion for duelling; and in the ten years which followed the peace of Verona, at least 2,000 gentlemen had been slain in combats of this kind. Are we at liberty to see in the peculiarly disastrous form of the death with which Henry III. and Henry IV. were visited, an appropriate visitation for their exceptional criminality in this respect? The long-wronged Queen, as well as Henry himself, knew that it was predicted by the astrologers that his life would be imperilled at some public solemnity where he would be found in his carriage. The Queen's coronation was fixed for May 10th, 1610. He was himself oppressed with dire forebodings, which Sully so fully shared that he urged him rather to let the ceremonial proceed without him, or to postpone it, and take care not to enter a carriage for some time. But this he would not consent to do. Driving in his carriage with seven of his chief ministers, at a narrow passage of the street he was twice stabbed by Francis Ravallac. No motive for the crime is known, although he was of course at first accounted the agent of some influential person, perhaps the Queen. It is another of the curious coincidences in this history, that this Ravallac is described as a petty lawyer, the almost uniform description under which we are first introduced to Robespierre. The Regency of Mary de Medici deserves no particular notice. She administered her trust with more vigour than might have been expected from what we learn of her during the lifetime of her husband. Her accession to power is noticeable as connected with the convocation of the States-General for the last time till the outbreak of the Revolution. Those who advised the last of the Bourbon kings of France to convene this body, referred to this gathering, and proposed it as their model. Yet it is remarkable,

* Especially if the scantiness of our information be compared with the fulness of our own records concerning our Parliaments of the same date that neither the political antiquarians of 1789, nor subsequent historians

have been able to ascertain either what was its composition, what its method of procedure, or even what was the constitutional limits of its authority. We do not even know who the electors were, nor who were qualified to be elected. And the little that on these points is certain would lead us rather to conjecture that there were no settled laws by which these matters, all-important as they practically were, were regulated. The Deputies represented three classes—the clergy, the nobility, and the commons, or “*Tiers Etat* ;” the representatives of the former being nearly equal in number, 140 for the clergy, 132 for the nobles; but of those of the last class being more numerous, and amounting to 192. But, when we examine the returns from the different provinces, we cannot reconcile the numbers, and much less the proportions, with any conceivable rule or principle. Dauphiné returned no more than 11 members; Provence only 16; but Burgundy sent 39. Again, in Provence, the nobles equalled the representatives of both the other classes put together; in Burgundy the commons outnumbered the clergy and nobles in almost the same proportion. There was another striking contrast: among the representatives of the clergy, nearly half were chief dignitaries of the Church—bishops, archbishops, and cardinals; but the nobles sent scarcely a single great lord, and the representatives of the Commons were equal to theirs in official position, and generally in birth, being commonly the younger brothers of noble families, and being also nearly all employed in the administration of justice, or in departments connected with the finance of the kingdom, a position which must have placed them to a great extent under the influence of the Crown. It should be added that the University of Paris advanced a claim to be specially represented, but could only obtain leave to draw up a *cahier*, or statement of grievances, such as the different committees, into which the whole assembly was divided for the purpose of work, were also to frame. Since it is certain, as has been pointed out before, that the States had no legislative authority, the whole of their power seems to have been limited to that of remonstrating against abuses, and praying the king for their redress, in much the same manner as the convocation among ourselves is allowed to proceed at this moment; and it was hardly conceivable, that any practical result of importance could ensue from the deliberations of an assembly whose functions were so restricted. But even had they been as little limited as those of the English Parliament, before they could bear any permanently useful fruit, there must have been a certain agreement between the three orders as to their objects, and a certain unity of action in the pursuit of them. But, instead of this, the thing first, and throughout the whole proceedings most visible, was the jealousy that each order entertained of the other. The Nobles disdained the Commons; the Commons, though humble in their language to the nobles, were secretly indignant at their arrogance, and not less at the grasping character which was betrayed in many of their propositions; and both were suspicious of the Clergy. A dispassionate observer of the present day can perceive that these jealousies were justified, since each class sought only its personal interests, and not one took a large or impartial view of those of the State, or carried its aims beyond the present moment. The Clergy demanded the publication and uniform observance of the decrees of the Council of Trent, thinking that this would involve the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and would compel the king to fulfil his coronation oath by a real extermination of heresy. The two orders, from different motives, resisted such an establishment of the authority of Rome in the kingdom; and, pointing out the immorality and grasping character of all ranks of the clergy, bade them rather reform their lives, and renounce their pluralities; and though before the close of the

sittings, the Nobles, being offended at the attacks made on them by the Commons, withdrew their opposition, the Commons maintained theirs successfully to the end; and, following in this the lead of the University, recommended the assertion, as a fundamental law of the constitution, of the doctrine that, "as the King held his crown from God alone, no power on earth, either spiritual or temporal, had any rights over his kingdom, nor could attack his person, nor absolve his subjects from their fidelity to him." This proposition, again, as being aimed at the Papal pretensions, and as containing a plain allusion to the murders of the last two kings, both of which were attributed to the Jesuits,¹ the Clergy resisted with all their might, denouncing it as an introduction into France of the English oath of abjuration. They re-asserted the supremacy of the Church over the State in the fullest manner, and threatened to retire and place the whole kingdom under an interdict, if the proposition were persisted in. The Commons complained also of the number and amount of the pensions chargeable on the revenue, and demanded a diminution of them as indispensable to a reduction of taxes, which they also represented as indispensable. But the Nobles, who were more open than either Clergy or Commons in the pursuit of objects purely and undeniably selfish, positively refused to join in this demand.'—Vol. i. p. 208.

This valuable extract shows how ripe already for revolution was the whole kingdom. We have here a marvellous anticipation, and specially in the passage we have placed in italics, of the actual state of French society at the time of the great final outbreak, when the selfishness of Sansculotism avenged itself on Authority. But we have to note a remarkable difference when the States-General were convoked in 1789. The most remarkable thing about it was the portentous absence of all intellectual power. No one seemed to rise above the level of a very miserable mediocrity, if we except Mirabeau. Yet Mirabeau was little better than a blustering political quack, who by the mere force of unblushing and unparalleled audacity achieved an authority which, had his life been prolonged, he never could have maintained. All the political knowledge and skill belonged to others. His independence was all his own. It needs no statesmanlike intuition and little promptitude to stimulate the delirium of a complacent mob. We might justify ourselves for believing that the reverse of all this was to have been anticipated. Philosophism, Voltairism, and Jean-Jacquesism had carried the nation to the highest heights of illumination; and the very class who were most honoured with this lore, was that predominant Third Estate which produced to astonished Europe and all posterity only the light wit of Camille Desmoulins and the frigid common-sense of the vain and one-thoughted Robespierre. But the last known meeting was of a very different character in

¹ When Jean Chastel, in 1594, he being a student of the Jesuits' College, attempted in the Louvre to assassinate Henry IV, the Jesuits were banished the kingdom, and Henry declared war with Philip of Spain, as the person chiefly and notoriously responsible for the political doings of the society.

this respect, and 'especially among the Commons,' whose President was the impassioned orator Miron. At the close of the session, when each body deputed its spokesman to present their grievances to the King in person, the chosen representative of the clergy was the young Armand Jean Duplessis Richelieu, Bishop of Luçon. His elder brother had held the same See, and on his retiring to a Carthusian convent, Armand, abandoning the army, became a priest. He devoted himself to rigorous study and argumentative eloquence; and by falsifying his age to the Pope, he succeeded in procuring a dispensation from those impediments which prevented his taking immediate possession of the bishopric which was waiting for him. After his investiture he confessed his sin, and was absolved, while his Holiness expressed no indignation at the fraud, but rather admiration of his ingenuity. 'The new bishop was a youth of rare genius, but astute and crafty.' He had already acquired repute as a preacher. His remarkable speech on this occasion lasted an hour and a half; and it is scarcely to be credited, that the drift of it was that the King should preserve unabated the authority of the Queen-mother, and that an ecclesiastic should be admitted into the council of the King. The dissolution which then took place was fruitful in disturbance and general discontent. The result might have been foreseen. In a little time Richelieu became Prime Minister, succeeding as evidently to the politics of Henry IV. as Napoleon succeeded to the Robespierrian throne. In 1622 he had been created a Cardinal through the influence of Queen Marie, and in despite of the King's opposition. In the spring of 1624 he was reinstated, but without office, in the King's council. He was appointed on the commission, and by virtue of his office he took precedence of his colleagues to negotiate the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Henrietta Maria; thenceforward he gradually engrossed all the influences of the council. What the aims of his ministry were are well stated:—

‘His first object was the diminution of the power of the House of Austria in both its branches, Spain and the Empire; and it was a power which the statesman of that day might well think it a paramount necessity to guard, extending as it did over nearly the whole of Europe, except France, the States of the Netherlands, which had recently thrown off its yoke, and one or two Italian Principalities; while to these territories were added the most valuable portions of America, and the settlements (at this time a part of the Spanish dominions) in India. Yet, as prudent as he was energetic, Richelieu did not contemplate involving his own country in war; he knew that she required peace to develop her resources, and trusted for a time to his diplomatic talents to persuade other nations to fight her battles. And with these views, though himself a prince of the Catholic Church, he did not hesitate to encourage the Protestant party in the empire, pleading that he had been a Frenchman before he was a

Churchman, and that as such his first duty was to succour and support the allies of France. One of them, as has been seen, was the Duke of Savoy; and as there could hardly be a greater damage done to the Spaniards than what could be inflicted by cutting off their communications with Italy, he sent an army to accomplish this.'

The siege of Rochelle, which revealed the breach between France and England, is an important event in the ministerial life of Richelieu. It was in vain that the Duchess de Rohan—the anecdote is valuable, as displaying the temper of royalty at this time—entreated permission for herself and her daughter to leave the city. The starving wretches who tried to escape were either driven back, or hanged, or penned between the besiegers and besieged; while 'Louis, from an apartment which looked 'over the fosse, feasted his eyes on their agonies, and mocked 'their last moments with unkingly taunts.' In the hour of victory Richelieu behaved with well-calculated moderation. The Huguenots—whose power was thus effectually broken—received better terms than they expected; and although the fortifications were razed, and the old religion re-established, they were left unmolested in the enjoyment of their own profession. Richelieu, in his honest dealing with Louis, whom we are told was 'good-natured, chaste, and brave,' but 'hasty, irritable, and capricious,' exhibited great honesty; and equal foresight in his anxiety to create a navy, and reorganize the army. He was now preparing to renew the war, and set in motion the coalition he had formed against the Empire. On the 21st of November, the King, by edict, appointed Richelieu Prime Minister, 'an office hitherto unknown.' A few weeks later he was declared 'Lieutenant-general, representing the person of the King,' while the further style of Generalissimo was given him to mark his superiority in rank to the Marshals. In this new character he led into Piedmont across the Alps 40,000 men. He was perhaps the last cardinal who personally headed an armed force, or held or exercised the office of a military commander. He led his men in person, armed as a General, and wearing a plume like that of Henry IV. Perhaps this was more becoming than following the style of the great Spanish politico-ecclesiastic. It was in the negotiations for peace at the close of this war that Richelieu saw, admired, and drew into his service the Papal Legate's internuncio, Giulio Mazarini, better known by the French name of Mazarin, to whose restless activity and zeal Europe was indebted for the peace. Meantime the illness of Louis had nearly ruined the cardinal. The hatred felt for him by the two queens was very great; and, yielding to their solicitations, Louis determined on the dismissal of Richelieu; but the Queen-mother did not follow up her victory. That same evening—the

evening of a day known as the 'Day of Dupes'—saw Richelieu again in power; and at last she felt it necessary to fly from France. After ten years' exile, part of which was spent in England with her son-in-law, Charles I. the unhappy Queen died of fever at Cologne,—'fever brought on by chagrin and 'privation, a few months before the death of the minister who 'had crushed, and the one who had deserted her.' But if Richelieu successfully crushed the rebellion of D'Orleans, he forfeited his claim to the gratitude of France, by involving her, through his engrossing desire to humble Austria, in the thirty years' war. The ambition of the cardinal added thirteen years to that lamentable visitation. But nothing was gained either of further honour for the Minister or of glory for France. Louis was a mere puppet in the hands of Richelieu. He acted as a clerk to the cardinal, copying his letters. He was reconciled to his wife, or he parted from her, at his command; and the succession to the throne was decided by Richelieu's resolution to exclude D'Orleans. Still the policy of the Minister expressed the will of the King. The misery and privation which existed were not shared by either. Richelieu had now amassed an enormous fortune, a great part of which he was spending at the Palais Cardinal, the reversion of which he had given to the King, on the sole condition that it should ever afterwards be the residence of the French monarch. It has been since known as the Palais Royal. But if Richelieu and Louis were unfortunate on land in their attempts against the Empire, they were more fortunate by sea; and the first efforts of the French navy directed against Spain were crowned with two victories. The closing years of his life, if embittered by conspiracies and plots of assassination, were cheered by the victories of Harcourt; and the cardinal, of whom our author happily observes that he combined much of Strafford and Chatham, though in truth more successful than the one and more enterprising than the other, had the unique distinction of naming his successor; and Mazarin was installed on the evening of the day when Richelieu died. Unlike Sully, Richelieu left the people in misery and partial insurrection, and he was in fact a large contributor to that great funded amount of wrong which was to be dealt with in the next century. Of the despicable King himself, it is well said that—

'To the commanding genius of Richelieu he owes it that posterity has not assigned him a place among the worst of kings; but though in a constitutional monarchy, like that established among ourselves, the posthumous reputation of a sovereign must in a great measure depend on the actions and wisdom of his councillors, an absolute monarch cannot be allowed to shine by a borrowed light. To say that such a prince was

absolute over the rest of his subjects, but a slave to his minister, is to say that he was a nonentity; and he who is such as a king can hardly fail to be worse as a man.'—Vol. i. p. 367.

The handsome presence, the insinuating address, and the personal homage he paid to herself, induced Anne of Austria to nominate Mazarin as her minister, although he had been the *protégé* of her enemy, Richelieu. But Mazarin had been able to satisfy the Queen that his methods, if not always his objects, were different from his predecessor's; and he had already proved his value by giving advice which she adopted, to which advice she was bound to ascribe the ease with which she succeeded to the Regency. Mazarin, if too tricky, ignorant of history and the French tongue, narrow in intellect, and a cheat at cards, was a shrewd judge of men, and indefatigably industrious. His main defect was his inability to appreciate the importance of finance. The squabbles which arose between the Queen and Parliament, resulted in the outbreak of the Fronde, and the rise of Gondî; who, although Archbishop of Paris, aimed at being a demagogue, and proposed to himself as a model no less a leader than the foremost criminal of Republican Rome. 'And never since the time of Catiline had a man been seen more qualified to play that dangerous part with effect.' (ii. 59.)

Our author's comment must surely have been made in ignorance of the real character of Catiline and his designs. Archbishop Gondî was in truth a very paltry rascal, who certainly succeeded in making himself master of Paris, inciting a civil war, and driving Mazarin for a time from his post. He was the only man of his party, it is admitted, qualified for a political position, but he injured his influence with the faction by his attempt to seize the Queen. Subsequently, the Queen and Mazarin condescended to negotiate with Gondî, with the view of alienating him from D'Orleans. At last he attained the wished-for purple, and became Cardinal De Retz. When the Cardinal and the peace returned, and the young King was restored to Paris, his first act was to send De Retz to Vincennes, while Orleans and his daughter, De Montpensier, the 'grande Mademoiselle,' who had lately figured as another Joan of Arc, were banished from Paris; and so the last embers of the war of the Fronde were extinguished. It had lasted for ninety years since it was first kindled by the massacre of Vassy. This war did more than any other incident in the French history to harm the character of the French, to embitter class against class, and to justify the despotism of the great monarch. Many years afterwards Louis required the Parliament to erase from their registers every record of the pretensions they had put forward during the Fronde.

The attitude which Louis XIV. thus assumed towards the Parliament, at the commencement of his reign, is to be carefully borne in mind, and is in fact the key to all the subsequent despotism. This part of Mr. Yonge's work is the most valuable by far, and will repay an attentive study. We have most of us grown up under the most wonderful delusions as to this Bourbon. A little nearer study and closer analysis exhibit him as perhaps the very greatest impostor of history. Literature and arts may be fostered by a king, but he cannot create them; and it is to the happy accident that the most illustrious writers of France arose during his reign, who hid in their robes the meanness of his form, that the original delusion has become traditional. Early in his career we find him engaged in the following ignoble negotiation, and inaugurating at the commencement of his reign a policy the direct reverse of that which he pursued at the close. Condé had offered from Spain to recover Calais for Cromwell, to turn Protestant himself, and to retain the French Huguenots, if the Protector would only become his ally. But—

‘Cromwell, who was a shrewd judge of men and of affairs, doubted the power of the Spaniards to make him master of Calais; he had no opinion of the value of Condé as a convert; and Mazarin's proposals seemed to him both more advantageous and more trustworthy. The Cardinal proposed as the price of an English reinforcement to Turenne's army, to employ the combined force partly in the reduction of Mardyck and Dunkirk and to give them both up to Cromwell; and engaged likewise to expel from France the Stuart princes, whose establishment in a country so near the English shores was a constant source of uneasiness to the usurper. No stipulation could possibly have been more shameful for Louis to adhere to. On the downfall of the royal cause in England, Charles had naturally sought an asylum at his Court, as that of his nearest relative. Beyond mere shelter they had received but little; they were allowed to remain so destitute of ordinary comforts, that the Princess Henrietta had at times during the cold weather to remain all day in bed, because her mother, a queen, and daughter of Henry IV, had no means of procuring fuel for a fire; and more than once they had been indebted to Gondi for supplies of money for the purchase of ordinary necessities. But in spite of the unroyal privations to which they were exposed, they had behaved with great loyalty and discretion during their sojourn in France. Charles had frequently joined the King's army during the troubles of the Fronde, and the Duke of York was at this very time serving under Turenne. Cromwell's hands, on the contrary, were red with the blood of Louis's kinsman, under circumstances which, as we have seen, had shocked even the very men who were in rebellion against Louis himself; yet Louis for a trifling reinforcement to his army was now made to discard the murdered sovereign's family, and even seemed eager to give *his* alliance with *his* murderer an appearance of unusual cordiality, by the extraordinary honours which he paid to *his* son-in-law [each *his* here italicised refers to a different person], who came to Paris as his ambassador, and by the magnificent presents he sent to Cromwell himself.’—Vol. ii. p. 158.

Peace at last was concluded in 1658, and Louis, now twenty years of age, proceeded to select a mistress and a wife. The

niece of Mazarin was fixed upon by Louis as a bride; and this union was only obviated by the strong opposition of Mazarin himself. His subsequent marriage with the Infanta Maria Theresa brought on the delicate question of the Spanish succession. Two brothers, the elder only two years old, alone stood between the Infanta and the Spanish throne. When he agreed to renounce all claims on Spain and its Italian provinces, Louis endeavoured to exclude the Netherlands; and when he yielded on this point, he did so meaning to break his word: and he justified his detestable hypocrisy by the declaration that the Spanish plenipotentiaries by the very wording of the deed showed that they did not expect that he would keep his word. It is true that King Philip himself had said that the renunciation was mere nonsense, and that, in the event of the death of his sons, the right of his daughter was inalienable. The marriage, which took place in 1660, was attended by two events full of good omen for the new reign: Condé was reconciled to his royal kinsman, and Orleans died. How little Louis deserved even the character for courtesy and good breeding which has been ascribed to him may be gathered from the incidents recorded in connexion with the death of Gaston. On the visit of condolence to the daughter, he made the whole subject one of ridicule; he 'selected as his chief topic of conversation the appearance that his brother would make the next day at his funeral, with a cloak reaching down to his heels, the delight which he felt at the event which occasioned his wearing it, and the hopes which he entertained of succeeding to the vacant title and appanage of Orleans.'

The following year Mazarin died, after a life exposed beyond example to the fury of his enemies. He left France triumphant, her influence and prestige strengthened and increased by the peace which he had concluded. But 'he had so completely engrossed the proceeds of the revenue that the Queen herself was dependent on him for her pocket-money, which he reduced to an amount considerably below the allowance assigned to former queens, and which she found inadequate to the calls made on her. The greater part of what was thus saved went into his own coffers; and no man in any country or age has left behind him such enormous wealth. It could only be counted by millions.' Louis having declined to accept it as a legacy, Mazarin bequeathed it all to the Marshal de la Meilleraye, the husband of his niece, Hortense Mancino.

Mazarin had named Colbert as his successor, to Louis. But the King, now twenty-three, who could read, but hardly spell, who knew nothing of the history or resources of his kingdom, who knew nothing of literature or art, resolved upon being his

own prime minister. The Home and War departments were given to Le Tellier, a valuable statesman; and finance was superintended by Fouquet till his place was filled by Colbert. It was the misfortune of Fouquet to have provoked the ill-will of the King by paying his addresses to the La Vallière who had already attracted the notice of Louis. Louis, surmising that Fouquet's accounts might justify when investigated a prosecution for peculation, handed them over for inspection to Colbert. The result was as he had anticipated. Louis punished the presumption of Fouquet by the impeachment of the minister, and he was condemned to perpetual banishment, with confiscation of all his goods; nor did Louis forgive the presiding judge, through whose firmness Fouquet was saved from death. Colbert, his successor, reflected the mind and carried out the expensive plans of Louis. He reduced no taxes; he added taxes on the importation of articles of food; he imposed heavy duties on the export of grain; and the inevitable consequences were found during and after his administration, in the daily increasing misery and poverty of the people. When he had been in office twenty years, he laid before his sovereign a Report, of which this—the excessive misery of the people—was, he considered, the most important fact of all. The illustrious Vauban, fifteen years afterwards, drew up another statement, 'which presents 'probably the most deplorable picture of universal misery that 'has ever been drawn of any civilized nation.'

The measures with which the name of Colbert is connected, and the credit of which, if in any way traceable to any other person, may be perhaps due to Mazarin, but certainly was in no way due to the king, were the following:—He established a strict scrutiny into accounts; he reduced the interest on the national debt; he investigated all the patents of nobility, cancelling those that had no legal existence, and heavily fining those who used them; he extinguished those most intolerable inter-provincial customs-duties and imposts; and fostering the genius of Riquet, as Mazarin had fostered his own, he carried out the grand canal which united the Mediterranean with the ocean. When he succeeded to office he found scarcely a single fleet; when he resigned his post he left a fleet next to our own, and second to none other. And not content with the mere equipment of a fleet, he invigorated it by encouraging in the mercantile marine the formation of a valuable reserve force. Unfortunately, of all the colonial settlements and out-harbours created and fostered by the genius of Colbert, 'the little penal 'settlement of Cayenne is the only one which now preserves his 'memory.' Nor was he inattentive to the requirements of the army. Louis succeeded to the political aims of his father and

grandfather. He aimed at humbling Austria, and to this end allied himself with England, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. His first exploit, however, was performed not at the cost of the Austrian power, but he wrested from the Pope his province of Avignon, and sent an army into Italy. This dastardly measure, so wholly out of proportion to the great preparations which introduced it, was worthy of a king who could force upon his queen his two concubines, and bring them all with him when he inspected his army. His court was infinitely more demoralized and every way baser than that of the contemporaneous court of S. James. There humour, and jovial riot, and wit beyond compare, made the corruption less obvious and corrupting to others. There was none of this at Versailles. Louis was a posture-master, and little more :—

“ For each rank of noble, officer or courtier, he had a different bow and form of address ; for each lady a distinct way of lifting his hat. To a maid of honour it was raised slightly ; to a lady in waiting it was taken completely off ; and even then a greater or less degree of distinction was implied in the distance at which it was taken off, in the length of time for which it was kept off, and in the position in which it was held, whether above or at the side of his Majesty's head.”—Vol. ii. p. 210.

Louis, by the war which he now entered upon, secured a stronger frontier for France in the north-east than she had previously possessed. But he was deeply offended with his allies, and above all, England, which had drawn him to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1668). But as Holland was at peace, and England was not within his reach, he resolved to invade the former. To this end he sent his sister-in-law, Henrietta d'Orleans, on a mission to his brother's court. She gained Charles to the cause in which she was interested, and for which she had consented to become an envoy ; and Charles, who had already been canvassing Louis for pecuniary help, to make him independent of his parliament, became the pensioner of France. The hapless Henrietta, having thus, put the crown of shame on her native country, returned to meet her jealous and worthless husband, and to die, under circumstances which seem to justify the charge that her husband was the poisoner.

After great preparation in 1672, France and England declared war against Holland. France alleged no pretext as an excuse, and was so far honest, save the general charge of ingratitude. With consummate absurdity, the English Government alleged that they were justified in beginning hostilities by the existence of a picture in the town-hall of Amsterdam, in which picture some English ships—if they were English—were represented as defeated. At sea the English were deserted by their allies, and did little ; but Louis was victorious everywhere on land, and demanded in the negotiations, besides a large sum of money, the

abolition of Protestantism, the establishment of Catholicism, and the cession of all the Dutch provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. It was at such a crisis that the Pindaric sentiment became a prosaic fact: ἀρίστον μὲν τὸ ὕδωρ. The flooded dykes of Holland reduced the victorious army almost to annihilation; where they failed to drown, they were sure to poison; and Turenne had nothing for it but to retreat. Louis had already returned to Mdme. de Montespan, and was wasting enormous sums on memorials of his conquests. There were other disasters looming. The English Parliament forced Charles II. to abandon the alliance. A volunteer force, composed of Englishmen (and among them was one John Churchill, who thus learned the art of war under that general whose pupils he was to compete with afterwards), was indeed maintained, but at the cost of Louis. Then the young Prince of Orange, without one commendable quality of head or heart, neither a master of arms, nor fertile in resources, but possessed in a peculiar degree of the genius of perseverance, was making his influence felt. There was, beside, the King of Spain and the great Elector of Brandenburg. Luxemburg had nearly turned the water into a means of siege, by availing himself of a sudden frost. But ere his ice-borne battalion could reach Leyden and the Hague, a sudden thaw set in, and the unhappy general could neither advance nor remain, nor without great danger attempt to retreat. His only escape was along the top of a dyke; but this was commanded by an officer who, by grossly neglecting his duty, allowed the enemy to regain safe quarters. Turenne was more successful elsewhere, detaching the Elector from the alliance, and meeting an honourable death in the field. He was the ablest leader France had known since the days of Sully; to his rare endowments as a statesman he added, like Sully, the only too rare qualities of uncompromising integrity. He died poor, and universally regretted. The war, in the main glorious for France, lingered on till the peace of Nimeguen.

By that peace, which marks the culminating point of the glory of Louis, he had displayed a greater power than ever European potentate had exhibited. He had three hundred thousand men under him, and great fleets; he had subsidized the princes of the Continent; he had bought the English king and the opposition; he had gained Flemish towns, and rounded his dominions by the incorporation of Franche-Comté. But the glory was bought at a dear price. His armies fought as savagely and as causelessly as the revolutionary armies of the Terror; and it would be difficult to determine which were the more wretched: the inhabitants of the invaded countries, his own soldiers, or their more wretched relatives at home. John Locke, visiting

France at this time, writes in his journal, that the vine-dressers of Bordeaux earned threepence-halfpenny a day, and lived on rye and water; and these, compared with the agricultural labourers, fared well. The misery was not limited to these classes. It penetrated to the highest, through each successive stratum. Everywhere there was misery and distress, and amid this unregarded distress Louis was building palaces, raising edifices to be witnesses of the wonderful downfall of his race. Not palaces alone: dress, jewellery, and the gambling-table drained the resources of this silly prince. The financial statement expressed—as Mr. Yonge well puts it—at the end of Louis' reign, in our form, would be, that the Funds were down to 25. He left behind him a debt of two thousand six hundred millions of livres! Distress begets insurrection; but the desolating force with which he crushed the insurgents in Guienne and Brittany increased the impoverishment of his finances; and, as if only folly itself could do more mischief, he permanently damaged the population, the industry, and the mechanical resources of France by the infatuated course he adopted on the religious question. He had all along been severe and ungenerous to the Huguenots; of late his severity had increased: his hesitating zeal had been fanned by his new confessor, La Chaise; his new mistress, the widow Scarron, determined him. We will make no apology for the following lengthy extract. It is a wholesome lesson in history. There is always much to think about whenever we see piety co-operating with vice, or sin concealing itself under the form of religious zeal. Perhaps, too, here we may be reminded that the convert-making process of our own time is at least two hundred years old; and in extenuation of its baseness, cannot even register the plea of originality.

* In 1669, M^{de}. de Montespan, who had borne Louis three children, all of which had been formally declared legitimate, was anxious to procure a governess for them; and cast her eyes on a widow lady of good birth but of extreme poverty, a Madame Scarron, for the employment. Her maiden name had been D'Aubigné, and she was the grand-daughter of Theodore d'Aubigné, who had been high in the favour of Henry IV, and had written a history of his reign. But her father dissipated his property, and left her so entirely destitute that she had been glad to accept the hand of a witty but deformed comic poet. After a few years he left her a widow, twenty-five years of age, beautiful, shrewd, accomplished, agreeable, but almost as poor as ever; her sole subsistence being a small pension which had been granted to Scarron, and which after his death, at the intercession of M^{de}. de Montespan, was continued to herself. Scarron had been well received in the fashionable society at Paris, which she continued to frequent after his death, and in which she was enjoying high popularity, when M^{de}. de Montespan proposed to her to take charge of the education of her children. Her conduct on receiving this offer was singular, and not very easy to explain. She was at all times ambitious, and must have seen that such a situation offered her unexpectedly favourable opportunities of

gratifying that passion : though none of the imputations which have been cast upon her character have been established, it is certain that she had been the intimate friend of several women notorious for the grossest profligacy, so that it is not easy to believe in the genuineness of her scruples on the score of propriety ; and yet she was under personal obligation to the mistress. Yet her reply to the lady who conveyed the offer to her was, that she would only undertake the post proposed to her, if the king himself should desire her to do so ; her loyalty to her sovereign would induce her to do her best for his children, but she could not become thereby the governess of M^{de} de Montespan's illegitimate children. Whatever the motives which dictated this answer may have been, it proved a manœuvre of most subtle and successful policy. The mistress took no offence. The king requested Madame Scarron to undertake the duty as a favour to himself. And, as he was very fond of his children, he gradually became acquainted with the high talents of their governess, and took a marked pleasure in her conversation. He raised her pension ; gave her a large sum of money, with which she purchased the estate of Maintenon ; sent his own architect, Le Notre, to lay out the grounds ; and in a few years her influence had become notorious to the whole Court ; nor did he attempt to conceal it. When in 1680 the Dauphin married the Princess of Bavaria, she was appointed her lady of the bedchamber, and as by this time she had gradually become devout, she had the boldness occasionally to assume a high religious tone with him, and to remonstrate with him on his connexion with the mother of her pupils. It is doing her no injustice to suspect that she did not thus venture to reprove his vices till her acuteness had shown her that they were beginning to pall upon him. He was annoyed by the jealousies and wranglings of his various mistresses. She whom he most preferred and esteemed, Madame La Vallière, partly from vexation, partly from real repentance, had lately quitted the Court, and had taken the veil as a Carmelite nun, assuming the name of Sister Louise de la Miséricorde. The king often visited her at the convent, sometimes taking Madame de Montespan with him, who seemed to take pleasure in triumphing over her rival, now that she had quitted the field, and in parading her luxury and fastidiousness before her and the other inmates of the convent. But her own reign also was nearly over. She had always been of an imperious and peevish temper, not sparing the king himself in her petulant ill-humour, which, when he could no longer relieve himself by the contrast of La Vallière's gentleness, gradually overpowered his patience, till before the end of the year that followed on her withdrawal, it had become evident to all the courtiers that her rival also had lost her ascendancy. Louis, however, in spite of all his assumption of superior capacity, was, in reality, a man of such feeble mind that he must necessarily be governed by some one. And as his wife, the queen, never had any influence over him, the moment that he ceased to be guided by his mistresses, the reins fell almost naturally into the hands of one who was as yet neither wife nor mistress, but something between the two. And so matters went on till the summer of 1683, when the queen died almost suddenly, of an illness, the serious character of which was not suspected until it was too late. M^{de} de Maintenon was with the Court at the time, and by the advice of De la Rochefoucault, whom she had attached to her interests, she presented herself to the king once or twice in the character of a comforter ; not that he stood in need of any great consolation, though for a few hours he seemed somewhat softened. And when a day or two afterwards she appeared in ostentatiously deep mourning, he had so far recovered his spirits as to jest with her on her gloomy appearance. Precise details of the events which followed have never been known. Whether the king married her in the course of

the next two or three months, which is the statement of those likely to be well informed, or whether the strange nuptials were postponed for a year and a half, cannot be determined with accuracy; but that a private wedding took place at no very great interval after the queen's death is certain. And from that time the only subject on which the lady's influence was not paramount over every other, was the public recognition of it, which she could never prevail upon the king to grant. She had sufficient influence to damage in his favour those ministers who opposed themselves to her wishes, but not influence enough to overcome their opposition. And she continued to the end of her life the sharer of his most secret counsels without ever being formally acknowledged to have a right to his confidence. From the first moment that she had begun to concern herself about religion, she had surrendered herself to the guidance of the Jesuits, and she had shown herself eager in making proselytes; being the most resolute in her hostility to the Huguenots, because she had been bred up in their doctrines, which she had forsaken about the time of her marriage with Scarron. And she had been little scrupulous in the means by which she procured conversions. Marquis de Villette, the Minister of Marine, and a Huguenot, was married to her aunt; and on one occasion while he was absent with the fleet, she kidnapped his children; and partly by coaxing them with the gorgeous celebration of the mass before the king, and partly by whipping them, induced them to call themselves Catholics before they could know the difference between the two sects.¹ And, now that her influence was greater, she was anxious to practise conversion on a larger scale. It must be allowed that she would have preferred mild to harsh means, if she had believed them to be equally efficacious; but in the eyes of the Jesuits the end to be attained sanctified any measures that might be employed,—

Here we pause for one remark. We are conscious that in quoting this sentiment of our author, not only without remonstrance, but with acquiescence, we are doing a somewhat rash act. But we recall to mind the fact that one of the most exemplary of Roman Pontiffs solemnly, and with all the emphasis to be acquired from his official infallibility, or his personal integrity, disbanded the society, as another '*odium humani generis*,' and we proceed, encouraged:—

¹ And Louis was not likely to feel compunction at any degree of oppression or cruelty. In him the zeal which he had for some time shown to suppress Protestantism inflamed itself; the progress of their conversion, though only effected by the means which have been already described, seemed to him a contest in which, by steady perseverance, he could ensure the victory; and he had at this time especial reason for wishing to show himself a faithful son of the Church, because in some matters affecting his own authority and revenue he was at issue with the Pope, and was not uniformly supported by his clergy. In maintaining the independence of the Gallican Church, they cordially agreed with him, and did not hesitate to publish and uphold doctrines which the Pope formally condemned as heretical and mischievous. But on the *regale*, or the right claimed by the king to appoint to vacant benefices whomsoever he might

¹ There is a certain Rev. Father who has achieved some notoriety in our own day in London, by following the plan of the devout widow Scarron.

choose, without regard to age, or to any other consideration but his own pleasure, and to enjoy their incomes during vacancy, they steadily opposed the pretensions set up by him, and at last even procured some modification of them. In such a state of affairs a more rigorous persecution of the Huguenots seemed to offer a happy compromise; and, as before it had been allowed to outweigh the sin of habitual licentiousness, so now it might be set in the scale by both Pope and clergy against the disposition to think more of his own temporal and personal authority than of the purely spiritual interests of the Church. Accordingly, the year after the queen's death saw the commencement of a persecution scarcely paralleled in its extent and cruelty, which was not to cease till the Reformed religion was entirely suppressed throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Colbert had died in the same year as the queen, otherwise his influence might have abated, or at least softened, the measures now adopted. For he was well-disposed to protect the Huguenots, not indeed on account of their religion, but because they were the most industrious artisans in the kingdom, and, as such, of the greatest service to the revenue. For their gradual exclusion from the service of the State, and from all such employments as were considered most honourable, had drawn them to trade as their only resource; and the most valuable manufactures were almost entirely in their hands. But after her death Le Tellier and Louvois had the chief sway in the king's councils; and Louvois, who piqued himself as being at all times above all economical considerations, though he cared little about religious doctrines and disputes, was eager for the suppression of Protestantism in the kingdom, because he was meditating a war with the foreign Protestant powers, and feared that a Huguenot brotherhood in France might be not unwilling to ally itself with them; while his father, who had lately been chancellor, was so stern a bigot that he was wont to say that his one great wish was to live long enough to affix the Great Seal to an ordinance for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The two ministers, therefore, added their influence to the arguments of the lady and the confessor, and fresh enactments of increased severity against all who resisted the royal command to join the Catholic Church began to multiply with fearful rapidity. Flight appeared the only resource, and numbers of Huguenots emigrated to other countries, chiefly to England, and became a source of wealth to many of our counties, where they introduced arts previously unknown, or practised old ones with an ingenuity of design and perfection of execution with which our own workmen were previously unacquainted. It was then that the silk-weavers fled to London, and established their manufactures in Spitalfields; laceworkers took refuge in Nottingham and Limerick. The Germans too, who had been hitherto a purely agricultural community, learnt to make cloths and stuffs, and one body of refugees fled to Bohemia, one of the earliest nurseries of the Reformation, and taught the natives to make glass. The army had contained many thousands of Protestant soldiers; these also fled, many to Holland, where William of Orange gladly received them, and a year or two later derived no small assistance from the military counsels and experience of the most illustrious of their number, the veteran Marshal Schomberg. Others took service with other Catholic sovereigns; even the Duke of Savoy, inclined as he was to persecute his own Protestant peasantry, being glad to strengthen his army with their proved valour. And in the wars which in the next quarter of a century shook the power of France, thousands of her own sons were arrayed against her, driven to become her enemies by this faithless violation of all the treaties which had been made with them. But it was not the purpose of Louis and the instigators of his cruelty that those against whom his edicts

had been fulminated, should escape their operation by flight; and fresh edicts were enacted forbidding emigration, or the act of assisting others to emigrate, under the severest penalties. The head of a family who was detected in leaving or preparing to leave the kingdom was liable to be sent to the galleys for life; the sale of all property by such persons was declared illegal, and its price could not be recovered from purchasers; while ruinous fines might be inflicted on all, even on Catholics, who were privy to the emigration of a neighbour. But still every port was filled with emigrant vessels, none of which sailed forth empty; and the futility of his ordinances and threats exasperated Louis to fresh contrivances of cruelty. He directed Louvois to issue a notice to the commanders of his troops that it was his personal desire that all those who would not adopt his religion (for it was the fact of its being his that made the rejection of it so offensive) should suffer the most extreme rigour; and the method now devised has stamped his memory with undying infamy; while the name "Dragonnade," by which it was known, has become almost proverbial for atrocity. The great bulk of the Huguenots were in the southern provinces; and at the beginning of 1685 Louvois sent instructions to Marshal Boufflers, the commander of the army in those districts, to quarter his men exclusively on the Protestants, keeping some in each house till the inhabitants should be converted, and then transferring them to another whose owners were still stubborn. The dragoons so employed were well aware that a peaceful residence in their quarters was not what was expected of them, and they entered with a brutal joy into the purposes of their employers. In blasphemous mockery they fastened cross-bars to their muskets, and compelled the peasantry to kiss the cross so made, beating them cruelly if they refused. They drove them in crowds, like cattle, to the Catholic churches, pricking them as they went with swords or bayonets, to quicken their pace. They dragged the women through the mud by the hair; stripped them and scourged them; often cutting the faces of those whom they supposed vain of their personal attractions. Against cruelties like these the faith of the greater number of Protestants was not firm enough to resist. Ordinary torture, agonising as it was, was brief and endurable in comparison with the protracted incessant misery inflicted by the studied ferocity of soldiers, who knew that they were sent as tormentors, and who hoped to gain the favour of their superiors by acting up to, or, if possible, exceeding their instructions. Thousands consented to sign the recantation demanded of them, hastening to deliver themselves from their oppressors. It was evident that the bulk of these converts must, in reality, retain their previous opinions; but even their most bigoted persecutors cared nothing about their sincerity, and were contented with the outward adoption of the king's religion; Madame de Maintenon herself remarking that it would be all the same in the next generation, since, though the parents who were converted by such means might be hypocrites, their children, who would necessarily be educated as Catholics, would be orthodox enough. Yet all did not yield even to the Dragonnades. Multitudes were only the more attached to their religion. Often the soldiers, exciting themselves to fury at the sight, and secure of impunity, would rush in and massacre the unresisting congregations. Often they would drag them to the public prisons and tribunals of the different towns, where obsequious or terrified magistrates would pass on them sentences of death, which were instantly executed.—Vol. ii. p. 273.

And so this crowned Robespierre, anticipating the very measures of the Terror, laid waste his kingdom; and in 1635,

revoking the Edict of Nantes, he annihilated Protestantism in France. If a million had been nominally converted, it is calculated that about 300,000 emigrated, and as many perished, slaughtered in cold blood by the troops. How shall we find words of sufficient vigour in which to stigmatize these unutterable atrocities! Very shocking were the *noyades* of Lyons; very terrible the administration of Carrière; Philip and Alva were notorious tyrants: if we sum up the atrocities of all, we shall perhaps attain a sum which will in part represent the moral turpitude of the deed. But the Roman Catholic subjects of Louis were delighted. The fervour of the Jansenist Arnauld, the eloquence of Bossuet, were employed in applauding it. Even Madame de Sevigné declared that the revocation was an act alone sufficient to secure Louis an immortality of renown. But a few days before his death, after mass had been celebrated in his chamber, he took the cardinals and priests to witness that whereas he was in entire ignorance of such matters, he had always been anxious for the welfare of religion, and had always carried out their views. If anything was wanting to impart a deeper shade to the iniquity he had perpetrated, it was this royal cowardice, which endeavoured to shift upon others the responsibility of murderous deeds, for which, at the bar of history at least, he must expect but the one vindictive award.¹

The one redeeming act of Louis' life was his generous reception of the exiled English Court. Nor was this a momentary caprice of hospitality. He harboured the unfortunate Stuarts to the last, and they lived and died undisturbed at St. Germain.² But a courteous act of this kind cannot avail as a set-off against deeds such as we have been reviewing, or the scarcely worse atrocities which, by command of Louis, his armies perpetrated in the Palatinate and Piedmont.³ A war, barren of all tangible results, was now carried on, in which even the unsubstantial glory gained by the nation was marred by the unquestionable cowardice of the king. Soon, too, he began to find that in addition to the disasters, everywhere at sea, he had in William one who at last would overmatch him; and the peace of Ryswick saw Louis possessed, after the waste of so much blood and treasure and reputation, of Strasbourg as his only conquest.

¹ Mr. Yonge concludes that the Man in the Iron Mask was Count Matthioli, minister of Savoy. The Count, having duped Louis in the matter of Casal, had been kidnapped by the French king, who, out of respect for the office of the ambassador, did not put him to death. He lingered on till 1703, when he died in the Bastille.

Mr. Yonge rather disparages Louis for directing a play. In the week in which these pages are written the papers speak of private theatricals directed by the Emperor himself.

² Who poisoned Louvois

In the nineteenth chapter of the second volume, Mr. Yonge gives an admirable sketch of the luxury of Louis' court, and the circumstances out of which arose the war of the Spanish Succession. Louis' faithlessness in this whole affair proved most disastrous to France. She had not sustained such defeats as then overtook her since the days of Crécy and Agincourt; and the British occupation of Gibraltar remains a permanent monument of the danger attending the treacherous violation of engagements. We have already adverted to those engagements entered into by Louis at his marriage. In all truth and honour, the Emperor was the next heir to the Spanish; for his mother was the daughter of Philip III. and no renunciation had been made in her behalf. But Louis might have had his own way but for his faithless conduct in acknowledging the son of James II. as King of England. The English Parliament, although far from being on pleasant terms with William, would not brook the insult, and the advocacy of the Stuart cause was fatal to the glory of Louis. The campaigns of Marlborough, Eugene, and Peterborough, though accomplishing nothing for England, were very glorious. At last the capture of Lille saw the invading army established on the soil of France. The Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, stripped Louis of his conquests; he was forced to abandon his North American possessions, and to renounce all advocacy of the Stuart cause; and though his grandson was seated on the throne of Spain, the Pyrenees were not annihilated. Renunciations were respectively made which would no longer be the empty forms they had been; Spain remained only with her American possessions; Milan, Netherlands, and Naples were lost to that crown. Louis was seventy-five when he signed the Peace of Utrecht. He had already desolated the Cevennes, and destroyed Port Royal. In his house death was triumphant. Between 1709 and 1714, his cousin Condé, and Condé's son, the Dauphin, the Dauphin's son and successor, his wife and eldest child, and, last, the Duke de Berri, were all carried off by sudden illness—the last by poison. The Duke of Anjou was in very feeble health, and Louis himself received little but coldness and scarcely-concealed contempt from his courtiers, and even his wife. He died in great suffering, on the 1st September, in the seventy-third year of his reign, the longest known to history and the seventy-seventh of his age. The farewell words to the child who was to succeed him contained, indeed, a pathetic confession: 'My child,' said he, 'you are about to become a great king. Do not imitate me in the fondness which I have shown for buildings, nor in my inclination for war; on the contrary, endeavour to live at peace with your neighbours. Recognise and perform your duty to God, and cause Him to be revered

‘by your subjects. Always follow good counsel. Try to alleviate the distress of your people, which I have been so unfortunate as to be unable to do.’ Then taking him in his arms, he added, ‘My child, I give you my blessing with all my heart.’ So died a king, of whom the historian well says, that ‘scarcely any king, whose memory is tolerated, much less respected, by later generations, has been so destitute of good qualities of the heart.’ (ii. 426.)

We have seen with what comparative ability and firmness two queens filled the difficult post of Regent, in France: Marie de Medici and Anne of Austria. Unfortunately for France, exhausted on all sides, no such woman existed now to guide her councils and control her passions. Against the known will of the late king, Orleans became Regent. He was the nephew of Louis. The hereditary antipathy between the two Houses was in this case embittered by the dishonesty of Louis, who had embezzled a part of the Montpensier fortune. He commenced his administration by showing a kindly spirit to the Protestants, by aiming at the conciliation of England, by liberating the prisoners in the Bastile. No such debauchery, however, and licentiousness, had been known to Europe since the days of Commodus, as that which the Duke, with Dubois, and his daughter, indulged in. Every night the unchastest and most polluted beings that could be found assembled at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, and there gave unbridled indulgence to their appetites. Dubois, the son of an apothecary in the Limousin, had been the Regent’s tutor, and then became caterer for his pleasures. His influence with his old pupil enabled Dubois to obtain the post of Prime Minister; and it cannot be denied but that, as Gondi in a former generation rendered some service to the state, so Dubois likewise proved of use, as it was through his active assistance the Regent was enabled to carry out the alliance with England. But the main difficulty which the Regent had to encounter was the management of the finances. It was natural that one of his race should think that the only hope was in the convocation of the States-General, which S. Simon proposed. But the Regent recoiled from the proposal. The great annals of the Regency have been memorable by the episodes of Law and the Mississippi Scheme. Yet whatever discredit that affair brought upon those who promoted or patronized it, whatever ruin it brought on individuals, the result to the state was, that the debt which at the death of the late king had pressed so overwhelmingly on the nation, was lessened. The only warlike operations which Orleans undertook he was successful in, and he was remarkably generous and merciful to his conquered opponents. Nor to them only. He displayed the humanity of a true

prince in the provision he made for the sufferers from the plague at Marseilles, where in a few months ninety thousand were carried off, and he behaved well by his ward. But this said, all is said. He countenanced the efforts of Dubois to be made a Cardinal, and attended at his consecration when he was made Archbishop of Cambrai. A more astounding fact was, that a prelate could be found to consecrate. Yet it was Dubois who, by a clever trick, procured the recognition by France of the Bull *Unigenitus*, and that alone was a service which perhaps was more valuable to the Pope than any other that could be well named, and certainly entitled him, as things were, to the secular distinction of the purple. When Orleans crowned his honours by making him Prime Minister of France, he could not do otherwise. It must remain one of the greatest paradoxes of history, the successful and honourable government, for such it was, of a great and embarrassed country by two reprobates, as desperate as any that ever disgraced humanity. And no greater proof of this perhaps can be found than the fact that the government was carried on without any break or confusion. The sudden death of the first prince of the blood, and virtual ruler of France—he died in his fortieth year, four days before his minister—found S. Simon prepared to concert measures with Fleury. Fleury was the young king's tutor. He declined the responsibility himself, but named Bourbon, and immediately the kindness to the Huguenots, and the economy which had marked the late administration, was all undone. One statesmanlike project marked the ministry of Bourbon: the creation of a militia, a measure which was very generally approved. But he was very unpopular, and his disgrace could not be postponed. After an unsuccessful effort to separate Louis from Fleury, he was sent into retirement, and Fleury at seventy-three years of age, declining the title, became prime minister, and, in effect, the third Regent. He succeeded to the political theories of Orleans and Dubois; peace and economy were his great ideas, and his personal attachment to Horace Walpole confirmed his efforts to maintain friendly relations with England. At home, in this respect alone reviving the policy of Orleans, he sanctioned the return of the legitimated princes; and by his economical arrangements he was able soon to repeal the taxes which had made Bourbon odious. Unfortunately his elevation to the cardinalate made Fleury, who had hitherto been the most liberal of statesmen, think that he must do something for the Pope; and, accordingly, he proceeded to make that actual which through Dubois had been done formally, and to induce the Parliament to register the Bull *Unigenitus*. There are in this matter at least two blemishes in the conduct of Fleury. In the first place, his

consenting to adopt measures of persecution: in the second place, his allowing himself to be influenced by Archbishop Teucin, a prelate, if possible, more infamous than Dubois; a man who had gained his preferments by conniving at the profligacy of his sister, who, having been a nun, fled from her convent to become the mistress of Dubois. The consequences were not alone a bitter persecution of Huguenots, but a temporary triumph over the liberties of the Gallican Church—vainly defended by Pucelle and the Attorney-General; and Fleury may be regarded as the first Ultramontanist of France. But this 'most fortunate of all men,' as Voltaire called him, escaped the odium and unpopularity which attended his measures; and his discreet conduct in the affair of the 'Conspiracy of the Monkeys' increased his influence. Further successes awaited him. By one short and unimportant war he gained what Richelieu and Louvois had longed for in vain. Lorraine was incorporated into France: nine thousand square miles,—forming a territory which had hitherto been a highway for the enemies of France, bringing them within a hundred and fifty miles of Paris,—was now added to the kingdom. Lacretelle classes the dowry which Maria Leczinska brought to France with that of Brittany, or that of Eleanor of Guienne, and contrasts the treaty which secured it, with the glorious compacts of Nimeguen. Still more emphatically Voltaire declares it to have been the only one which secured for France any solid success since the days of Charlemagne.

But Louis, who had hitherto played his part quietly, and spent his life in innocent pursuits, became somewhat alienated from his queen, whose health was weak, and whose temper was often peevish, and who found occupation in religious works, often pursued at unseasonable hours. The iniquitous and unmerciful plot was formed and carried out by the Duke de Richelieu of permanently alienating him from his wife. Through the successive steepes of drink and debauchery this demon-man led the heedless prince, till at last he plunged him in such an excess of vice as has been rarely attained, if ever. The Marquis de Nesle had five daughters. One of these, a wife, threw herself in the king's way. She became his mistress; her second sister next became the favourite; and these two, antedating the privileges of Mormonism, ruled the king. The fourth sister was faithful to her husband, but the third and fifth—or the second pair of sisters—established themselves in the household of the king. Fortunately the *debauchée* courtiers, who had thus triumphed over the morality of the king, never ventured to meddle with his polity, and Fleury remained undisturbed in his authority. But he was soon to be relieved of his cares, and of his great anxiety to restore

peace. After an administration of seventeen years, he departed this life peacefully, Jan. 29th, 1743, after the longest tenure of undisputed authority enjoyed by any minister. He died as poor as Sully and Turenne. The lying voice of the world, which made Louis XIV. a demi-god, has passed by unregarded the singular events and the great services of Fleury. The discrepancy will be most concisely rectified by saying, that the glory falsely ascribed to the prince is greatly due to the prelate; a man of singular worth, only not faultless; one whose fortune was in some respects the reverse of his merits; one fit to be the last in a line which could number a Ximenes, a Wolsey, or an Alberoni, the last of the statesman-cardinals. It is perhaps not the least proof of his moral greatness that even Louis regretted him.

He was spared learning all the disasters encountered by the armies of France, and many other disasters which followed fast. The earnest entreaties of Madame Chateauroux, the favourite of the four sisters, urged Louis to join his army. Here he had an opportunity of learning one great lesson at least.

'The French had hardly reached Lorraine, when a sudden illness of the King threw it and the nation in general into greater dismay than could have been caused by the presence of the whole Austrian army. Since his return from Lille, Louis had been living a life of great disorder with his mistresses. As was his wont, he had been drinking very hard, and he had recently travelled to Metz with great rapidity in a season of unusually hot weather. A combination of causes threw him into a fever the very day that he reached the city. He was at all times afraid of death, and impatient of suffering, and it is probable that, seeing the desponding view which he himself at once took of the case, the courtly doctors exaggerated his danger; but it is beyond question that he was seriously ill. The news soon reached Paris that he was dying, and with a sudden gush of feeling, to which large masses are occasionally subject, the whole population of the city at once elevated him to the rank of a hero and a martyr. After the great triumph which he had achieved in their cause, he had fallen a victim to his heroic exertions, and was dying for their sake; and every Church in the whole city was crowded day and night; every saint was implored; every altar was loaded with gifts of worshippers eager only for the preservation of so honoured a life. In Metz there was less unanimity; the physicians, indeed, gave him over, but Richelieu, and the courtiers of his stamp who surrounded the royal bed, confidently predicted his recovery. The prelates and other ecclesiastics who had accompanied the court, and who had hastened to Metz on hearing of their master's illness, were piously desirous to prepare him for the change which seemed to await him, but they thought themselves bound to refuse him their holiest ministrations while his mistresses were his nurses. The ladies refused to retire; Richelieu declared that they should not be removed, and for some time Louis himself rejected all suggestions that he should seek the aid and consolation of the Church. It was not, he said, yet time for such things; but at last the fear of approaching death overcame every other feeling in his mind. The Bishop of Soissons, Fitzjames, a kinsman, or a not remote descendant of the last Stuart King of England, and a prelate of uncompromising rigour of morals, received his confession; but the instant dismissal of the duchess and her sister was an indispensable condition

of his pronouncing absolution, and with the king's sanction he commanded them instantly to withdraw. Presently a second order deprived the duchess of her office of Lady of Honour to the Queen, and the news of her disgrace and that of her sister flying rapidly through the city, roused the populace to such a pitch of fury against them, that it was thought they could not appear with safety in the streets; even in the act of departing, the postmaster refused them means of conveyance. They must have been exposed to the greatest hardships.'—Vol. iii. p. 196.

A little further on we shall find this same play played out with a somewhat stronger caste of characters. This is the scene which, with its results, the recall of his mistresses, has drawn from Mr. Thomas Carlyle one of his most characteristic passages; 'and such a display of twopenny-halfpenny theatricalities'—this is Mr. Carlyle's word—as at once provokes the patience and insults the understanding of his readers, who either do not live on smoke, or like a little bread to their sack. The warning which Divine Providence had sent was lost on the king; again he was warned by the sudden death, within a few months, of the unhappy Chateauroux. And the well-beloved, who was to live to experience above perhaps all kings both hatred and contempt from all, replaced her by the Pompadour. The butcher's daughter, *née* Etioles, wife of some anonymous, was created Pompadour (the title of an extinct noble family), and for twenty years governed France. Beyond this lowest level of degradation, even the Bourbons could not go. Louis XV. stands in the fourth generation, and is the heir of all the judgments which make sin its own punishment, and after this fatal connexion the credit of the race seemed incapable of redemption. Louis showed on the day of Fontenoy what he might have been. He reminded those around him that since the fatal day of Poitiers no king of France and Dauphin had been on the battle-field together; and he further reminded them that since S. Louis himself, no king of France had ever gained any success over the English. It was our Henry III. who had been worsted! Louis displayed great courage during the battle, and the victory was on the side of the French—a lordly victory! the conquerors losing only two thousand less than the conquered. But the expenses of the Government were, like the disasters at sea, frightful; the gains of the new war with Holland were futile; at last peace was restored to Europe by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, signed October 18th, 1780.

What the state of France was at this time is not to be gathered correctly from such writers as Voltaire. The city was adorned; the towns were busy; but the people were wretched. Manufactures thrived, and the king himself set up the great china-factory at Sèvres; but the agricultural people were all but ruined. The most miserable peasantry in existence were,

however, in truth, less inexcusable than their betters, who had lost respect for honour and virtue. How could it be otherwise in a nation of whose actual ruler it could be truly said—

‘Every kind of influence and authority was absorbed by Madame de Pompadour, whose sole object was to reduce all around her to her own level of infamy. Profligacy, or subservience to profligacy, were the sole avenues to court favour or official preferment; while, as if in search of some logical justification for their debaucheries, Louis and his low-born mistress encouraged no votaries of literature or science but those who belonged to a new School which had sprung up within the last generation, and the disciples of which, arrogating to themselves exclusively the title of philosophers, openly derided the truth of Revelation, and devoted their great powers to the task of making the national Church, and, through its side, Christianity itself, ridiculous.’—Vol. iii. p. 242.

The woman Pompadour having, in a moment of ill-health and low spirits, brought about a hypocritically-conceived reunion with, and then an ecclesiastically recognised separation from, her husband, claimed and received the recognition of the queen, when she, the Pompadour, returned to Louis, at his urgent request:—

‘But even the accession of dignity and apparent respectability which the mistress derived from the complaisance then shown to her on all sides, did not seem sufficient to insure her against a change of the king’s inclinations. She lived in dread of some rival who might supplant her; and to insure herself against any influence of that kind, she now conceived and carried out a plan of unprecedented wickedness. Among the estates which at different times she had extorted from her royal lover, was a portion of the domain of Versailles, which had been enclosed of a deer park, *Parc aux Cerfs*, and in which a house had been subsequently built for her, and gardens had been laid out with every refinement of costly luxury. She now restored it to Louis, and drawing on the Treasury for the erection of additional buildings, filled them with female children, whose shapes and features served to hold out a promise of future loveliness. Some were purchased of needy relatives; some were decoyed or kidnapped; many were barely ten years old. They were educated with great care, Louis himself frequently watching their progress in different accomplishments, and with strange and unaccountable hypocrisy, superintending their religious studies and exercises of devotion until they were old enough to become his victims. Then, after a few weeks, or perhaps a few days, they were dismissed with large presents of money, which were augmented if they became mothers. If here and there one seemed more than usually attractive, and likely to awaken in the king more than a passing fancy, the marchioness took care that she was removed at once. During the last twenty years of the reign this infamous harem continued to excite the indignant disgust of all who were not lost to every sense of decency, and a still bitterer feeling among those whose homes had been invaded, while the contempt and hatred thus aroused against the monarch were, as was not unnatural, gradually extended to the monarchy itself, and were undoubtedly among the causes which facilitated its overthrow.’—Vol. iii. p. 247.

In this shocking state of the Court, the most surprising thing was that the bitterest religious controversy should arise since that which existed in the days of the League. A tax was

proposed on the property of the Church, which the clergy could not evade, do what they could. To obviate its actual collection, they raised the question of the acceptance of the Bull *Unigenitus*, and they succeeded in requiring of all repairing to, or seeking the sacraments, a certificate that it had been accepted; indeed they went so far as to demand the establishment of the Inquisition. The broil which thus was raised between the lawyers and the Church was fought out in the year 1789, thirty-five years afterwards. But the birth of the second son of Louis—that child who was to become Louis XVI.—was regarded as an able opportunity for the resuscitation of the antagonism; but the sovereign could only obtain the abandonment of the Bull, as an article of faith, by recognising the exemption of the clergy from taxation. They further succeeded in kindling an active persecution against the Huguenots. After some years, during which the feud became more bitter between the clergy and the lawyers, during which the Parliament proved itself very contumacious to the Crown, when also the knife of the assassin had well-nigh cut off a third king of the House of Bourbon, we find Louis, in contradiction to the hereditary policy of his throne, in alliance with Austria, and guaranteeing the integrity of the Empress-Queen's dominions. George II. immediately declared war against France, thereby opening the seven years' war, the most many-battled conflict Europe has ever known. By that war, which closed in a treaty of peace in 1763, England alone obtained any advantage; but her conquest bore no proportion to her loss of life and treasure. The war was on this account all the more disastrous to France. In that unhappy country, the tide of irreligion and impiety, taking advantage of religious strife and animosity, rose rapidly and fearfully. The leader of the forlorn despair against the faith was a young pupil of the Jesuits. And the Jesuits were not just then popular. It had been established, beyond all question, that some priests of the order, men of fair character, when consulted, had approved of the attempted assassination of King Joseph of Portugal. It was believed, but not proved, that Damiens had been encouraged by them. The people had not forgotten the tyranny they had been guilty of when pressing as an article of faith the acceptance of the Bull *Unigenitus*. The affair of the embezzlements of Father Lavalette at Martinique brought the whole society before the public. Lavalette had been an agent of the society: the society disclaimed any responsibility for his debts; the law courts insisted that the affair was one of the society; and, after some time, the whole body was banished the kingdom. Spain, Naples, and Rome adopted the same course of action. We do not know whether the exceeding bitterness

of the decree of extradition was at all mitigated for those against whom it was directed, by the reflection that it owed its first conception to the will of Madame de Pompadour ; albeit its execution was enforced by the decree of the infallible Pontiff. But this event had no perceptible effect on the position or life of Louis. The Parliament maintained its attitude of contumacy, and the conflict between that body and the Crown was becoming daily more serious. While he was in this critical state of affairs, death began to cut off the royal family, in succession as rapid as that with which it chastised the closing years of the 'great monarch.' The first to go was the Dauphin ; then his own father-in-law, old King Stanislas, was burnt to death ; the next year the Queen died. Louis consoled himself by repairing to the Deer Park, and the society of the woman who was born Lange, who had been picked out of the streets by a ruined noble, Count Barri, in order that she might act as a decoy to the gaming-table. This connexion was so much worse than any which the king had yet formed, that open scorn of the low-born harlot was expressed in the Court, and to avoid the disgrace of associating with her, the king's daughter, the Princess Louise, became a Carmelite nun. The Countess du Barri soon asserted that influence in the administration which had been conceded to her predecessor ; and she effected the dismissal of Choiseul, who, relying on his own measures, the incorporation with France of Avignon—already claimed, but abandoned by Louis XIV. and to be finally seized in the Revolution—the purchase of Corsica, and the marriage of the Dauphin to an Austrian princess, might fairly have reckoned on a longer lease of power. Poor Madame Du Barri deserves a passing notice, for she too was the last of the line of the great state-paramours of France. She was only in one respect worse than her predecessors—that she was from the *canaille*. Yet on this very account she was less guilty. In her degradation—if such a word could be applied to one born in the haunts of vice and bred in infamy—she retained a kindly nature ; strove to serve the royal line in its adversity, and under that change—after sharing the prison of Josephine—she perished by the guillotine. When the king came to die, she had more influence than those who were attached to the king at the time of his previous illness. She only left the palace for the Duke d'Aiguillon's country-seat, on the express understanding that if the king grew better she should be recalled :—

'It is true that the King's confessor, the Abbé Maudoux, had still some little scruple, since Ruelle, to which the lady had retired, was but two leagues from Versailles, and he preferred her withdrawing at least as far as Paris. But he was overruled by his colleagues ; a declaration was drawn up to be published in the King's name, that "though he owed no account

of his conduct to any but God alone, he nevertheless declared that he repented having given rise to scandal among his subjects, and only desired to live for the support of religion, and the welfare of his people." Even this avowed the Cardinal de Roche-Aymer, who administered the sacrament, promised Madame du Barri to suppress; but the Abbé was firm on this point, and compelled its publication in spite of Richelieu, who insulted the cardinal with the grossest abuse for his breach of promise. It may be doubted whether such a compromise with profligacy and profanation of the sacraments of the Church by its heads was not the greatest scandal of all, but it was only in too complete harmony with their conduct throughout the whole of the reign.—Vol. iii. p. 397.

Never in the whole history of modern Europe had such gross depravity been witnessed at the same time on the throne and in the Church. It was at such a crisis that Louis XVI. ascended the throne. Had he brought firmness and force of character with him; had his purity of conduct and an unselfishness rarely found in palaces been united to pertinacity of purpose, fertility of resource, and an energetic will, far different might have been the lot of France and the Bourbons. But he had nothing of all this; he even lacked those little kingly graces which are always of importance. Most kings have been fluent and easy in their speech; he was most taciturn, shy, and slovenly in his attire, and often not very clean. He was, moreover, at the outset, sharp of temper, and at one time perhaps fond of wine to excess; but no writer says of him what Hallam repeats of our Charles I., that he indulged in unclean language in the presence of those of the other sex. Louis' whole life was stainless: he was called to suffer by the will of God for the misdeeds of his forefathers; and how better could he be fitted for the great consummation to which he was brought, than by wanting the graces and the tastes, as well as the vices of his line. The acute insanity of the nation precluded, it seems, that he was Bourbon only by name and by position.

The concluding part of Professor Yonge's work evinces considerable accuracy and industry. There are so many conflicting accounts of the revolutionary epoch that it requires a clear head and cautious judgment to do justice to the subject. This our author has, in the main, done: he has had the advantage of being able to avail himself of those masterly essays on the French Revolution which were originally contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, and subsequently published in a collected form by the author, the late John Wilson Croker. These essays are models of literary and historical criticism; and though we are unable at all times to re-echo the prevailing political sentiment, and must demur to the conclusion the writer seems to have arrived at, that Robespierre originated the Terror system (we regard him as its last and greatest apostle and interpreter), these

essays on the French Revolution are a very valuable contribution to the literature of History and of England. Professor Yonge has availed himself of the volumes published by M. Feuillet de Conches, containing letters by the king, queen, and Madame Elizabeth, and the Austrian ambassador, and the very valuable work by M. Mortimer Ternaux, '*L'Histoire de la Terreur*,' not yet completed, but based 'on an examination of the municipal archives and other public documents.' Again, in the crowded subject which now fills his canvas, the author displays considerable skill in the adjustment of details. His judgments are generally very trustworthy; he disparages, perhaps rather much, Mr. Scipio-Americanus: Lafayette, albeit he might have well deserved the character which the Chief Justice gave. Falstaff, 'The Lord forgive thee, thou art a great fool,' nevertheless united to his political donkeyism some brilliant qualities.

Again, Professor Yonge lets Madame Roland off rather too easily. She was a gifted woman of her own age and country, but everywhere and always a bad one. With true historical insight he points out the bearing of seemingly unimportant incidents on the current of events: for instance, he draws attention to the mischief which Marie Antoinette did herself and the royal cause by her contemptuous indifference to court ceremonial and etiquette.

Having appointed the admirable Turgot over the Finance department, and having otherwise filled up the Ministry with eligible persons, always excepting Maurepas, Louis proceeded to reverse the policy of the last two reigns; and, in violence to his own judgment and that of his brother, had, in compliance with the views of the Orleans' party and those of the queen, restored the Parliament. The grand ceremonial of the coronation at Rheims is chiefly memorable for the efforts made by the clergy for the 'extermination of heretics.' They were furious with Turgot when they found him desirous that the king should omit from his coronation oath a promise to this effect. In a deputation of three which they sent to the king to remonstrate on the liberty enjoyed by the Huguenots and the general dissoluteness of manners, two were men of utterly profligate lives, and avowed unbelievers, Loménie de Brienne and Talleyrand. The antipathy of the clergy to Turgot no doubt contributed to his overthrow; and there can be no doubt that this was one of the most disastrous events for the crown and nation which befell in the fifteen years between the accession of Louis and the convocation of the States-General. His wisdom and incorruptible integrity gave room to the 'rashness of Colonne, the profligate carelessness of Loménie,' and 'the vacillation and vanity of Necker.'

We do not propose dealing with the present volume as we have

dealt with the preceding. The whole subject of the French Revolution is now tolerably well understood. From its birth-moment when the members of the 'Tiers Etat' were doubled, to the rout at Waterloo—a mischance to be rectified by the *coup d'état* of our own day—there is, properly speaking, 'no solution of continuity.' The democratic tendencies of the young Revolution developed into the universal suffragism of Robespierre, and became an inherent and essential principle of the national constitution under the Napoleons. The first Bonaparte was the personal friend and political *protégé* of Robespierre; and Imperialism is in brief nothing else than Terrorism in disguise. But it may not be unwelcome to our readers to have briefly placed before them an enumeration of the causes which led immediately to, or prevented any check being given to the outbreak which for the time overthrew France and the Bourbons. Of these causes, five in number, three were present and two were remote; but these remoter causes were the more effective.

1. The dismemberment of the kingdom of Poland was one of those daring acts of villany which hopes to be pardoned because of its very audacity. It loses none of its heinousness because a plea may be put in of political expediency. It wrought out its own terrible retribution. The invasion of Russia, the fight of Jena, the extinction of the German Empire, may justly be accounted but different acts of the one dread Nemesis. It is not too much to say that but for this great crime, there never would have been any French Revolution. For the different monarchs would have rushed to the rescue of imperilled royalty, had they not been encumbered with the plunder just shared between them, or which they were busy watching for. The King of Sweden had dedicated himself to be the true knight of the afflicted queen. He was willing to become the leader of any army which the other monarchs might send to join his own; but Gustavus Adolphus was suddenly taken off by the hand of Ankarstroem, and the energetic spirit which would have delivered the Bourbons left no one to take its place. Catherine of Russia had concluded her Turkish war by the treaty of Jassy, in August 1791, and immediately hurried to the destruction of the unhappy Polish patriots. Frederick William and Leopold were both free to lend important aid. But they were pre-occupied; and when subsequently the King of Prussia undertook to invade France by the valley of the Moselle, he brought with him a force much smaller than he had promised, and than the emergency demanded; and then after a few days, abandoning his army to the care of the Duke of Brunswick, he hurried to look after his Polish acquisitions, and remove the causes which in connexion with them were calculated to cause a breach

between himself and the Emperor. When he rejoined his army Dumouriez had the tact to avoid an engagement, having indeed a wholly unequal force; and by bribing the French mistress of the king he induced Frederick to evacuate France; and he who had been so anxious to rescue the prisoner of the Temple, whose foot was already on the step of the guillotine, withdrew from the attempt. He conditioned indeed that he should not be molested, and he restored the towns that he had taken. And so the royal sympathy was abandoned, and the cause of all thrones was jeopardied by the irrational selfishness of those who for any cause, however weak, let it only give a prospect of commodity, were prepared to rush to the arbitrament of the sword. The bewilderment that follows upon crime had blinded the European monarchs to their own interest in the great question now being debated on at Paris; and in a case like that of Russia, where the end was well understood, and all the after damage foreseen, her inactivity must have been the result of deliberate stupidity.

2. A great crime is punished in the mass as in the man: and the wrongs of Poland were visited on Europe in the sufferings of the age of Revolutions. But Louis himself contributed in no small degree to the rapid spread of the conflagration, while at the same time he suffered from the baseness of his brother kings to the last. He was daily becoming more sensible that he was held a prisoner in Paris—he had not yet been removed to the Temple—and he wrote to the other sovereigns of Europe, urging them to form some plan for his deliverance. Nothing could have been more natural; and nothing could possibly have been more impolitic. And this for two reasons: because he might have calculated that the appeal would not be successful; and he must have known that it was sure to transpire that he had thus invited the enemies of France to invade her. We agree with Professor Yonge in giving no weight to the observation of those opposed to the king, that by this appeal to foreign force he was violating his highest duty to his subjects. In fact, he had long ceased to have any subjects. He was the one subject in France himself. Had he long ago been 'true to himself,' he would not afterwards have been, nor would he have incurred the danger of being, called 'false to every man.' But the act showed his own weakness, and it made him still weaker. Herein lay the damage. 'God helps who helps himself,' is a truth full of inspiration. Even at that very moment the tide of evil could have been arrested. The cry, 'The justice of the King's cause,' would have rallied round him a number of sympathisers too large to be despised; while such a course would have drawn forth endless divisions among those who opposed him; whose

ideas and aims, as the result showed, were, however concealed, bitterly conflicting; for, like the assembly in the Acts, 'Some cried one thing and some another, and the assembly was confused; for the most part knew not wherefore they were come together.' The amazing thing is that this appeal did not transpire. The secret was better kept than under the circumstances might have been expected. The mistake was not less serious, however, on this account, and brought with it two serious consequences. In the first place, we cannot but connect with it the unfortunate manifesto which the Emperor addressed to the Assembly, in which he stated that he would do all that lay in his power to discountenance the emigrants and emigration, on the condition that the Assembly behaved itself wisely and becomingly to the king, and emancipated itself from the dominion of the clubs. The effect of this dictatorial letter as it was viewed was to damage the king's cause, by indicating what sympathy he received abroad, by exciting the Girondins and Jacobins, and strengthening the clubs. With this appeal for foreign help we also connect the still more unfortunate letter which—carrying out the same policy as the appeal—Louis addressed to the princes against whom he was reluctantly forced by the Assembly to make war. In that letter, Louis undoubtedly invited the enemies of France to interfere directly in her government. He prompted them to threaten the Assembly; he encouraged, in fact, the sovereign he was addressing to effect a counter revolution in his behalf; and as he had now accepted the constitution, such a letter amounted to a violation of it. And the next thing was, that the Duke of Brunswick published the substance of this letter in a manifesto drawn up in accordance with the suggestions of Louis. Nothing could possibly have been devised more calculated to exasperate the Revolutionists and to damage the character of the king. The duplicity of his conduct was only too manifest. It gave some shadow of justice to the plea of his assassins, that he was paid by the enemy of the people.

3. There was, however, a remoter cause for the excesses of the French Revolution, beside those we have here mentioned; but this also is one in which Louis himself bears some share of the blame. Let us add, however, that he ever after expressed himself penitent on the subject. The great outbreak of democracy in France is in no slight measure traceable to the establishment of Republicanism on the American Continent. The loss, the discredit, and the after damage to England, of the revolt of the American provinces, we cannot do more than hint at. But it is only stating the simple fact, that the sympathy and material aid which, while there was peace between England and France, Louis gave to the insurrectionary subjects of King George, was not more a violation of faith than of sound policy. But here again,

the seduced, as ever, was the first to suffer. Democratic France is the offspring of democratised America. From the beginning of the quarrel between England and her great Western colonies, the Ministers of Louis had been forward to avow their sympathy with the revolvers. Peaceable as Louis was, he could be moved by the prospect of injuring Britain, and so retrieving the losses of the seven years' war. Such scruples as he entertained for a moment, in a moment were overcome; and he consented to receive as a secret envoy, Deane, the most inveterate enemy of the English Government. Money and arms were sent over, never to return; and also Lafayette, then an aspiring lad, who returned too surely to do all the mischief that some ability and considerable vanity could do to the cause of order in France. Louis had been very reluctant. His brother-in-law's remark, that his trade was being a king, was not lost. But the Emperor's repartee did not check the action of Louis. The defeat of Burgoyne, and the desire to gain something from England, now crippled and overtaxed, overbore his better judgment. That he afterwards regretted this fatal step, that in his own troubles he remembered with poignant distress the unprovoked and wholly unjustifiable conduct which he had himself pursued, is not to be doubted. He then cast off the only Power which had the power and the will to help him, and he brought down on France those maritime and colonial losses which immediately overtook her, and by his own act he reconciled his people to principles wholly irreconcilable with the maintenance of monarchical government.

4. We have mentioned two remoter causes of this great Revolution, and we proceed now to examine them in order. The first it is rather difficult to define. The review which we have just taken of the four earlier Bourbon reigns will satisfy our readers, we trust, that after such infamy a revolution was inevitable. The wickedness in high places told upon the literary class, and then made itself felt in the lowest. Mr. Carlyle fully dwells upon the fact that the popular literature of France on the eve of the Revolution is represented by the maudlin romance of 'Paul and Virginia,' and the work of Louvet, 'which may be considered the last speech of old feudal France.' Of the former Carlyle says well:—

'In the first there rises, melodiously as it were, the wail of a moribund world: everywhere wholesome Nature, in unequal conflict with diseased perfidious Art, cannot escape from it in the lowest hut, in the remotest island of the sea. Ruin and death must strike down the loved one; and, what is most significant of all, death even here not by necessity, but by etiquette. What a world of prurient corruption lies visible in that super-sublime of modesty! Yet, on the whole, our good S. Pierre is musical, poetical, though most morbid; we will call his book the Swan-song of old dying France.'—Vol. i. b. ii. c. viii.

The other work is the well-known, and it may be at this day not much read, 'Adventures of the Chevalier Faublas,' the work of which Moore said that 'Don Juan' was the next best thing. The peculiarly insidious vein of impurity which runs through the work is one and the same. In Louvet's work, which is in prose, the obscenity and the French are alike inimitable. As a 'picture of French manners,' Mr. Carlyle seems to think lightly of it. But a nation which could harbour another work by another hand, the 'Liaisons Dangereuses,' which could accept the Deer Park as an institution; which owned a Duke de Richelieu; which was rich in letters, like some of Roland's wife's; which could express itself as it did by its mob during the reign of the guillotine, could not fail to be correctly interpreted by the licentious romance of Egalité's private secretary. But we have in this work an illustration of what our earlier pages were written to prepare the reader for—that the utter demoralization of a whole people, from the throne to the rabble, left no remedy but the 'combustion dire' which actually took place. The piety of Josiah did not avert the disaster in which he perished. The sole safety of the realm was in judgment. Neither the economists, nor the philosophers, put the foundations out of course. Far too much power had been ascribed to the wit of Voltaire, the learning of his coadjutors, the sentiment of Rousseau. They meant more mischief than they were able to effect. Their theories could not reach and influence the groundlings; but the peasantry, however virtuous, are open to the temptations of lust. Through lust, and not through learning, the French people went mad.

5. But whence the growth of this inebriated appetite? Where was the Witness and Teacher of the Cross? Where was the ministry of the Holy Ghost? Alas! Among the dignified and prominent ministers of the Church, there were few who were not a disgrace to any profession. In a former generation, men like Bossuet could advocate persecution, or could smirch the purity of their lawn by becoming the elaborate eulogists of royal iniquity. A worse man and a worse king than Louis XIV. cannot well be imagined. The courtly divines of his chapel had no word for his vice, although they had the greatest pleasure in torturing a heretic. Now it is not, as some may think, for the pleasure of finding fault with any other branch of the Church that we call attention to this very serious part of our subject. The corruptions of our own branch of the Church have been, and are, sore, many, and grievous; but we know no time in our history when an infidel bishop, or a sensual bishop, ever *known to be such*, would have been tolerated. Bad, worldly, and careless men we have had—men who, in obedience to prejudice,

have given uncatholic meanings to catholic forms, or have made merchandise of the faith; but we never have had a Loménie, De Brienne, a Dubois, a Teucin, a Talleyrand. Had such men appeared in English society, they would have been in some form or other overtaken by the Law Ecclesiastical. In France the Church had vigour and consistency enough to force on the desolation of Port Royal; to crush the Jansenists and Quietists. Yet it can hardly be doubted that the like energy, putting in force a like machinery, would have speedily weeded the Church of such prodigies of vice as those we have named, or would have compelled them to adopt the 'art of hiding' in deference to the force of public opinion. But the Divine One has said, 'If the salt have lost its savour!' The possibility of a large part of the Church becoming corrupt, is one that we should have ever before us, lest in the blind conviction of our own faultlessness, we betray ourselves, and the nations, with whose eternal destinies the Church is charged, to destruction. *Ecclesiolatry* is a dangerous thing. It cannot be urged indeed that no wonder the Church of France was visited as it was, when the Jesuits were banished, and the Church itself stood in such a suspicious attitude towards the Pontiff. But it was the Pontiff who disbanded the great Society; and it was under the Gallican Bossuet, that the French Church achieved its most dignified position. To the revolting degeneracy of the French Church, then, we trace chiefly, and above all other causes—and for this reason we have placed it last—the dread visitation of the Revolution. And recalling to mind how many prelates and priests openly apostatised, how their falling away made room for the manifestation of the whole spirit of misrule, we cannot help being filled with awe and astonishment at the foreshadowing thus presented to us of what shall be in the end of the days, when Terror and Revolution will be wherever man is.

We welcome Professor Yonge's book for the very simple reason, that of all the teachings of History save that one Divine story, there is not one the moral and lesson of which so deeply concerns the nations to keep alive and fresh upon their thoughts. That terrible convulsion was so full of Apocalyptic terror, that of all modern interpreters of the last Book in the canon, they seem the most trustworthy and wise who seek the echo of S. John's thunder in the events which swept away the House of Bourbon. When Bishop Butler in his garden put that memorable inquiry about a national insanity, he would have wondered, had he lived, at seeing the realization of his scarcely-admitted conception in the crisis of 1789. As long as this lesson is remembered, it will never more be said that the 'Vox populi' is the 'Vox Dei;' unless by the 'Dei' we understand a *Fate* or a

Brahm. So long as that lesson is before us, so long will it be humbly remembered that no mental and intellectual culture, no political blessedness, can guarantee the security of society. The French Revolution is far and away the sublimest instruction ever given to humanity, since that humanity in its representatives was gathered round the Cross of God. And it is fortunate for our own time that this truth is generally admitted, if not always consciously asserted. True it is that the commerce between the nations has popularized among us the fictions of the ex-minister Thiers, and the more innocent fancies of the poet statesman Lamartine. But since the thrice honourable recantation of Romilly, England has produced no known Gallic vindication. Ah! is it possible that ever the ears of all the nations should cease to ring at the bruit of that incomparable catastrophe, in which a nation so famed in arts and arms, so rich in saints, so adorned with poets in every department wherein the creative faculty of man can expatiate, so illustrated with all the historic humanities, passed as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, from its pride of place, was so abruptly and fearfully demonized, as for years to know only the change from the fires of political excitement to the waters of terror and death! The old adage was wrong, and the 'Subito turpissimus' is true. Violence had killed the old royal spirit of judgment in the earth. The Salomonean thunders of the Vatican, even these were no more. The crusading energy is done with; there is machinery enough to guide the hand which shall stab a Huguenot prince, and skill enough to reason away the oath which binds the subject to a heretic king; but, in the breaking up of all faiths, the central and infallible power of Christendom, save for that last cry of his priests for leave to burn the heretics, is as though he was not. Some blessed hierarchical souls inly crowned with martyr grace, and in the strength of the Divine Sufferer, encountered death. But, great God, 'where are the nine?' And these witnesses in sackcloth taken away, who so long 'let' and hindered by their influence the development of the evil, the 'iniquity of the Amorites' soon became 'full.'

Let us hear one whose prophetic predictions are not ours; whose horizon probably is not ours; who, nevertheless, as Gibbon before him (not that we mean any comparison), often unconsciously vindicates the teaching of inspiration. Speaking of the rise in the last hours of feudal France, of a *noblesse* of lawyers,¹ of commerce and of literature, he goes on to say, that beside all there was French philosophism:—

'Here, indeed, lies properly the cardinal symptom of the whole wide-

¹ They formed eleven-twelfths of the Assembly!

spread malady. Faith is gone out, scepticism is come in. Evil abounds and accumulates. No man has faith to withstand it, to amend it, to begin by amending himself; it must ever go on accumulating. While hollow languor and vacuity is the lot of the Upper, and want and stagnation of the Lower, and universal misery is very certain, what other thing is certain? That a lie cannot be believed?¹ Philosophism knows only this; her other belief is mainly that in spiritual supersensual matters no belief is possible. Nay, as yet, the contradiction of a lie is some kind of belief; but the lie with its contradiction once swept away, what will remain? The five unsatiated senses will remain; the sixth insatiable sense (of vanity); the whole *demonic* nature of man will remain, hurled forth to rage blindly without rule or rein; savage itself, yet with all the tools and weapons of civilization: a spectacle new in History.'—Carlyle's *Fr. Rev.* I. b. ii. c. 2.

Had the writer added the seventh sense of *intellectual pride* the sketch would have been more complete, and more expressive of the Scriptural idea.

In conclusion. From the home of our obscurity and unworth, we render thanks to God for the good work of the Empress of the French in collecting all memorials of the last of the queens of France. A nation cannot be wholly lost which can be recalled to the emotions of pity, and can be brought to taste the delicious humility of repentance. An acknowledgment of this kind is specially due to the memory of Antoinette. Her Imperial Majesty, too, may perhaps in time be induced to place some memorial in the Church of S. Margaret, where, undistinguished among the dead, lie the remains of that dear child who, in the Temple—name not inappropriate—learned, under the stern teaching of a rare adversity, to be conformed to Christ. France reckons in her annals a Saint, founder of the House of Bourbon,—one of the very few men who really was entitled to canonization. May she awaken to the realization of a yet higher blazon, that to her belongs that bright and, if blemished, yet unstained being, who, in the unconquerable majesty of her womanhood, and in her faith, which no whips and scorns of time could quell, stands forth as the noblest type of her sex in all Christian time since the 'Mater Dolorosa' of us all. Her life of suffering and her death of shame, abide the most pathetic lessons that the Christ-anointed sovereigns of Europe have ever been presented with.

Nor she alone speaks. From the passionate life of Henry, and the guile of his son; and the vanity and selfishness of the great monarch, and the incestuous chambers of the fifteenth Louis—from the click of the guillotine, the din of the Assembly, and all the glare and agony of revolutionary Paris, let us turn and watch the last moments of the last of the Bourbons. 'The day before that which was his last, he had said—the tears

¹ And what and if the *strong delusion* be sent?

running down his cheeks—"Still alone, and my mother in the next room." When one spoke loudly on a previous day, he had said, "Don't speak so loud, for *they* might hear you overhead; and I would be sorry they should hear I am ill, it would alarm them." *They* were his mother and aunt, now dead. On the 8th June, he said to one who showed him some kindness, "Be consoled; I shall not suffer long." This person seeing him stretched out quite motionless and silent, said, "I hope you are not in pain." "Oh yes!" he replied, "still in pain, but less; the music is so fine." There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. "Where do you hear the music?" "Up there." "How long?" "Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! Listen!" And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments, the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, "I hear my mother's voice amongst them!" and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for; he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

'It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent: at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted anything? He replied, "Do you think my sister could hear the music? How she would like it!" He then turned to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then (it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.) said to Lasne—Lasne took his hand and bent over to him—"I have something to tell you." There was no more to be heard—the child was dead.'

Oh! sublime and pathetic, yet warning voice, with which a kingdom and race passed away for ever!

¹ Croker's Essays, p. 296.

NOTICES.

MR. GREGORY SMITH'S collection of detached Essays, published in various periodicals, add one, and a valuable, volume to the series which was well commenced by the first 'Essays and Reviews,' by Mr. Church. A general title, approximately appropriate but somewhat vague, has been selected, 'Faith and Philosophy' (Longmans), which we like less than the book itself: for it seems to suggest, what Mr. Smith would be the last to accept, a division between the Christian habit of mind and its best instrument. The last Essay, that on Comte's system, is the most sinewy; and we shall look for Mr. Smith's aid in combating that science, falsely so called, which has at least this value, that it clears the field. Comte has done some service in demolishing most of the old idols and jargons, and when he has the field to himself and a single adversary, the Gospel need have no fears for the result. The Church has suffered from the assault not being concentrated. We are told, and by a considerable authority, that modern thought is gathering itself together in the direction of Positivism and of Comte's system alone. So much the better for the Church.

'Scriptural Studies: our Church and our Times' (Saunders and Otley), are in their way a creditable performance; creditable, that is, to a certain uninstructed amiability and good intention on the part of the writer. He—or it may be she—is one of those good people who think that a right judgment on all points ecclesiastical and religious comes as a matter of course to every one who desires to be right. The present writer's temper is one from which we cannot withhold sympathy. But why should he write? He will not instruct, though he will show his readers that he is a writing person. But this is all.

Mr. Ffoulkes's second part of his very able historical work, 'Christendom's Divisions' (Longmans), has appeared. The work seems to have outgrown its original title, or rather original plan. As we understood Mr. Ffoulkes's object, it was, and with a reference to the present position of the Church, to investigate the isolated schisms, and their isolated teachings or attempts at teaching. In fact, however, and it is a melancholy one, the history of the divisions of the Church is found to be the history of the Church itself; and the present author is embarked on the vast ocean of troubles whose waves and waters spread over some seventeen centuries. In his elaborate treatment of the Council of Florence Mr. Ffoulkes uses for the first time materials new to the Church historian.

Bishop Alexander Forbes has earned an hereditary right to comment on the Articles. His recent work, 'Explanation of the Thirty-nine Articles' (J. H. Parker), contrasts very favourably with the Bishop of Ely's monograph. We have at present only the first volume; but the first Articles, being more purely theological than occasional, are most suited to the Bishop of Brechin's mind, which is one unusually suited to dogmatic discussion. He is one of the very few writers of the day possessed of a theological mind of the old and accredited type. Not the least interesting portion of his volume is the Introduction—a letter to Dr. Pusey—in which the Bishop, with great care, points out the exact relation which the Articles of the Church of England have to the various Reformed branches of the

Church Catholic. This promises to be the work on which Bishop Forbes' fame, a growing one, is likely to be grounded.

'The Autobiography of John Brown' (well, it is not *the* John Brown whose name is so unpleasantly familiar to most of us) is a very readable little book; something in Mr. Paget's way, a way which did good in its time. It professes to be a sort of exposition of Church principles as held and believed by a common man. No doubt in dialogues the Churchman and his arguments have the best of it, and somewhat lame and stupid objections come from the Dissenters. But this is one of the fairest of these books, and deserves to be, as it aims to be, popular.

'Modern Culture; its Aims, &c.' (Macmillan), is a series of Lectures, some of them of many years' standing, by professors and doctors of the physical and exact sciences. They are, as a collection, somewhat like the famous one of Martial's Epigrams: *sunt bona*, &c.; and if a cynic wanted to know how little natural science even could be trusted for uniformity, he might extract a catena of diversity from this volume. But it is worth studying, though it hardly brings science and its practice up to the present day.

There is an interest in the 'Life and Opinions of a Fifth Monarchy Man (John Rogers)' which has been edited by his descendant, Mr. Edward Rogers, of Christ Church, but it is not a great interest. These fanatics are better in the lump; that is, more picturesque as well as more effective in mass than as individuals. Rogers was a foremost man of his sect, but insufferably tedious and prosy. But he tells his own tale, and any contemporaneous and authentic portrait of those times, even if not valuable in itself, has in it the stuff of which history is made. The volume is a handsome one, and does the editor credit, whose work in even reading the voluminous productions of his very long-winded ancestor is something frightful to contemplate. We lighted upon one saying which Rogers commemorates, which has something of wit in it: 'Some compare Queen Elizabeth to a slutish housewife, who swept the house, but left the dust behind the door.'—P. 55.

Hurst's 'History of Rationalism' (Trübner) is the reprint of an American work. Apparently it is the writing out in full of some lectures delivered in a theological college. Sketchy and unoriginal as the volume is, it yet contains the results of a good deal of reading, not very artificially or successfully woven up, but still useful. The use is, that it may send students to the sources to which Dr. Hurst has had access. If we were only to judge the lectures from that portion of them which is occupied with the present condition of the Church of England, we should have to set down the author as scandalously deficient either in the tact or labour which is necessary to get at sound information. But it is generally the case that a second-rate writer gets on much better when he has only to compile from books than when he has to trust to his own powers to select his guides, or to use them when he has found them. The late Mr. Conybeare, Miss Cobbe, and some long-forgotten, if ever remembered, 'Tracts for Priests and People,' are his chief authorities. Merely as a specimen of the sort of authority which Dr. Hurst is, it may be enough to state that 'twelve years ago' the Broad Church Bishops on the English and Irish Bench were reckoned at twelve. He seems to think it quite a new thing that the Prayer-book has been translated into Latin.

Archbishop Trench's three Sermons, 'Shipwrecks of Faith' (Macmillan), were delivered before the University of Cambridge. They are on the characters of Balaam, Saul, and Judas Iscariot. Graceful, beautifully expressed, and becoming in tone, they strike us as being somewhat deficient in pith. But to write on the character of Balaam after Butler would try any man; while to write on Judas after Rénan ought to have fired a preacher into indignation after severity. Can the Archbishop sustain his argument that the peculiar relations of God with Balaam would have been impossible after the Jewish theocracy was fully established? And what are the grounds for settling the time at which that establishment took place? Was it at the crossing of the Jordan, or the settlement of Jerusalem, or the death of Joshua? Does Scripture anywhere fix the era?

We do not want to be disrespectful, but Mr. Ernest De Bunsen has what the Scotch call a bee in his bonnet, and it buzzes the strangest of hums. In his 'Keys of S. Peter' (Longman), Mr. De Bunsen's task is this. From the very little that Scripture says of the Kenites he constructs from the depth of his own consciousness a long and interesting history of them. Throughout the whole history of Israel there were Kenites and Hebrews. The Kenites were the real representatives of truth: the Hebrew is the Elohist, the Kenite the Jehovist element of the Bible. Our Lord was a Kenite, and came to destroy the narrowness of the Hebrew community. If we understand Mr. De Bunsen rightly, the Roman branch of the Church really does possess a 'gnosis,' or hidden knowledge, which is symbolically connected in Scripture, and which is a crypto-Kenism; and the keys of this mystery Mr. De Bunsen summons the Pope to surrender. As far as we can make out this writer's view, all religions have this common nature, that they possess in various ways, but most of them unconsciously, the germ of Kenism.

'The Story of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa' (Saunders and Otley), by Mr. Rowley, one of the noble band—and only two survive—who accompanied Bishop Mackenzie on his great Missionary work, is not only a touching record of a great work, but a contribution to literature. There is truth in the tone and manner of the book. It is curious to contrast it with the *Lettres Edifiantes*, which are often more *curious* than *edifying*. Here we have no rose-coloured writing: no attempt to disguise, and not often to palliate, mistakes. Missionary work must be full of errors, and a Mission is from its nature tentative and experimental. Annual Reports and platform speeches are one thing: but a Missionary's genuine diary is another; a diary with its hopes and fears, the record of life, with its advances and falls, its strength and weakness. This is all that Mr. Rowley pretends to give, and it is given as fully as faithfully. One thing we must criticise. The volume is decorated, or rather its cover is decorated, with a hippopotamus hunt. Have the publishers borrowed this from a sporting source?

Dr. Preuss, a Berlin professor, has published a treatise on the history of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. A translation has been produced by those indefatigable publishers, the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh. The learned German—for he is learned—writes with a good deal of what he would call 'unction,' which is now and then out of place in an historical essay. But he indicates very fully the sources from which this turbid stream originated, and has grown into its present volume. Some of

the details connected with the famous bull *Ineffabilis* are given with a picturesque vivacity which we do not often find in a Teutonic pen.

Frederick Seebohm is a name new if not to our literature at least to ourselves. But if Mr. Seebohm is a foreigner, he is no stranger to English composition, and he is a student of unwearied industry and research. In his 'Oxford Reformers of 1498' (Longmans), he gives the lives and conjoint labours of Colet, More, and Erasmus. The date, we may as well observe, is the initial of the first great Oxford movement, and the history is carried on only to Colet's death, 1519. In fact, it is not the biography of either or of all of this famous triad, but only a history of their conjoint labours. It closes with the date of More resigning his humble sphere as under-sheriff of London on embarking on the perilous sea of Court favour, the last wave of which left him on the scaffold. There is a great deal in Mr. Seebohm's own views with which we do not possess any sympathy. But he has given us, and we thank him for it, a volume of rare research and immense interest. The Reformers before the Reformation are among the most important factors in Church history.

We have already mentioned the plan and scope of Messrs. Clark's 'Ante-Nicene Christian Library.' Among the many excellences of the *Sosii* of the North is their unswerving punctuality and the faith they keep with the public. Here are already two new volumes, four in all, of an undertaking not a year old. It is surely a significant sign of the times that Patristic translations, announced and carried on under difficulties at Oxford, and carried on moreover under such auspices as those of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman, only lingered. That great scheme was never realized; but now, such is the taste of the age that it is found to be a profitable scheme by the trade. Not that Messrs. Clark are mere tradesmen. One of the present issue of volumes is of a miscellaneous character, containing, as it does, the 'Apology of Tatian,' and that strangest of early Christian, or pseudo-Christian documents, the Clementine Recognitions. The other is of a more solid and valuable character, the Exhortation and part of the *Stromata* of Clement. No doubt there is but little in any of these works which has now much more than an archaeological and literary value. But this value is considerable; and, considering what exaggerated importance the extreme Rationalists attribute to these documents, it is as well to have them in an accessible form. The translators seem to have done their work with fairness and general precision. Amongst other very odd and certainly untrue things to be found in the Recognitions, is the assertion that polyandry was a British custom.

'Symbols of Christendom' (Longmans), by Mr. Radford Thomson, is an elementary Durandus, compiled with care and research, and useful for students. This manual avoids some of the faults of Anglican treatises on iconography and similar matters, which often have a tendency to sentimentalism. It is deficient in its notices of Oriental ritual and symbol.

'Studies for the Restoration of the Plans of the Sacred Edifices of the Bible.' By C. Jones. (Trübner.) This is the strangest book we ever saw. If we are to treat it seriously, or if we are not to quote the *tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*, we must say that we Reviewers are hardly used by C. Jones. He begins by 'addressing Reviewers.' He tells us roundly that to understand him and his views, or rather his authoritative teaching,

requires time and thought ; but time and thought are just what Reviewers never give to anything. So we are told ' to skip the preface, which would demand time and reflection to understand.' We have not taken this advice, but have wasted some time, and have tried to employ some reflection upon Mr. C. Jones, but with no results ; and no wonder, for to reflect implies a subject, and Mr. Jones is not substantial. He tells us that he has found what the whole world has never found out ; that he has cleared up all the difficulties that beset religion ; and that he has demonstrated that revelation and science can be reconciled. But he is in a perfect fury and rage that the world has not accepted or listened to his revelations. To be sure, he does not tell us how he has proved all these things, nor does he favour us with the name and title of one of his publications, and we are inclined to suspect that the books he has written he has only written in imagination. At any rate, we never heard of Mr. C. Jones, nor can we find his name in any extant list of authors. The present work is a suggestion or surmise that the stones of the Temple were not laid in courses, but joined, or externally joggled together by dovetailing. This suggestion, which may be, for aught we know, true, he offers merely as a suggestion of his great and hidden power of interpreting all the mysteries of the Bible, and of eliciting from it a complete manual and revelation of material and social science, which is at present, and ever has been, hidden under a symbolism of which C. Jones has got the key. This tremendous secret, however,—which is to prove that all our external Christianity is merely a false conception of the true sense of the Bible, and a 'coarse jumble of Judaism, ancient Paganism, and what very ignorant non-Christians in early times imagined was the Bible meaning,'—is too terrible a one to reveal. Like a madman described in a recent novel, C. Jones has got hold of a truth which will only, if revealed, destroy the whole constitution and being of every political, religious, and social community on earth. So, very wisely, Jones is afraid of his own secret and strength, and he keeps it to himself. Only somewhat inconsistently he scolds—we may even say he blackguards—everybody because they will not believe what he will not reveal. Meanwhile he publishes this specimen of what he might, only he does not, tell us, and charges us 7s. 6d. for the first part of what he vows shall never come to a second part, seeing that the world is not worthy to be enlightened. C. Jones has not only got a candle, but the mid-day sun, in his keeping ; but he means to keep it under his bushel, lest we should all be blinded with excess of light.

The Bishop of Salisbury's 'Charge' (Rivingtons) has attracted a good deal of attention. An ill-mannered, uncivil, and contumacious affront offered to the Bishop by one of his Clergy, and the existence of something too like a conspiracy, not, we fear, entered into without clerical connivance or clerical suggestion, elicited even from the *Times* a tardy, that is, a second thought's, admission that the Charge was fair, candid, and entirely within the limits of theological teaching which the Church of England had always allowed and encouraged. We can say much more, and we must express our thanks to the Bishop of Salisbury for one of the most complete and thoughtful vindications of our doctrine which has appeared from any English Bishop of modern times. To say that it reflects Dr. Hamilton's amiable temper and gentleness of speech would be superfluous and, in some sense, impertinent.

'The Order for Morning and Evening Prayer simply explained' (Masters), is what it asserts itself to be, useful for the young and uninstructed. It is written with care and in a proper spirit, and will be found useful for Sunday-school teachers. The writer has not caught the sense of the word 'health' in the General Confession. 'There is no health in us' does not mean, as Alexander Knox pointed out, that we Christians are one mass of spiritual disease, but that the source and giver of strength is God, not we. The emphatic word is *us*, not *health*: or, in other phrase, 'health' means the fountain of healing and grace.

'Somerford Priory' (Masters), by Miss—or Mrs.—McGregor, is a pretty specimen of the tale which inculcates Church principles. In their generation these books did good: the fault was in their profusion and sameness.

'The Christian Year-Book for 1866' (Jackson and Walford) is an attempt to get a conspectus of the year's work of Christianity all over the world, *minus*—for the publication is a Dissenter's—the trifling labours of all the Churches of the East and of the Roman obedience. In what most nearly concerns us the information is probably correct, made up as it is from Societies' Reports and Evangelical Journals generally; and we have not observed any indications of conscious unfairness. We regret to say, and this book suggests the comparison of figures, that while the S.P.G. has spent 85,000*l.*, and the Church Missionary Society as much as 142,000*l.*, the Wesleyan Methodists have expended 143,000*l.*, and the London Missionary Society 106,000*l.* in the same cause.

'Life at Ease Incumbents' (Masters), by Mark Parsons, we should have thought was a lady's composition, judging by the plentiful sprinkling or peppering of italics which season its pages. It is a satire on the high and dry clergy, and contains some sufficient hits, which would be none the weaker were there fewer of them. A little of this sort of thing tells most when condensed.

'The Monthly Packet' (Mozley) pursues, and we trust will long pursue, its useful work. The best of the domestic serials, as the earliest.

Mr. Stubbs' 'Inaugural Lecture' as Oxford Professor of Modern History (Parker), gives the promise of an able and active incumbency. Plenty of talent there was in the late Professor, and learning too: but in his successor Earl Derby has certainly selected one more congenial to the studies of the place, and one whose antecedents afford the most solid guarantee of his success.

We are very glad to welcome Dr. Daubeny's sensible protest against Mr. Lecky's 'History of Rationalism.' Mr. Lecky has been made the most of, and Dr. Daubeny, a veteran in physical science, is precisely the person to meet him, which he has done, and ably, in a telling pamphlet 'Christianity and Rationalism in their Relations to Physical Science' (Parker).

Mr. Medd's Sermon on 'The Christian Priesthood,' which was preached before the University (Parker), and the important but, alas! fragmentary work on the 'Church in the Apostolic Age' by the late Professor Shirley (Parker), show us that after all Oxford has among its residents, and those not of the generation passing away, able defenders of the truth. We suspect that Oxford is not so rationalistic and liberal as it is the fashion to say. Mr. Bright has edited Dr. Shirley's Essay.

THE
CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1867.

- ART. I.—1. *Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo.* By the Rev. WILLIAM LEEKE. Hatchards. 1867.
2. *Historical Record of the 52d Regiment.* Edited by W. S. MOORSOM, late Captain 52d Light Infantry. Bartley. 1860.
3. *Memoir of Lord Seaton's Services.* By WILLIAM CRAWLEY YONGE, Esq., late of the 52d Regiment. Privately printed. 1853.
4. *Trifles from my Portfolio.* By a Staff-Surgeon. Quebec : 1839.

*THE spirit of the corps,' to use an old Sergeant's translation of *esprit de corps*, is a mysterious essence, yet one whose existence cannot but be recognised. The corporate character is a real thing, though vague, and when once infused is hardly eradicated by new influences. Each member partakes in his own measure of the general flavour, and each infuses his own porportion in it, and yet carries away his own individuality. National character is the same thing on a large scale, which we see again in towns and even villages, in colleges, public schools, and regiments. Sometimes the character is the result of many contributions, sometimes it is traceable to the impress of one forcible nature ; but in either case it is impervious to any single effort at alteration, and where a change ensues, it is only through a long course of disintegration, and of the loss of the faculty of expelling that which it does not assimilate. While still vigorous, the spirit almost becomes an inspiration, and seems either to bear up or bear down individuals by its force, so that they become alien to their original selves while acting in their collective capacity, and yet still retain their individual personality in private life. The modifying influence of a strong nature, cast in a mould sympathetic with the general character, is full of interest when it becomes possible to trace it ; and no less remark-

able is the lasting influence exercised in after-life by the impressions received when forming part of a body.

These reflections have been suggested to us by the perusal both of the Military Record, officially put forth by the 52d Regiment, comprising a full century of service, from 1755 to 1858; and likewise of the recollections of the Rev. William Leeke, for a few years an officer in that corps, and who, after a far longer period of clerical life, has revived the recollections of his youth, and has given us a most *naïve* portrait of himself, while endeavouring to show us the most distinguished officer of the Regiment, John Colborne, Lord Seaton. It may not be un-instructive to trace the outline of the history of this highly distinguished body of men, inseparable as it is from the biography of him who commanded them.

The 52d Regiment Infantry was raised in the year 1755, on the outbreak of the Seven Years' War. Its first services were in the American War of Separation, when they were engaged in the skirmish of Lexington, memorable as the 'beginning of strife,' and afterwards did their part in the battle of Bunker's Hill, and the defence of Boston. An amusing anecdote is told of an incident during this time. It appears that the besieged enlivened their duration with theatricals. A farce was acted, written by General Burgoyne, and called 'The Siege of Boston;' but in the midst of the performance the enemy made an attack, and an orderly sergeant, who had been stationed outside the play-house door, hearing the firing, ran upon the stage, crying, 'Turn out, turn out! they're hard at it, hammer and tongs!' All this was taken as part of the play, and so loudly applauded that it was long before the sergeant could make his summons understood. Till the year 1778 the 52d were frequently engaged, and when they were at length ordered home, the number had been so much reduced by losses, sickness, and volunteering into other regiments remaining in America, as only to amount to 97 effective men on their arrival in England.

After several years of recruiting and garrison duty, they were embarked for India in 1783, and were on active service throughout the war with Tippoo Sahib, obtaining high encomiums on their valour and discipline, in General Orders from Lord Cornwallis. The following account is given of their exploits at the siege of Seringapatam, in the Journal of Sir Martin Hunter, then a Brigade-Major in the Regiment:—

'In the night attack of Tippoo's entrenched camp, before Seringapatam, on the 6th of February, 1792, the 52d were in the centre division, under the immediate command of Lord Cornwallis, and, having crossed the Cauvery, took post in the Daulet Baugh, which is close to the foot of the *glacis*. The night was so dark I did not know that I was within range of the guns of

Seringapatam. Tippoo soon found us out, and brought every gun he could to bear upon us, which determined me to re-cross the Cauvery, and try to join Lord Cornwallis, who I knew had halted somewhere near the Sultan's redoubt, with a part of the 71st Regiment and a battalion of Sepoys. Lord Cornwallis did not know that the 52d was within less than a quarter of a mile of him till within half an hour of the attack on Tippoo, who had re-crossed the Cauvery with his whole force. The night was so dark, the first intimation we had of their approach was from the "tom-toms," followed by cheering and a volley. They were within two hundred yards of us when the regiment was ordered to fire a volley and to charge. In this charge I was dangerously wounded, and carried into the Sultan's redoubt; the regiment thought I was killed. Lord Cornwallis had fallen back with his small body-guard, and sent orders to the 52d to retreat, which orders were delivered to Captain (the late General) Conran, next in command of the regiment. At this time the men were under a galling fire from the enemy, and, getting impatient, they called out, in the hearing of Captain Conran, "Had Captain Hunter been alive, he would have ordered another charge at those black rascals!" Conran said, "Well, my lads, though I have received orders to retreat, you shall have another dash at them." This charge, in my opinion, was the saving of Lord Cornwallis and the few troops he had with him, the 52d covering his retreat till he got beyond the Baugh hedge, when Tippoo gave up the pursuit, and bent his whole force against Sybald's redoubt. Had not the 52d re-crossed the Cauvery, and by the greatest good luck fallen in with Lord Cornwallis, he must inevitably have been taken by Tippoo.—*Historical Record*, p. 49.

What would a corps think in these days of remaining fifteen years in India? Yet it was not till 1798 that the 52d was embarked for England, when the rank and file were only 166 in number. After this they took their share in those lesser expeditions by which England, if she did nothing more, entered her protest against French usurpation; but it was not till the year 1803 that the Regiment came under that influence which stamped its peculiar character, and singularly enough, at the same time formed the views and brought into notice the officer, who, though at the time unconnected with the 52d, was destined to become its most distinguished and influential commander.

It was on the 8th of May, 1801, that the colonelcy of the Regiment was conferred upon Major-General Sir John Moore, a man whose talents for organisation and command were of the highest order, and though his early death, at the close of an unfortunate retreat, cut short his career, so as to leave one name alone pre-eminent in the annals of the Peninsular war; yet there can be no doubt that Wellington reaped the fruits of Moore's preparations, and that in great measure his successes were obtained through the training set on foot by him, who had been so unjustly censured by a public to whom success was everything, that the vindication of his memory was the inspiring motive of the first (and best) volume of Napier's 'Peninsular War.'

Two years after Moore's appointment the 52d were made Light Infantry, and, being marched to Shorncliffe, were trained with four other regiments, under his own eye, in the peculiar move-

ments which were requisite to give them a claim to the name of *light*, by enabling them to manœuvre with equal alertness and precision. The 'goose step' in the drill was then introduced, the march and platoon exercise were rendered much more rapid, and the necessary amount of luggage was greatly reduced, so as to render the troops as quickly as possible available in the event of an invasion, which was then almost hourly expected. New muskets were also supplied, and were regarded as a great improvement, though they were in fact only the 'Brown Bess,' recently distanced by later inventions after her half-century of honourable service.

There was a sweetness, warmth, and generosity in the character of Moore, that endeared him greatly to all connected with him, and when in 1805 he was created a Knight of the Bath, the officers subscribed to present him with a diamond star of the value of 350 guineas. The next year, 1806, they sailed under his command for Sicily, and it was here that Captain Colborne, then of the 20th, became his military secretary.

John Colborne was born in the year 1779, at Lymington, in South Hants, and, losing his father in his early childhood, was, on his mother's re-marriage to the Rev. Thomas Bargus, placed with his sister, under the care of that gentleman, with whom he always preserved the most affectionate filial relations, even after the death of his mother, who did not long survive her second marriage.

By Mr. Bargus he was placed at Winchester College, a place then under very different discipline from that which it has since enjoyed. Boys then prepared their lessons or read newspapers in chapel unreprieved, and the general lawlessness broke forth in the first of the two great rebellions, still remembered in the traditions of the school. Indeed, the prevailing tone of the whole century was irreligious, and this renders the more remarkable the deep sense of religion, and the purity of mind, manners, and language which characterised John Colborne from his earliest to his latest years, and which became stamped on the memory of all who came in contact with him.

He retained through life a warm affection for Winchester, though his career there was not successful. He was regarded as a backward and dull boy, and though one friend always declared him to be full of the promise of something remarkable, his genius chiefly displayed itself in building and defending snow forts, and like Wellington, Sir William Napier, and many others, he certainly would never have entered the army had his commission depended on an examination at sixteen or seventeen years of age.

However, in 1794, a commission was obtained for him in the

20th regiment, through the interest of the Earl of Warwick, by Mr. Bargus. His first active service was in the Quiberon Bay expedition, when, owing to a tissue of misunderstandings, no service was rendered to the gallant Vendéans; but the troops remained for a week on the little isle of Houat, with nothing to do but to gallop about on the rough ponies in which the island abounded. The next year he served in Holland, where he was wounded in the head, and, being taken into a clergyman's house, found his Latin so useful to him, that from that time he resolved to make up for the time that had been lost in his boyhood, to study languages, and even to exercise himself in improving his handwriting; nor from that period did he ever cease to be a diligent student of the best historical and military authors, whenever occasion served.

After a short stay at home he rejoined his regiment, then in Minorca, and, after the battle of Maida, first felt the practical advantage of the course of self-improvement he had pursued for the last seven years; for his knowledge of Italian caused him to be selected to follow the retreating French army, and report their movements. This led to his being placed on the staff; and in 1800, when General Moore came out with the troops who were sent to serve in the Mediterranean and obstruct Napoleon's Eastern projects, Major Colborne was with him, when, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, our army landed in Aboukir bay in the very face of the enemy, and under the artillery fire of the castle. The troops behaved admirably, huzzaing occasionally, but not attempting to return a shot till the boats reached the shore. Then, when their contents made their way to the beach and formed in line, Moore gave the word to load, and advancing, this first body of about 2,000 secured the landing of the rest of the army.

That night, as Abercrombie and Moore lay together on the ground, they were heard saying to one another, that they could not fear for England while she had such men as these had shown themselves.

Immediately after followed the surrender of Aboukir Castle, and the battle of Alexandria, in which Abercrombie was mortally, and Moore severely, wounded, and the French General Menou declared he had never seen a field so strewn with dead. The French prisoners said 'they had never fought till now.' During the siege of Alexandria, a friend of one of these prisoners, seeing Major Colborne and another officer walking at no great distance to the ramparts, shouted to them, and finding that they could speak French, begged them to do him a service. Then, giving the name of a captive French officer in the camp, he tossed over to them a purse full of coins, which he thus con-

veyed to his friend, with full confidence in the honour of the first English officers he saw at hap-hazard. When the surrender of Alexandria had taken place, and the French had been finally driven from Egypt, the English troops re-embarked. There was a subscription among the officers for bringing Pompey's pillar to England; but to their great disappointment the authorities interfered, thinking it too heavy for any vessel they could employ.

Major Colborne returned to Sicily, and there was military secretary first to General Fox, and afterwards to Sir John Moore.

In 1808 Moore was appointed to the command of an expedition to Gothenburg, in which the 52d was also engaged; but the eccentricity of the last Vasa rendering co-operation with him impossible, the troops were recalled, and almost immediately after were ordered to Portugal.

We are curiously reminded of a past matter of costume by hearing that, though the first battalion landed at Vimiero in a heavy surf and had no change of clothes till they arrived at Lisbon, they washed their shirts in the streams and watched them dry, and that the men enjoyed themselves much, being relieved from their hair-tying—that dreadful pipe-clayed queue that for so many years had been the torment of the service.

The battle of Vimiero soon followed, and then the convention of Cintra, after which Sir John Moore was sent to take the command in Spain, Major Colborne still going with him as his military secretary; and the forces already in Portugal were marched northward by Sir David Baird to join him in Galicia. They met at Mayorga, and there was a prosperous advance as far as Sahagun, when the intelligence reached Sir John Moore of the failure of the Spaniards, and of the advance of Bonaparte, with an army so overwhelming as to leave him no choice but to retreat. The demoralizing effects of a retreat in the depth of winter were soon felt; and when the reserve, of which the 52d formed part, reached the town of Benbibre, they found it full of stragglers and plunderers in the most disgraceful state of intoxication. It was resolved that a strong example must be made on the first detection of an act of plunder; and when, shortly after, a house at Calcabellos was found being plundered by three men, an artilleryman, a guardsman, and one of the 52d, it was decided that they should be executed. The reserve had been formed into a square, the culprits had the ropes round their necks, and Major-General Sir Edward Paget was in the act of pointing the moral to the surrounding troops, when a cavalry officer galloped into the square to report the enemy's advance. The general announced this to the soldiers, declaring that even a charge of the enemy should not deter him from

completing the execution, but that if the whole reserve would promise to abstain from all such acts for the future, he would pardon the three delinquents, and ended by saying, 'If you mean to fulfil your promise, you will all repeat distinctly three times, "Yes, yes, yes."' Scarcely had the assent resounded from the square, when another cavalry officer galloped up to say that the pickets had been some time engaged, and the reserve had to march at once to their post. Lewis, the 52d man who was saved, was a brave soldier, and though always noted for his plundering propensities, he lived to die gallantly at Orthes by the side of the late Duke of Richmond. In fact, plunder and rapine were far from being *ingrain* in the English soldiery, and were comparatively rare in the early campaigns. Many will recollect Southey's picturesque description of the peasant girl who drove her ass between the two armies just before the battle of Busaco; and Lord Seaton used amusingly to describe a French officer who was trying to propitiate his captor, a dragoon, by giving him all the valuables on his person, taking the man's hesitation in receiving them for greediness for more; till at last, on his tendering a handsome ring, the honest soldier broke out, 'Poor fellow, poor fellow, I'll be hanged if I take it; dare say 'twas given him by his sweetheart!'

But to return to the retreating army, with the light division as their rear-guard. On reaching Nogales it was found impossible to attempt to move the stores there collected; and the officers and men, who had already learned what it was to be hungry, stored their haversacks with the abandoned salt beef and pork. Permission was also given to the officers to receive, from the military chest, money on account for *bât* and forage; but to avoid disorder, and to prevent all the officers from being absent at once from their men, only the captains of companies went from the 52d, and each received three hundred dollars; but having no means of transporting such a load, they distributed the charge among their companies, entrusting each soldier with the care of two or three dollars, and these were carefully restored to them by all who survived.

A few miles further on there was a steep mountain, over which the oxen were incapable of drawing the heavy waggons, and the military chest was necessarily abandoned, since the enemy was pressing too closely on the rear-guard to permit of any delay. Casks closely packed with dollars were rolled over the cliffs, and breaking open, poured out a silver rain down the precipices, in full view of the rear-guard, who, however, had so much on their hands, that not a man left the ranks to secure the treasure; and, indeed, they were themselves in such difficulties, that they threw away the far more valuable meat they had

secured, and had to suffer much in consequence. The camp followers, however, had a scramble for the coin; and Mrs. Maloney, the master-tailor's wife, secured enough to make her fortune; but, poor woman, when embarking at Coruña, her foot slipped, she fell between the boat and ship, and her heavy freight of silver carried her to the bottom at once.

The remainder of the march was dreadfully trying from rain, hunger, and consequent sickness, besides the difficulties of the ground and the dilapidation of shoes. Thus run the recollections of Major-General Diggle:—

‘Well do I remember the kind act of a worthy woman, Sally Macan, the wife of a gallant soldier of my company, who, observing me to be falling to the rear from illness and fatigue, whipped off her garters, and secured the soles of my boots, which were separating from the upper leathers, and set me on my feet again; even then, decorated as I was with the garters, I should have fallen into the hands of the French, had not Colonel Barclay sent his horse to the rear for me, being unable from weakness to fetch up my lee-way. A year or two after this I had the opportunity of requiting the kindness of poor Sally Macan, by giving her a lift on my horse the morning after she had given birth to a child in the bivouac.’—*Historical Record*, p. 101.

The sufferings of that retreat reached the tragic height when, after the dreadful fortnight, the army turned to bay, and fought their battle at Coruña to defend their embarkation, that battle which numbered the gallant Moore with Epaminondas, Gustavus, Wolfe, Nelson, and other happy men killed in the moment of victory. The account of his fall in Napier's History is so like a romance of old chivalry, that it vindicates the truth of relations that in these sceptical days men are unwilling to believe. What can be more heroic or touching than the picture of the General struck from his horse by a cannon-shot, but sitting up instantly, with that beautiful and majestic face betraying no sign of pain, and brightening as he saw the success of his troops decisive; and, when Captain Hardinge would have disentangled his sword-hilt from his frightful wound, refusing to part with the weapon while still in the field?

Colonel Anderson, Sir John Moore's aide-de-camp, in his narrative, says, after the dying General had been carried into a house in the town:—‘On Major Colborne's entering the room, the general spoke most kindly to him, and then said to me, “Anderson, remember you go to the commander-in-chief, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a lieutenant-colonelcy. He has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it.”’

Of those who ‘buried him at the dead of night, with his martial cloak around him,’ on the ramparts of Coruña, and ‘bitterly thought on the morrow,’ there were at least two, Hardinge and Colborne, who lived to bear to the grave, forty-

three years later, with all the pomp and circumstance that a country could bestow on one

Whose deeds of fame renewed,
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,

their other great general of the Peninsula, and to contrast the gazing city, the crowded church, the magnificent chant, the royal mourners, with the dark, hasty, midnight burial, with the enemy's guns sounding far off in their ears.

But the thought of Moore lay very deep in the hearts of all who had been in contact with him, from Lady Hester Stanhope, the beautiful girl whose career was to become so unhappily eccentric after the death of her early lover, to the grey-headed veterans, who could scarcely bear the mention of his name even to the end of their long lives.

Such was the effect of the discipline established in the 52nd, that, though forming part of the rear-guard, and thus frequently in collision with the enemy, only ninety-three men were lost in the retreat; but ninety-five were killed or missing in the battle, and the dire after-consequences of fatigue and hunger were such, that, after the return to England, one day's tale of deaths in hospital amounted to thirty.

In accordance with the dying Moore's request, Colborne was immediately promoted to be lieutenant-colonel of a garrison battalion, and, being thus disengaged, he very soon returned to Spain, and, joining the Spanish army, continued with it till its total defeat at Ocaña, in November, 1809. Then exchanging into the 66th regiment, he served with the 2d division under Wellington, and had the command of one of its brigades, with which, together with a couple of squadrons of cavalry, he was detached, to curb the inroads of the French under Latour Maubourg, and raise the confidence of the people of Portugal.

Napier, in the third volume of his history, thus mentions the services he rendered:—'Colborne, a man of singular talents for war, by rapid marches and sudden changes of direction, created great confusion among the enemy's parties. He intercepted several convoys, and obliged the French troops to quit Fuente Ovejuna, La Granja, Azuaga, and most of the other frontier towns, and he imposed on Latour Maubourg with so much address, that the latter, imagining a great force was at hand, abandoned Guadalcanal also, and fell back to Constantino.'

In 1811, the 66th formed part of a brigade of the army, which was employed under Marshal Beresford in the first siege of Badajos, and was obliged, by the advance of Soult, to raise the siege, and give battle at Albuera. Colonel Colborne was acting as brigadier, and when the Spanish troops, between the obstinacy of their general, Blake, and their own want of dis-

cipline, had been entirely broken and dispersed, the whole brunt of the battle fell upon General Stewart's division, of which Colborne's was the leading brigade, in their advance against the enemy.

Beresford, in his despatch, mentions Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne as acting in a most noble manner, and leading on the brigade in admirable order; but the flight of the Spaniards, and a heavy cloud of mist, had enabled two regiments of French hussars, and one of Polish lancers, to fall upon them in the rear as they were in the act of deploying, and there was a terrible slaughter. The 66th were almost annihilated; but the Poles threw themselves into disorder by their own savage ferocity, riding irregularly about the field, shaking the little crimson flags upon their long lances, and seeking out the wounded where they fell. The left of the brigade had escaped the charge, and gallantly held its ground under every disadvantage, until Houghton's glorious steadfastness, and Cole's brilliant and resolute advance, gained the day; and out of an army of 7,500 men, 1,500 whole and unwounded stood victorious, among 6,000 of their own number killed or disabled, having defeated 23,000 of the enemy, and won what was reckoned as the bloodiest battle of the whole war.

Colborne was one of the unwounded; but shortly after, a severe attack of ague obliged him to return to England for his recovery.

Four months after their return to England, the 52d were again embarked for the Peninsula, and brigaded with the 43d and rifle-corps into the far-famed light division, under the command of the gallant and fiery Brigadier-General Robert Crauford, whose general orders have ever since been a manual to infantry officers. Talavera, Almeida, and Busaco were soon ready to be added to the names already borne by the buff-silk colours of the 52d. In the last-mentioned battle, a fiery Welsh captain, commonly known among his comrades as 'Jack Jones,' seeing the head of the French column deploying, just before the charge of his own regiment, rushed on the *Chef de bataillon* in the act of giving the word to his men, and killed him on the spot with his sword, cutting off and carrying away the medal that he wore.

The spirit of the men is illustrated by a story of a man named Tobin, who was missing for two or three days, while the army was following Massena's retreat into his cantonments, and when asked on his reappearance where he had been, replied, 'On a visit to the French gineral;' and, on further examination, said, that having been surprised by the enemy in a wine-shop, he had feigned himself a deserter, and had succeeded in effecting his escape.

Some time after, an Irish aide-de-camp of Massena's, being sent with a flag of truce to the English army, finding himself among the 52d, inquired for this man, and gave him a dollar, saying that Marshal Massena had declared that with 20,000 such men he would beat any army double that number. The aide-de-camp narrated that Tobin had been brought before the Marshal as a deserter, and that he himself, wishing to serve a countryman, had offered to act as interpreter. Tobin answered clearly, till he was asked what was the strength of the Light Division, when, wishing to stand up for the credit of his division, he replied, in an off-hand Irish way, 'Tin thousand.' Massena angrily exclaimed, 'Take away the lying rascal.' 'What's the matter with the general?' asked Tobin; and when the aide-de-camp represented to him that it was well known that the light division had only consisted of 4,000 men at first, and had since been often engaged, and with loss, the ready-witted fellow replied, 'Och! thin the general don't belave me. Tell him to 'attack them next time he meets them with tin thousand men, 'and if they don't lick him I'll be hanged.' The Marshal was so impressed with the man's spirit, that he offered to make him a serjeant at once. Tobin asked time to consider, and in the night made his way back to his regiment.

1811 began, and with that the advance from Torres Vedras, which never once retrograded, before the British army were in the valleys of France. It is a curious fact that in the action of Sabugal, which took place early in the advance, a heavy fall of rain actually disabled all the muskets on both sides from going off, and indeed such was the inferiority of the weapons that sometimes, after a volley, a fourth of the firelocks were still loaded, but fortunately the enemy were no better off in this respect than the English. The action was a sharp one, and gained the following testimony from Wellington, whose praise was so chary as to be doubly estimable: 'I consider the action that 'was fought by the Light Division, by Colonel Beckwith's 'brigade, principally with the whole of the second corps, to be 'one of the most glorious that British troops were ever engaged in.'

A few days later, on the 23d April, Captain Dobbs and his company rendered no slight service:

'The enemy pushed forward a reconnaissance to the right bank of the Azava, Captain Robert Campbell's company, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Dawson, and a sub-division of the Rifles, under command of Lieutenant Eeles, were posted on picket at the bridge of Marialva, and Captain Dobbs' company was stationed at the ford of Molenos de Flores.

'At about 7 o'clock, a.m., the enemy commenced an attack upon the Marialva picket, and Captain Dobbs, knowing that heavy rain had fallen in the night, suspected that the ford that he was appointed to guard must have

become no longer fordable. He soon ascertained that this was the fact, and leaving a corporal and three men to watch the ford, at once dashed off with the remainder of his company to the bridge, at which he arrived most opportunely, the enemy having forced the passage. Seeing the state of affairs whilst he was coming over the height above the bridge, Captain Dobbs, without hesitation, charged down on the enemy, who, supposing that his was only the advance of a much larger force, gave way, and recrossed the bridge. On this, the companies of the 52d, and the small party of the 95th, placed themselves among the rocks on one side of the bridge, and kept up such a fire upon it that the French were unable to force the passage a second time. The manner of the French in advancing was rather singular. A drummer always led, beating what we used to nickname "old trousers;" and as long as "old trousers" encouraged them they continued to advance, but, as soon as the poor drummer fell, they immediately turned tail and ran back, till their officers stopped them and began the same process over again. This continued until the two battalions of the 52d came up, and effectually secured the passage, when the French force retired. In this affair Ensign Pritchard, one sergeant, and fourteen rank and file were wounded. Captain Dobbs received four shots through various parts of his clothing. Napier says the attacking force on this occasion consisted of 2,000 infantry and a squadron of cavalry. If they had succeeded much mischief might have ensued, as our horse artillery were all out foraging, and their cavalry would have got into our quarters at Gallegos.—*Historical Record*, pp. 139, 140.

That most grandly named of all battles, Fuentes d'Onor, (the Sources of Honor), was imminent, and it is pleasant to see in the above-quoted 'Record,' those little courtesies of war, which we are used to cite as belonging to the ages of romance. 'I am glad to see you here,' said the French field-officer, on placing his pickets along the right bank, to a captain of the 52d, across the stream, 'we shall now understand each other. When you want water, and our sentries challenge, call out *Agua*, and you shall have it. Will you give similar orders *à vos enfans*?'

Again, a fine tall French sergeant was brought in to Captain Love, having been captured while coming within the lines to take leave of a Spanish damsel in the village. '*C'est l'amour qui m'a fait prisonnier*,' he said, and the officer could not but reply: '*Eh bien donc, si l'amour vous a joué un mauvais tour, l'Amour vous a dédommagé*,' and sent him back to his comrades.

The battle forced the French to retreat, leaving, instead of their sentries, men of straw with caps on their heads and poles by their sides. At this time, Lieut. Colonel Colborne exchanged into the 52d, and when Ciudad Rodrigo was invested on the 8th of January 1812, he was in command of the regiment, as was the brave Crauford, of the division.

The advanced redoubt of San Francisco was taken on the first night by a storming party, formed from companies from each of the three regiments of the Light Division, and led by Colonel Colborne, and on the 19th, the famous assault took place, the forlorn hope being led by Lieut. Gurwood of the 52d, with

twenty-five volunteers, followed by the storming party of a thousand volunteers from each regiment, commanded by Major George Napier of the 52d. An impetuous rush gained the breach, and the supporting regiments coming up, cleared the retrenchment in the rear and won the fortress, but not without severe losses both in killed and wounded. Colonel Colborne was struck with a spent shot in the right shoulder while walking up the breach, and Major Napier's right arm was so shattered as to require amputation, from which however he recovered rapidly, while Colonel Colborne, after three months of suffering, was sent home with the ball not yet extracted, and though it was at length discovered by the skill of Mr. Carrick Moore, brother to his late beloved general, and, after fifteen months, extracted at Plymouth, he never entirely recovered the free use of his arm. He was detained at home for exactly a year.

It was when the British troops entered Ciudad Rodrigo that an incident took place which, strange to say, is not correctly described in either Napier or the Record of the 52d, but which is rightly given in 'Golden Deeds,' from the traditions of old officers, *i.e.* 'Jack Jones's' cool presence of mind in removing the fire-brands that some Portuguese soldiers had kindled on the floor of a church where the French had stored their powder. Both the other accounts made Captain Jones and one sergeant carry out, not the freshly-lighted wood, but the gunpowder itself, which would have been a far more difficult and dangerous, not to say impossible, feat.

The siege of Badajos soon followed, and we cannot refrain from again fully quoting the account of the storm :—

'At 9 P.M., on the 6th of April, the light division, commanded by Colonel Barnard, and the 4th division by Major-General the Honourable Charles Colville, assembled near the small bridge over the Calamon, a brook, tributary to the Rivellas, about a thousand yards from the breaches. The light division moved off in columns of sections, the ladder parties, to which were attached engineer officers (Captain Nicholas and Lieutenant de Salaberry) leading them; then the grass bag, axe, and crowbar men; next 100 volunteers from each regiment as storming parties, and then the divisions themselves.

The night was very dark, but as the swollen Rivellas was all the way close on the right hand, there was no difficulty in tracking the route. The besiegers' batteries, after firing heavily, suddenly ceased; in this, however, there was nothing unusual. The advance silently neared the covered way. All was very still. The town clock tolled the hour of ten, and the sentries along the walls successively gave their usual cry of *Sentinelle, garde à vous*, translated by our men into "All's well in Badajoo." Suddenly a fire-ball, rising high in air from the bastion of Santa Maria, fell near the axe and crowbar parties, but a shovelful of earth at once extinguished it, and all was dark and still again.

The ladder party of the 52d crept quietly through the palisades of the covered way, and planted against the counterscarp its six ladders, just in front of the proper right face of the unfinished ravelin. The officer of it, Ensign Gawler, the engineer officer leading, Lieutenant de Salaberry, and about

twelve or fifteen men were in the ditch, when, with a blinding blaze of light, and a regular chorus of explosions of all kinds, the enemy's fire opened. The leading assailants pushed up the unfinished ravelin, in the hope of tracking a practicable passage to the centre breach; but the summit, in the very focus of the fire, was rendered still more untraversable by a field-piece in the flank of Santa Maria, which poured incessant charges of grape across the ravelin and on to the covered way of the Trinidad, in which now appeared the head of the 4th division endeavouring to plant its ladders. The deceitful inundation below carried away all that were let down, so that excepting some reckless fellows (among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt of the 52d) who jumped down the counterscarp, and were almost shaken to death, and a few active fellows who scrambled down the remains of one or two narrow ramps which the enemy had cut away, the whole of those who got into the ditch descended by the six ladders planted before the fire opened; of which, also, the one nearest the salient angle, having slipped into a rocky hole, was too short.

'It then became evident that the highest discipline and the most devoted courage should not be calculated upon to counterbalance the neglect of those precautions which long engineering experience has inscribed as essential. Of these, the blowing in of the counterscarp, when it exceeds the height of eight feet, is one.

'The two massive columns were first checked, almost hopelessly, on the crest of the glacis under the fire within sixty yards of veteran soldiers, well covered, with several firelocks each, and adding to their bullets wooden cylinders set with slugs. The officers and men, British, Germans, and Portuguese of various regiments became, practically, undisciplined mobs at the foot of the ladders. Then there were desperate rushes, in which the confused mass divided into three parties, according to each man's fancy for a particular breach. Then came the lighted fire-balls, and tar-barrels, the explosion of heavy shells, powder barrels, and fougasses, and the crosses of logs of wood rolled incessantly from above. Then, half-way up the breach were barrows turned the wrong side upwards, and planks studded with pointed nails. On the summit was a close row of *chevaux-de-frise* of sharp sword-blades well chained together, and from these projected the muzzles of the muskets of grenadiers, with their recollections fresh of two previous successful defences.

'The most desperate and persevering gallantry distinguished the assailants—some fell even under the *chevaux-de-frise*. It is not, however, difficult to conceive that, at no one time, was any body of men launched against the breach in sufficient numbers, organisation, and unanimity of effort to overcome the immense combinations of obstacles. Captain Currie, of the 52d, a most cool and gallant soldier, seeing the impossibility of success without powerful concert, examined the counterscarp beyond the Santa Maria breach, and having found a narrow ramp imperfectly destroyed, ascended it and sought out the Earl of Wellington who, with a few of his staff, was a short distance off. "Can they not get in?" was the earl's anxious and emphatic question. On Currie's reply that those in confusion in the ditch could not, but that a fresh battalion might succeed by the descent he had discovered, one from the reserve was committed to his guidance. From the difficulties of the broken ramp those men, as they got in, became mixed up with the confused parties rushing at or retiring from the breaches, and this last hope vanished.

'The buglers of the reserve were then sent to the crest of the glacis to sound the retreat; the troops in the ditch, grown desperate, at first would not believe it genuine, and struck the buglers in the ditch who attempted to sound; but at length sullenly reascended the counterscarp as they could, saved only from complete destruction by the smoke of the expiring combustibles of the defenders, and the foul and worn-out condition of their firelocks. Cool generosity did not forsake the British soldier to the last—one of

them made a wounded officer of the 52d take hold of his accoutrements that he might drag him up a ladder, "or," said he, "the enemy will come out and bayonet you." The fine fellow was just stepping on to the covered way when a thrill was felt by the hand which grasped his belt, and the shot which stretched him lifeless threw his body backward into the ditch again, while the officer, whom he had thus rescued, crawled out upon the glacis. As the last stragglers crossed the glacis, the town clock was heard again heavily tolling twelve; but Picton was in the castle to the right, and Leith in the bastion of St. Vincente to the left, and no French sentinel, from that day to this, has again cried *Garde à vous* from the ramparts of Badajos.—*Historical Record*, pp. 163—167.

The battle of Salamanca followed, the advance to Madrid, and the siege of Burgos. Our readers will doubtless remember how the tidings of Salamanca added to the depression that hung upon Napoleon on the morning of Borodino; and the importance which the Peninsular struggle then assumed in his eyes, caused him to send Soult to the assistance of his brother Joseph with so strong a reinforcement as to compel Wellington to retreat from Madrid. This, like all retreats, was a period dangerous to discipline, since rations were running short, and the oak-woods through which the roads lay, were full of pigs feeding on the acorns. Captain John Dobbs gives his evidence, that the Light Division, who as usual formed the rear-guard, were much too near the enemy to attempt shooting at the swine; indeed, all through the 15th of November they were constantly attacked by a body of eight thousand French cavalry, and crossed the river Huebra under the fire of thirty pieces of cannon. All along the bank the enemy fired shells at them; however, the ground was in so miry a state that all these plunged deep into it, and the explosion brought up nothing but clay; but at all the fords, the enemy attempted to cross, and in the combats in the course of this day one valuable officer was killed, and many wounds given. When the enemy ceased their attacks, at nightfall, no pigs remained in sight, but the firing of the French had brought down a quantity of the acorns, and these were a welcome addition to the scanty fare of the tired soldiers. Those of the army who had marched more at their ease had however done some execution among the wild bacon, and thus called forth one of Wellington's sharpest and sternest general orders, which, including as it did the whole army in its sweeping censure, was long recollected with a sore feeling, even by those whose jealousy was only for the reputation of their corps, having joined long after 'the pig-shooting affair.' We mention this, trifle though it be, to show what *was* considered as a disgrace in the Peninsular army—when *loot* was not the familiar word it has become in the present generation—though we allow, under different circumstances, since Spain was a

friendly country. Yet even when the time came for entering France, there was hardly an officer in Wellington's army who would have deemed himself any better than a robber had he stained his hands with plunder.

The 'Retreat from Madrid' closed at Ciudad Rodrigo, whence in the spring of 1813 commenced the victorious march, whose first memorable fight was on ground already rendered glorious to England by the success of the Black Prince, though, on so much larger a scale are modern military operations than those of the middle ages, that the scene of the battle of Navaretta occupies but a corner of the field of Vittoria; and for the two iron-clad English knights killed in 1362 we have thirty-three officers in 1813. But the hearts were little altered in the course of 450 years. What a picture Captain Dobbs has given us of the advance of Vandeleur's brigade along the left bank of the Zadorra, to support Graham's attack on the bridges, under the fire of six guns posted on a hill directly in front. 'This alignment was taken up with the same precision as on a field-day, and a beautiful line was formed, the enemy's balls knocking a file out of it at every discharge, the sergents in rear calling out "Who got that?" and entering the names on their list of casualties.' Then advancing, they gained the height and captured the guns. By this time the victory had been completed, and the enemy were in full flight, leaving behind them an enormous amount of property—so tempting to the army, that again Wellington rebuked them with great sternness—characteristic of the lofty honour and severity of the man, and no doubt exaggerated, from the absolute necessity of preserving discipline.

The Light Division was however, as the *Historical Record* assures us, far away from the scene of confusion, and only halted at midnight from the pursuit of the enemy, six miles distant from the inviting waggons and carriages, so that he must have been a very inveterate plunderer indeed who tramped back in the dark to obtain a share of the spoil.

A month after Vittoria, on the 20th of July, the command of the 52d was resumed by Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, who had come out to rejoin his regiment immediately after his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of the Reverend James Yonge, of Puslinch, in the county of Devon, on the 21st June, 1813.

Marshal Soult had been again sent with a large force to Spain, and had proposed to his troops to keep their Emperor's birthday in Vittoria; but the English were already on the heights of Vera, and the siege of St. Sebastian was formed, and the French soldiery had apparently concluded their case to be hopeless, for in the course of that polite intercourse

that always seems to have prevailed between the pickets of the two armies, a homesick Frenchman called out to the English to ask 'how long they meant to be in sending them back to *la belle France*,' and then began to dance and caper in remembrance, poor fellow, of the delights of his own village-green.

When Soult, in his endeavour to relieve S. Sebastian, had passed 15,000 men over the Fords of the Bidassoa below Vera, to attack the Allies on the slopes of the Crown Mountain, Colborne strongly urged General Skerrett, in command of the Light Division, to break down the Bridge of Vera. Had his advice been followed, the effect of it would have been to place this corps of the enemy in a very critical position, and would most probably, have had a very considerable influence on the remainder of the campaign; for, when after being repulsed, they returned in the middle of the night, the heavy rains had rendered the fords impassable, and (entangled in the bend of the river, with a victorious army in their rear) they had no means of escape but by the bridge above, which, being then defended only by the pickets of the 95th, they forced with the loss of two hundred men and the general who commanded the column.

The breach was not practicable till the 31st of August. The storming party was to consist of 750 volunteers from the Light Division, who were sent for from Vera at the foot of the Pyrenees for the purpose, as there was an idea that the troops who had been more immediately engaged in the siege had become somewhat discouraged, and, as Wellington expressed it, he needed 'men who could show other troops how to mount a breach,' a phrase which naturally gave such offence that the 5th Division, who had been chiefly engaged in the siege, were said to have declared they would bayonet the men of the Light Division if they got into the place before them, and their commanding officer, Major-General Leith, actually placed them where they would have no opportunity of executing their threat.

As to the Light Division themselves, they volunteered in such numbers that one out of five had to be selected, and that night a most daring and important service was performed by Major Kenneth Snodgrass of the 52d, who had been placed in command of the 13th Portuguese regiment. A lesser breach had been opened, but had been disregarded, partly because, to attack it, it would have been necessary to traverse the river Urumea without a bridge or ford, but this gallant officer suspected that it could be passed when the tide was at ebb, and at 10.30 p.m., the night before the attack, he left the camp alone, crossed the river, with the water above his waist, and thus ascertained that at the corresponding time of the tide the next morning it could be passed. He then went up the steep hill, and absolutely climbed

up into the lesser breach and looked down into the town, at that time one sheet of flame from the shells, which, though by the Duke's orders never thrown into the town, had set fire to the houses nearest the breach, and with the night wind, the fire had become considerable. Snodgrass, returning in safety, reported his discovery, and obtained permission to make an assault the next morning with 300 volunteers from his Portuguese. Such a daring spirit had he infused into these men that so many volunteered as to make the selection difficult. The brave fellows got across the river unmolested, for the French, thinking all secure on that side, had stopped up the embrasures with sand bags, and thus could not bring their artillery to bear on them till all but the rear had passed. The ascent was so precipitous that it was with difficulty that it could be climbed, and they were several times forced back. One gallant Portuguese sergeant was six times wounded, but continued every time to rise and renew his endeavours to climb the ascent. The enterprise only became successful almost at the same moment as the principal assault was over.

This had begun at 11 A.M. The first obstruction was the explosion of a mine, just as the storming party filed out of the trenches; but it had been sprung too soon, and did little harm. Shortly after (we quote from an eye-witness, who was watching with a telescope from the English camp,) the English climbed the breach, and their scarlet coats made them visible as a red mass. There, however, they were stopped; the reason, as he heard afterwards, was that there was an immense ditch between them and the town. On their right was a small piece of wall between them and the lesser breach, on their left a rampart rising perpendicularly above them, and entirely covered with French. The only way in which they could advance was by climbing up this rampart, and it was plain how they were struggling to do so, and how the enemy threw them back. After a few minutes the gazer could see the scarlet coats,—too many of them prostrate on the breach. But for two hours they maintained their post, fresh troops took the place of the killed, and Sir Thomas Graham caused the batteries to fire over their heads among the French, till, after a time, some powder and shells on the ramparts exploded, causing great discouragement among the French, so that the officers could be seen trying to force their men to be steady by beating them with their swords, while the British, taking advantage of their confusion, scrambled one or two at a time up the rampart, and at last made their footing good. The town was gained at about 3 P.M. It was rather a significant accident that a board, which decorated some public building with the words 'Napoleon

the Grand' in colossal letters, lost while under British fire the epithet, and remained simply 'Napoleon.'

Plunder was still deemed the right of the assaulting army, and even the Duke did not arrest the sack of S. Sebastian for three days; but the Light Division were out of reach of this, being still at Vera.

Skerrett, shortly after, going on leave, the command devolved on Lord Seaton, and the Brigade soon felt the good effects of his practised hand. On horseback from morning till night, he closely reconnoitred every part of the country over which he might have to operate; so that when he led them into action, he was enabled to take advantage of every inequality of the ground to shelter his men from the enemy's fire, and inspired the highest confidence in the mind of every officer and soldier under his command, that whatever they might have to do, would be effected in the manner best calculated to ensure success, with the least possible loss of life. Those who were present will remember, how, on the evening before the attack of the heights of Vera, being desirous to examine a point within the enemy's lines, which could not be seen from the English side of the valley, he took the rather adventurous step of going in with a flag of truce; and how, as he did not return very quickly, the whole camp turned out in a state of anxiety, the men expressing their eager wish to charge the heights at once, if he were detained.

The next day, October 7th, 1813, in the words of the Duke's despatch, 'Colonel Colborne, of the 52d Regiment, who commanded Major-General Skerrett's Brigade, in the absence of the Major-General, on account of his health, attacked the enemy's right, in a camp which they had strongly entrenched. The 52d Regiment, under Major Mein, charged in a most gallant style, and carried the entrenchments with the bayonet.'

It was a very brilliant affair, and owing to the commander's perfect knowledge of the ground, the several lines were carried with such rapidity, that when the garrison of the last fort, which crowned the defences, endeavoured to make their escape down the reverse slope of the mountain, he intercepted them at the foot of it, and made the whole 400 prisoners. This he did, notwithstanding that General Cole, commanding the 4th Division, in support of the attack, sent word by his aide-de-camp, that if he advanced over the hill, he would not support him any farther.

Napier, in his account says, that 'accompanied only by one of his staff, and half-a-dozen riflemen, he unexpectedly crossed their march, and, with great presence of mind, summoned them to surrender.' But their capture was, in truth, the result of foresight and good management, not of accident. For, in con-

sideration of the steepness of the ground to be attacked, he had given orders that the soldiers might leave their knapsacks in the camp, and thus lightened, they were in much better condition to scale the heights, and also to outrun the retreating enemy. It was a regular chase, the 52d keeping the high ground above the valley, by which the French garrison descended, and when he summoned them to surrender, the headmost companies were but a few yards behind him, and a lieutenant of that regiment, on the instant, demanded and received the swords of fourteen of the French officers.

⁴ Colonel Colborne was in the same command at the battles of the Nivelle and of the Nive, and at Orthes again he distinguished himself in one of the most remarkable actions of the war. The position Soult there occupied with 30,000 men, might be compared to two bastions with their intermediate curtain, the bastions being represented by two projecting ridges, separated by a marshy valley, and the curtain by a line of hill, forming the head of the valley, connecting them at their bases. The Duke had with him the 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, and Light Divisions, but of the latter, the 52d and a battalion of the Rifles were the only British regiments present, the others having, a few days before, been sent to the rear to get their clothing. Beresford, with the 4th and 7th, having been directed to attack the right wing, and Picton, with the 3d and 6th, the left, they soon won the lower part of the ridges; but there, the contraction of the ground prevented their deploying, and after much hard fighting, no further progress was made. The loss had been severe, and the more so, as from the character of the country, and the want of any road intersecting the position, the British artillery could not get into action, and the French gunners were at leisure to direct their whole fire on the infantry. The heads of the columns were beat back, the village of S. Boes, which had been taken by Cole, with the 4th Division, was regained by the French, and the aspect of affairs was such, that Soult was said to have exulted in the belief that he was surely gaining the day. At this conjuncture the Light Division, which had been the last to cross the river, came up, and formed under cover of what has been called the Roman Fort, a high mound covered with scattered trees, at the lower extremity of the ridge on which the French right was posted. The 52d, the headmost regiment, had hardly completed its formation of column of companies, when Cole called out from the high ground above, "If you are to do anything, there is no time to lose." Lord Seaton, then riding a few yards to the front, determined at a glance to deploy the 52d, and bring them up the unoccupied space between the two wings. Then, to quote from Napier, "Colonel Colborne, so often distinguished in this war, immediately led the 52d down across the marsh. They soon obtained footing on the firm ground, and ascended the heights in line, at the moment that Taupin was pushing vigorously through S. Boes, and Foy and D'Armagnac were assailed on the other flank by the 3d and 6th Divisions. With a mighty shout and rolling fire, the 52d dashed forward between Foy and Taupin, beating down a French battalion in their course, and throwing everything before them into disorder. General Bechaud was killed in Taupin's division, Foy was dangerously wounded, and his troops, discouraged by his fall and by the sudden burst from a quarter whence no enemy was expected, got into confusion, and the disorder spreading to Reille's wing, he also was forced to fall back and take a new position. The narrow pass behind S. Boes was thus opened, and Wellington, seizing the critical moment, thrust the 4th and 7th Divisions, Vivian's cavalry, and two batteries of artillery through the opening,

and spread a front beyond. The victory was thus secured." In his observations on the battle, he says, "it was well fought on both sides, but the crisis was decided by the 52d."

"Perhaps, however, a more correct idea of the circumstances may be formed from a less florid account. The regiment advanced without firing a shot; and there must be a mistake in the supposition that the discouragement of the French was occasioned by anything like surprise, for the 52d was not so concealed, but that the fire of three or four guns had been directed against them before they moved off to the attack. Formed in line across the valley, the width of which was just sufficient for them, they were fully exposed during the whole of their advance, at first to the artillery, and as they drew nearer, to the musketry fire of the whole French centre, which soon sent to the rear the *Caçadores* which had been skirmishing in front of them. Then, too, as from the swampy nature of the valley the march had been very fatiguing to the heavily-loaded soldiers, Lord Seaton halted to give them breathing time, under the partial cover of a bank which crossed their front about half-way up the ascent. Having rested a few minutes, they continued their steady advance till the enemy's line gave way, after having allowed them to come so close that a sergeant of the 52d, stepping out of the ranks, struck down a gunner in the act of applying the match to his piece; and Lord March (the present Duke of Richmond), commanding one of the companies, was shot through the body just as the regiment halted at the crest of the hill to deliver their fire. The Duke of Wellington, riding up almost immediately after, directed Lord Seaton to be sure to retain the ground where he then was, as by this movement of the 52d his two wings were now connected. In his despatch, he coincides with Napier as to the effect produced by it, saying, "The attack led by the 52d Regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel Colborne, supported on the right by the 3d Division, and on the left by Major-General Anson's Brigade of the 4th, &c. dislodged the enemy from the heights, and gave us the victory;" but he has omitted to say, that he who led the attack, also planned it.

"It would be difficult to cite another instance of such a task having been entrusted to a single battalion in line, and it is, at all events, a good exemplification of the Duke's saying, that the Peninsular soldiers could go anywhere, and do anything."—*Yonge's Memoirs*, pp. 5—6.

The battle of Toulouse followed,—that battle which Soult never ought to have fought,—and then came peace, with thirteen names added to the goodly roll upon the colours of the 52d.

Then came the return to England, and almost immediately followed orders to sail for America to join in the war commonly known as the campaign of Washington and New Orleans, but no longer under command of Colborne, who had been made a king's aide-de-camp and commander of the Bath, and had been selected by the Duke of York to be military secretary to the Prince of Orange, commanding the British troops in Belgium. The 43d, the faithful partners of the 52d in many a brave encounter, were actually on the Atlantic, and two attempts had been made by the 52d to sail from Cork, both providentially frustrated by contrary winds, when Napoleon's escape from Elba, and the renewal of the war caused their hasty recall, and almost immediately after arriving at Plymouth, they were sent to Flanders, where, at Brussels, Sir John Colborne again as-

sumed the command, and together with the 71st and the Rifles, they were formed into a brigade under Sir Frederick Adam.

And here comes in another witness, the reverend gentleman, who, after fifty years, has given us the deeply marked impressions of the campaign of his youth, and poured forth the military ardour, which as monkish discipline could not extinguish it in Azeglio's *Fanfulla*, can as little be laid dormant by earnest and active clerical exertions after the Evangelical school. It is a strange book—half tract, half military history—as incongruous in itself as it is to see the smart military scarlet covers, bedecked with the bugle horn of the 52d, issue from Mr. Hatchard's shop. But it contains much of interest, and, from its very simplicity, is more full of character than the writer himself knows. As he tells us in the outset of his narrative, he was a connexion of Sir John Colborne, *i.e.* his mother was a sister of the stepfather, to whose family Sir John always behaved with the most affectionate consideration and kindness. Mr. Leeke, at seventeen, had just lodged the money for his commission in the 52d, when, by Sir J. Colborne's advice, he started at once for Ostend, and joined the Regiment at Brussels as a volunteer, to avoid being placed in the 2d battalion. His commission, however, arrived in time to confer on him the life-long cherished honour of bearing at Waterloo those colours of the 52d, which now hang over Colonel Siborne's model of the Field in the museum of the United Service Club.

Another officer, then quite a lad, contributed his recollections last year to 'Chambers's Magazine,' under the title of 'My first Battle;' but the anonymous disguise, the smart writing, and apparently some intentional indistinctness, render the paper of no great value, and we only revert to it for the sake of one small and rather amusing incident, which shows the uncertainty of the discarded 'Brown Bess.' The night between the 17th and 18th of June was, as is well known, soaking with wet; officers and men lay down in damp straw, and the firelocks, more precious than even their lives, were damped and rusted. The gentleman above-mentioned says he well remembers the glee with which, in the dusk of the morning, the old sergeant of his company brought round some grease he had obtained for the muskets; and oddly enough, when Sir William Clerke, then an officer in the 52d, met, after many years, his soldier servant, the man boasted, among other old reminiscences, how he, in the stress of the rusty fire-locks, had remembered his master's dressing-case, and provided bear's grease for all the muskets that were to do such good service.

Wet, chilled, stiff and most insufficiently fed, the 52d rose on that morning of the 18th of June, in the midst of a ploughed

field on the low heights above the village of Merbe Braine, in the rear of Hougoumont. Their numbers were at this time 1,038, and the soldierly temper diffused among the men was such, that an old sergeant, who was so worn out as to be just on the point of being invalided, insisted on going through that day, though he had nothing to expect but fatigue, danger, and the sense that he had done his part. He fought the battle, then went to the rear, and never did a day's duty after. During the first four of what Sir R. S. Kennedy calls the five separate battles of which Waterloo consisted, namely, for the first three hours of the battle, reckoning it to have begun at twelve o'clock, the 52d had only to stand in reserve, but not out of reach of the shot and shell of the enemy, and several casualties thus occurred. Soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, the brigade, which had hitherto been guarding the Nivelles road, was moved up to the right centre of the front line, and formed squares, taking the place of the Brunswick light infantry battalions, which, in close columns, repeatedly charged by cavalry and pierced through by showers of cannon shot, had suffered very severely.

At the moment of the arrival of the brigade, nothing could be more disastrous than the appearance of this part of the position, the ground so thickly strewn with these poor mangled Brunswickers, and the long line of British guns, as far as the eye could reach, every one of them silenced, overpowered by the number and greater weight of metal of the French artillery, the gun-carriages many of them cut to pieces by the shot, and the gunners either killed, or driven to seek the shelter of the squares, from the cavalry, who careered amongst them unmolested.

Yet Mr. Leeke tells how these poor Brunswickers, in the very agony of death, raised themselves to cheer and shake hands with their English comrades, and cry 'Braves Anglais!'

Between the great attacks, the fight still smouldered about the wood and orchard of Hougoumont, and apparently for the support of the troops engaged there, after a halt of about half an hour on the summit of the ridge, the brigade advancing down the slope of the hill, took post in the plain, to the left of the enclosures, the 71st in battalion square next the wood, the 52d in squares of wings to their left, and the 95th in echelon further to the left and rear, in the midst of a field of rye.

In this situation they had remained between two and three hours, exposed to the fire of the opposite batteries, and continually menaced by a large body of cuirassiers in their front, making several attempts to charge them.

In after years their colonel used to tell how, seeing some of the new recruits duck their heads as the balls approached, he

called out, 'That must be the second battalion,' (which had seen comparatively little service). 'Then——,' he would say, and the narration was completed by the drawing up of his noble head into its grandest military bearing. But the fire was something tremendous. The Peninsular veterans never recollected the like lasting for so long a time. Mr. Leeke mentions one man who cried out loudly on being wounded, but when one of the officers said kindly to him, 'O, man, do not make a noise,' he controlled himself; and this, except one of the officers, who, being hit on the ankle by a spent ball, hopped about, exclaiming, 'By Jove,' was, he says, the only noise he heard the whole day from a wounded sufferer, though he was near multitudes of both nations. Again, when a shell fell in the midst of a square, Colonel Charles Rowan merely said, 'Steady, men,' and they stood like rocks, while the shell burst, and killed seven poor fellows.

To the cavalry charges they were impervious. The following testimony came to the knowledge of Sir Frederick Love:—

'Some years ago he and his brother were returning through the south of France, from a trip they had been taking to the Pyrenees, when they fell in with a nice gentlemanly Frenchman in one of the public conveyances who, in the course of conversation, told them that he also had served at Waterloo: and it turned out, on their comparing notes, that he had been an officer of some standing in the very regiment of cuirassiers which had charged the right square of the 52d in that action. Amongst other things, the French officer said that, whilst the cuirassiers were reforming just under the British position, preparatory to renewing their attacks upon us, he observed that the men had ordered their arms, and were standing at ease, and that he said to a young officer near him, "See how coolly those fellows take it; depend upon it that is one of the old Spanish regiments, and we shall make no impression on them."—*Leeke*, vol. i. p. 36.

Major Beckwith, of the 95th, riding down into the square, called out to Sir John Colborne, 'I hope you *are* satisfied now.' Napoleon himself said that the squares stood like walls, and the French cannon-shot seemed to make no impression on it.

'About 6.30, an aide-de-camp came to Colborne with orders from the Duke to retire; but on his answering that perhaps the Duke was not aware that they could hold their ground very well, and were not much hurt, he rode away, saying he would tell the Duke. Half an hour afterwards, seeing the enemy's masses again in motion, as preparing for another attack, and that the Nassau troops were running out of the wood of Hougomont, Lord Seaton thought it more prudent to act on the order, and withdraw to the top of the ridge, the 71st falling back at the same time. He was riding in rear of his regiment as they retired, when a colonel of the cuirassiers, having separated from his corps in their last attempt at a charge, galloped up to him, shouting "*Vive le Roi!*" and saying that he might expect an immediate attack; that Napoleon was bringing forward all his reserves, including the hitherto unengaged Old and Moyenne Guard, and pointing out where he was occupied in arranging them.

'When the two regiments regained the height, they deployed, and formed lines four deep, on the same ground they had occupied before their descent into the plain. As soon as the formation was completed, Colonel Colborne riding forward, watched the heavy columns of the enemy debouching from their position in front of La Belle Alliance, the cuirassier colonel still at his side, pointing out the different corps as they traversed the space between the two armies, and took the direction towards that part of the position occupied by the British Guards, about 200 yards to the left and rear of the 52d. Twenty thousand men concentrated for this last effort, and came on in gallant style under cover of a prodigious fire of artillery, the leading column composed of the Imperial Guard, conspicuous with their bearskin caps. The position of the British army in the direct line of their attack was greatly weakened. The Guards, as well as Halket's brigade, had been much engaged, and had suffered severely. There was no infantry in their rear to be depended on; most of the cavalry regiments had been expended; only one brigade of guns was serviceable in that part of the field; the Brunswickers who had occupied the ground in the rear of La Haye Sainte were driven back with great loss; and altogether there was more cause for anxiety than at any previous period of the day; for it was evident that if the line should now be pierced by this large body of fresh troops, the consequences must be most serious. Lord Seaton, then judging that the most effectual way of arresting the progress of so formidable a force was by a flank attack, and seeing that there was no time to be lost, took upon himself the bold measure of wheeling the whole line of the 52d on its left, as a pivot, as if it had been a single company, so as to bring it at nearly right angles to its previous formation, and facing directly on the line of march of the attacking columns.

'During the operation, General Adam came up and inquired what he was doing, on which Colborne, pointing out the enemy advancing up the hollow formed by the undulation of the ground to the right of La Haye Sainte, the general rode away towards the 71st, and being shortly after severely wounded, the regiments of the brigade were, for the rest of the day, left to the direction of their own commanding officers. Moving on as soon as their right was sufficiently thrown forward, the 52d was ascending a slight elevation of the ground, which projected from the position at this point, when about fifty yards in front came a sudden apparition of an irregular throng of cavalry, bearing down upon them at full gallop. The air was full of smoke, but almost as soon as it was possible to distinguish anything, it was seen by some of the officers that the foremost riders were leaning forward over their horse's necks, and those that followed cutting at them. A cry arose, "They are English," but the affair was altogether momentary, and there was no time for orders, so of their own accord, along the line wherever a trooper came opposite, two or three files opened back, and shot the French as they passed through, several falling in the rear of the line. It turned out that the pursued were a squadron of the 23d Light Dragoons, whom, in consequence of the absurd fashion of dressing our light cavalry in blue, just like the French, it was impossible in such a *melee* to distinguish, and some few of them were unavoidably involved in the fate of their pursuers.'

'The regiment then resumed its progress in perfect order, and being the strongest battalion in the field, numbering upwards of 1,000 rank and file at the commencement of the action, presented an imposing front, which, at such a moment, it was particularly undesirable to diminish; but as the movement of the 52d was entirely independent, and no other skirmishers could be obtained, the two right sub-divisions were extended, with directions to the officer commanding them to keep a few paces in front, and make the enemy feel his fire. This was soon done, and the imperial column, which by this time had

reached nearly the summit of the position, as soon as the shot began to tell upon them, halted, and endeavoured to check the advance of the line by a very sharp fire from the outward files along the whole length of the left flank.

Seeing, however, that this was of no avail, that the line pressing forward with increasing pace would presently be upon them, and feeling their utter inability in this formation to withstand the impending charge, the whole body broke, and rushing with confusion obliquely to the rear, involved in their disorder the other troops in echelon to their right, suffering immense loss from the running fire of the 52d, at point blank distance. The 71st, too, who had promptly conformed to the movement of the 52d, now beginning to come up to their right, opened a partial, more distant fire on the retreating multitude, which to these regiments, standing on the higher ground, showed as it crowded the valley towards La Haye Sainte, without a vestige of ranks remaining, like the vast wreck of a great army. Never was disorganization more sudden and complete. Then the two regiments bringing up their left shoulders still in line, followed them at double-quick, sweeping the whole front of the attack, and gaining so much ground to the left, that at 500 or 600 yards beyond La Haye Sainte, the 52d came out on the Charleroi road, having in their rapid advance left behind a confused mass of guns, tumbrils, and several hundreds of the enemy, who became prisoners.

They had been enfiladed by several discharges of canister shot from three guns on their right, till a detachment of the 52d went out and drove them off, and the cuirassiers involved in the flight made repeated attempts to reform in order to charge, but were as often driven on before they could gain sufficient time. The regiments were far in advance of everything; neither cavalry nor infantry appeared to be coming on in support, not one other battalion had advanced from the position. It seemed, therefore, the more necessary to avoid loosening the ranks too much, and Lord Seaton, seeing that many of the men, having been so many hours under arms, could with difficulty keep up over the deep trampled ground, was directing the officers to moderate the pace, when the Duke, who had come up, and had been riding for a few minutes in the rear of the regiment, called out, "Go on, Colborne; give them no time to rally;" and so the pursuit continued.

Three squares of Grenadiers of the Guard then appearing, formed on a ridge of hill to the left of the road; the two regiments, closing together, immediately advanced upon them, in face of a sharp well-directed fire, till they reached the foot of the hill. As soon as they began to ascend it, the squares ceased firing, faced to the rear as if by word of command, and were soon out of sight, to which movement some cannon shot, passing from the rear over the heads of the two regiments, and giving to them the first intimation of the approach of the Prussians, must have doubtless been an additional inducement. This was the last body of French infantry that retained their formation, and may be supposed to be that portion of the Old Guard, of whom the myth was current in Paris, and possibly is so to this day, that being surrounded and summoned to surrender, they cried out, "*La Garde meurt mais ne se rend pas*," and were all cut to pieces.—*Yonge's Memoirs*, p. p. 9, 10, 11.

Though Cambronne, their general, testified "*ma foi*," I cannot tell what I said, I only know that the English officer said "*mange*."

Such was the excitement of this advance, that Sir John Colborne, having had his horse killed under him, mounted another without perceiving that it was attached to a French tumbril, and spurred it on, at first amazed at its tardiness, then shouting loudly 'cut me out.'

The 52d and 71st followed as far as the farm of Rossomme, where they met the head of the Prussian columns coming from Wavre, and the mounted officer threw his arms round Ensign Leeke, and embraced him, colour and all. The other colour lay on the hill above, dyed with the life-blood of the other ensign, young Nettles.

The Duke and Marshal Blucher here met, and arranged that the pursuit should be continued by the Prussians. The Duke asked Sir John Colborne what he could do for him, and he begged for a barrel of biscuits, which was sent, and the regiment spent the night of victory as best they could, where they were, half-a-mile in advance of the rest of the army.

The first care of the commanding officer the next morning, was to send back a strong party of the 52d to remove the wounded of the regiment; an attention which was not bestowed on those of the army generally, a large portion of them remaining on the field the second day afterwards.

The next day, Sir John Colborne wrote the following letter, which we have received permission to copy :—

‘Nivelles, June 19 h, 1815.

‘You will be anxious to hear of us after the most severe conflict I have ever witnessed, and I think it will be the most important in the result. William Leeke is very well. The infantry behaved nobly, and the 52d as usual.

‘I have only time to write you these few lines. You will be surprised at the *Gazette*. We have lost some of our most valuable officers.’

For many years his correspondent was not aware of what was to be surprising in the *Gazette*, but there can be little doubt that Sir John was thinking of the transcendent glory which his regiment and himself had gained; and which has of late years been pronounced by Sir Robert Shaw Kennedy, one of the most memorable exploits performed by a British officer.

But when the *Gazette* appeared, it only contained these words respecting the period of advance: ‘These attacks were repeated ‘till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a ‘desperate charge with the cavalry and infantry, supported by ‘the fire of artillery, to force our left centre, near the farm of ‘La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated.’ Not one word however of complaint or remonstrance was even uttered by Sir John Colborne, to the close of his long life. He was wont to say ‘that no one knew how difficult it was to write a despatch,’ and to remind his more impatient friends that the letter was written late that same evening, and in a house and room filled with wounded men, so that even to the Duke, distinct recollection might be impossible. His officers, however, could not fail to be disappointed.

'It was not only those who had been engaged in that particular part of the fight we have been describing who were impressed with the importance of the service rendered in that conjuncture, but, two days after the battle, it so happened that sufficient means were afforded of learning something of the general sense of the army on the subject. Two officers from every regiment of cavalry and infantry were ordered back to Brussels to look after any missing soldiers, and among these, on their meeting there in the public rooms, discussing the events so fresh in their minds, it was the common consent that the charge of the 52d was not only the decisive action of the day, but that it was one of the most gallant feats ever performed.

'And it may be said that a feeling stronger than disappointment arose, when it appeared that the defeat of Napoleon's last great effort was attributed to the Guards. The error was thus occasioned :—

'The battle commenced by the attack on Hougomont, which was occupied by a detachment of Byng's brigade of Guards, who held it during the day, had a hard service, and performed it well. So the Duke, in his despatch, said, "The Guards set an example which was followed by all."

'This, therefore, was true enough, but Lord Bathurst, at that time Secretary for War and the Colonies, having to make a speech on the occasion in the House of Lords, founded a romance upon it, and said that the British Guards had encountered the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guards and overthrown them. Then, too, was invented the story of "Up Guards, and at them"—a myth of the same baseless character with the "*Meurt mais ne se rend pas*" of the French. It was a piece of gossip picked up in the camp by Sir Walter Scott, on his visit to Paris, first appearing in his "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and from thence gravely adopted by Alison as a historical fact.

'In truth, they never came in contact at all with the Imperial Guards, and were in no way instrumental to their repulse. The 52d, in marching to the attack, saw the Guards stationary in line to their left, and expecting them every moment to advance, speculated on the chance of the right of the Guards being entangled with their own left. But they never did advance till after the French had retired, for the very sufficient reason given by Sir John Byng (now Lord Strafford), who commanded the right brigade, viz., that they had not a round of ammunition remaining, and were therefore very glad to see the 52d come in their front, and when the 52d brought up their left shoulders to pursue the routed enemy, they left the Guards far enough in their rear.'—*Yonge's Memoirs*, p. 14.

It may well be believed that a very painful sense of injustice existed in the minds of the officers who found themselves and their leader thus passed over, and the *United Service Gazette* was long full of letters fighting the battle over again.

Colonel Gawler published 'The Crisis of Waterloo,' and indeed Mr. Leeke's book is a true representation of the long anxiety that prevailed among all these old fellow soldiers to have the matter cleared up, but the Duke owned that he could not remember his own exact words, and indeed professed (and truly) that 'no individual can recollect all the order in which, or 'the exact movement in which (events) occurred.' 'I am really disgusted,' he writes, 'and ashamed of all I have seen of the 'Battle of Waterloo. The number of writings upon it would 'lead the world to suppose that the British army had never 'fought a battle before.'

There is something high-minded in this feeling as repressing individual self glorification, but it is also cold and unsympathising; and curiously in accordance with the fact that Wellington was not by taste or choice a soldier, and only won battles because command had become his duty, and his abilities were transcendent. To despise fame for self, is the noblest quality possible, but it is carrying it too far to be careless of justly meting it out to others. With the same feeling, the Duke for many years prevented the distribution of the Peninsular medals, thinking (and justly) that there is a certain pettiness in making every service expect a reward in immediate decoration, and that a soldier should be content with the sense of having done his duty. Such a wonderful series of campaigns as those of Spain and Portugal might perhaps have justly been considered to deserve not to be thus passed over as mere common incidents of the service, but we believe that a loftier mood of mind was thus fostered than by the contrary extreme at present prevailing.

Colborne shared that same feeling that the Duke had expressed, namely, that there was something unworthy in stickling for his own fame, and with almost unexampled patience and dignified modesty, he never stirred a finger in self assertion, he answered questions with the clear accuracy of his wonderful memory, but never put his claim forward. Mr Leeke relates the following anecdote of him in his old age, on the authority of Mr. Yonge:—

‘Meeting him in London a little while ago, at the house of a lady (the same friend, we may add, who foretold his future greatness), she, bearing us talk over some of the occurrences of the war, remarked, “How proud you gentlemen must feel at the recollection that you had a share in those great events.” To which he replied very gently, “Proud! no, rather humbled, I think.” How characteristic this is, is it not? It puts me in mind of two lines in the Christian Year, on S. Philip and S. James’s Day. The stanza ends:—

“Thankful for all God takes away,
Humbled by all he gives.”—*Leeke*, vol. i. p. 103.

We did not, in fact, enter into these particulars so much for the sake of extolling the prowess of the 52d, or of showing why the honour of the decisive charge of Waterloo remained a moot point till after the Duke’s death, as in order to illustrate the grave, retiring modesty that characterised the leader of of that charge.

Immediately after the battle, the regiment was marched on towards Paris, in considerable difficulties, for during the battle, the Belgian peasants placed in charge of the baggage had contrived to appropriate the whole of it, and many were the stories in after years told of the inconveniences thus occasioned. One officer, catching a pony that had belonged to a French camp-follower, found in the saddle bags two woman’s shifts of very

coarse material, but which, as well as the pony, did him valuable service. Another, mentioned by Mr. Leeke, sent his servant to find him a pair of trowsers on the field, Mr. Leeke himself marched in a pair of boots lent him by Sir John Colborne, and on arriving at S. Cloud, a whole bevy of the officers plunged into an ornamental lake, and handed round a single rusty razor, wherewith to prepare themselves for entering Paris. Mr. Leeke had the good luck to obtain compensation for his loss of baggage, but he had reason to believe that only one other officer in the whole army was equally successful.

Early in the morning of the 7th of July, General Adam's brigade entered Paris,—ground which, 400 years before, English troops had trodden under the victor of Agincourt,—and were encamped in the Champs Elysées. The 52d were not allowed to be idle there, but were kept regularly to their drill, and practised in the half-face movement in column, which had hitherto been peculiar to the Prussians, but for the first time was adopted among the English by Sir John Colborne. It fell to the charge of parties of them likewise to guard the packing of the pictures, statues, and other plunder of Napoleon at the Louvre, and of the great Athenian horses that had become the property of Venice. It was expected that the Parisian mob would resist the removal of these trophies; but they were in a stunned condition, worn out with excitement, and appeared indifferent at the time.

The regiment remained in the Champs Elysées till autumn, and then were marched northwards, being destined to form part of the army of occupation. Their quarters were around Terouenne and S. Omer, including the village of Enguingatte, the scene of the battle of the Spurs, where, curiously enough, the ancestors of two of their number had distinguished themselves: namely Sir John Leeke, who was knighted at the siege of Tournay, in 1522, by Henry VIII., and Sir John Clerke, who made the Duke de Longueville prisoner at Borny, near Terouenne, and was permitted to add the *fleur-de-lys* of Orleans to his coat of arms.

The three years spent in France was a period of much enjoyment. The troops were quartered in country villages, and small towns, and were in general on friendly terms with the inhabitants, who certainly hardly ever manifested any resentment against their conquerors, the few exceptions that here and there occurred proving the rule. The officers had much opportunity for field-sports; they shot and coursed, crossing the ploughed fields in huge pattens, and they obtained a pack of fox-hounds, which furnished them with much amusement.

This seems to be the place to speak of the general character

of the regiment. Recruited after the ordinary fashion, it was impossible but that there should be some reckless good-for-nothings brought into it, men never flinching in courage, but ready to plunder and prone to excess; but, in general, the discipline and high spirit of the corps either forced them to correct themselves or expelled them, and the non-commissioned officers were men of most admirable steadiness and strong sense of duty. The old sergeant, who insisted on using his last strength for Waterloo, was one instance, and many more might be found of men who reached the highest standard of soldierly conscientiousness; and this at a time, be it remembered, when scarcely anything was done by authority for the morals or welfare of the soldier. An attempt made by the officers of the 52d to induce the men to save their money, and form a regimental savings bank, was supposed prejudicial to the service by possibly enabling them to purchase their discharge, and directions were sent from the Horse Guards that the sums collected should be restored, with what unhappy effects can easily be believed. Among those who earned much respect in the regiment was Quarter-Master John Campbell, who served with it forty years and on leaving it was made a Military Knight of Windsor. The officers subscribed 200*l.* as a testimonial to him, the chief part of which he expended in furnishing a room, which he called his 52d room.

Another most distinguished person was John Winterbottom, originally a cloth-weaver of the parish of Saddleworth, Yorkshire, who, in a time of distress, enlisted at eighteen years of age, in the 52d, as a private soldier, and by his combined gallantry and good conduct rose from the ranks, received a commission in 1803, and was beloved and respected alike by officers and men. As adjutant, and afterwards as paymaster, much responsibility fell upon him, and his fulfilment of his duties, his alertness, integrity, gentlemanly conduct and consideration for all who fell in his way, conduced greatly to the high reputation of the Regiment. The men said of him that he was 'just like Sir John Colborne,' and when he died of yellow fever at Barbados in 1838, his brother-officers could not look back without tears to what they owed to his influence, and 140 of their number combined to put up a tablet to his memory in the parish church.

The character borne by the officers themselves among their fellow-soldiers is perhaps best sketched by Captain Cook, of the 43d, in his work on the reminiscences of the war:—

*The 52d were highly gentlemanly men, of a steady aspect, they mixed little with other corps, but attended the theatricals of the 43rd, with circumspect good humour, and now and then relaxed, but were soon again the 52d.

The influence which, above all, stamped this character on the officers, may be gathered from the following anecdotes of a young ensign of the 52d, whose character was well known for promptness of decision, and firmness in following a course which he felt to be honourable and necessary :—

‘When he was at Brussels, prior to the 18th of June, he was ordered to the rear with a detachment of invalids, and had gone back a day’s march, when he met a party proceeding to the front to join his own regiment, the 52d. As an engagement was daily expected, he was anxious to be present, and, with this view, asked the date of commission of a young officer who was with the party he had thus met, and finding that this officer was junior to himself, he assumed the command of the whole, directed his junior to take charge of the invalids going homewards, and next morning astonished his commander by making his appearance with the regiment.

‘After the regiment had marched to Paris, and was there quartered, the same officer was tempted, for the first time in his life, to the gaming table, and lost a sum of money, which to him was considerable. Feeling himself bound to discharge this debt as a man of honour, he was placed in serious pecuniary difficulty; but his was not a mind to despair, nor a heart to shrink under embarrassment. Difficulty, in his case, was but an occasion of contriving how to overcome it, and he was not long in forming the resolution to withdraw from the mess of his regiment, and to cut off every self-indulgence until his debt should be defrayed. With this determination, he went to his commanding officer, Sir John Colborne, acquainted him with his position, and requested to be allowed three months’ advance of pay, and to live by himself on rations until he had paid off his losses. This request being acceded to, he lived alone in his tent for six months, during the whole of that time refusing all invitations to parties, and nothing could induce him to break through his purpose of living upon the smaller allowance until his debts were honourably liquidated; nor did he ever again allow himself to be drawn into the excitement of the gaming table.’—*Hist. Recd.* pp. 264, 265.

If the smartness and efficiency of the Regiment was in great part owing to Sir John Moore, the deeper qualities of self-control and high principle were infused by the example and influence of so true a specimen of Christian chivalry as Sir John Colborne; and recommended by the warmth and kindliness of a disposition, which, while keeping up control, and rendering a liberty impossible, detested the act of punishing, and in fact made punishment hardly ever necessary.

Sir John Colborne’s religion was, however, of the old orthodox school, a rule of life implicitly observed, but reserved as to expression, and only manifesting itself to the world in the appointed forms of devotion.

Now the years immediately following the peace were, as is well known, a period of great activity with the Evangelical party. They were, in truth, at that time the progressive side of the Church; and though persons bred up in the old doctrine and practice, and who had never as it were lost their bearings, still remained constant and distrustful of novelty, such as had never before thought seriously were almost certain to imbibe

the peculiarities of the more earnest party which had awakened them. Two or three of the officers of the 52d became imbued with these views, and among them Mr. Leeke, whose impressions were deepened by a threatening of decline, which forced him to go to the Mediterranean on leave, so that he only joined again in 1821, at Dublin. His book is a curious blending of his military and religious experiences, told with the extraordinary simplicity of unreserve peculiar to his party, and extending to the smallest incidents. He cannot relate an incident at a ball, a fox hunt, or a theatre, during his unconverted days, without entering at length his protest against these enormities, and when he comes to his return to his regiment after his conversion, he gives us to understand that all, save Captain Gawler and himself, were in a state of great darkness, though, by his own showing, evil habits could not have been very prevalent, since he declares that only once at mess was anything said against which he thought it needful to protest, and that then, though he was told it was no business of his (he was a subaltern of twenty-three or four) the conversation ceased: a forbearance which goes far to establish the character of those concerned for 'circumspect good humour.'

One other protest he describes, when he went out of the room to avoid talk he disapproved; but he confesses that 'I was never afterwards urged by any of my brother-officers to do anything I told them I thought was wrong;' and considering that most of them were his seniors, and that he has ingenuously related to us no small number of his own previous, not mischievous but rather absurd, scrapes, it must be confessed that he met with forbearance that might have convinced him that there was principle in them that would not interfere with anything good, however obtrusive and exclusive.

There was a great endeavour on the part of the 'converted' officers to spread their religious convictions among the soldiers; large distributions of tracts were made, and prayer-meetings held, and Mr. Leeke gives several examples showing that real sentiments of religion were then deeply impressed on men who had had little opportunity of imbibing them before; and, with his characteristic honesty, he gives also the *per contra* account. One remarkable history he gives, which can be perfectly corroborated, of a man called Pat Kelly, who had been remarkable both for daring and for plundering in the war. In a dispute with a sergeant at Dublin, he uttered the imprecation that 'he wished that God might strike his tongue stiff in his mouth' if he did not report the other. He had no intention, even when he spoke the words, of so doing; but in the night a terror came over him lest he should be taken at his word, and trying to

speaking, he found it impossible. The surgeon was called and thought him shamming, till he found the tongue twisted in a manner that no one could voluntarily accomplish. It so continued for some days, but the man himself fully believed, was restored on his repentance and prayer. He became an altered character, very religious, and noticeable for sobriety and steadiness; but, during a furlough, his relations overthrew his good resolutions, he relapsed into his old habits, and came to a piteous end, having actually run into the advancing tide when in a state of intoxication.

In the year 1821, Sir John Colborne was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, and never saw his regiment collectively again; and his connexion with it was finally dissolved in 1825, on his promotion as Major-General, though pride in, and affection for, his name has never failed in the corps.

In 1823 the Regiment was sent to Canada, and while there, the reduction of the army, consequent upon the economical measures following the peace, led to many retirements, and much sense of injustice among the officers. Mr. Leeke was one of the sufferers; he had been nine years an ensign, and was now senior; but as the number of lieutenants was reduced, he was not promoted, and a junior ensign, by means of exchanges, obtained a lieutenancy over his head. This led to his retirement, and being still as ardent as ever in his religious impressions, he prepared for Holy Orders, and in process of time became incumbent of Holbrooke, in Derbyshire, which he has served as a true and faithful pastor for many years. Still, however, 'e'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,' and he has produced those two volumes, with the mighty title, bearing that the author is 'the Rev. William Leeke, M.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, Incumbent of Holbrooke, Rural Dean, who carried the 52d Regimental Colours at Waterloo,'—the first time, we should think, such a feat was ever associated with a rural dean. He tells us that after collecting his anecdotes of the war, he became seized with doubt whether a clergyman ought to spend so much time on military matters, and therefore he has given us, besides as much as he could of the 52d, a most detailed auto-biography,—all his dealings with his parishioners, all his endeavours for the observance of Sunday, and the history of the friends who deemed firing English artillery on the festival of a popular Saint in Malta or Corfu, such an idolatrous act that, rather than perform it, they actually suffered severe loss and contumely. Honour to their conscientiousness, misplaced though the scruple was, and unhappy as showing how wide a breach lies between popular religion and foreign Churches! The trivialities of the two

volumes are absolutely comical, descending (literally) to the swallowing of a gnat, to a good little girl sending her sister to bed at eight o'clock, and a sergeant's wife losing her bonnet overboard. But the exceeding simplicity and truthfulness of their details are really corroborative evidence of his accuracy in more important concerns; and, no doubt, he has carried his colours as a minister as gallantly as he did as a soldier at Waterloo.

The 52d, meantime, never swerved from its high character. In 1831 they returned to Ireland, but were soon sent abroad again; and in Barbados, in 1838, were pronounced, by Sir Samford Whittingham, to be 'a beautiful specimen of the master-hand that formed it,' full thirty years since that hand had been laid to rest on the ramparts of Coruña. In the West Indies there was much severe suffering from yellow fever, which carried off many of their best veterans, among them, as already mentioned, Mr. Winterbottom. A few years later, in 1844, another adjutant was like him raised from the ranks, Mr. W. Fuller, a soldier's son, born and brought up in the regiment, and there acquiring by steady zeal, diligence, uprightness, and studious habits the power of duty, filling the position of an officer and gentleman in a post of trust. On his retirement he became Adjutant and Captain in the Sussex Militia, under the command of an old 52d man, the late Duke of Richmond.

After another brief stay in England, the regiment was sent out to India, and were for some time quartered at Lucknow. We extract the testimony given to them by that excellent chaplain, the Rev. H. Polehampton:—

'Last Saturday week, to my great regret, the 52d marched out of Lucknow, and the 32d marched in. The 52d only went four miles out the first day.

'Colonel Campbell wrote and told me I must now take service at the barracks of the 32d; but I told him, and Colonel Inglis of the 32d, that, with their leave, I would finish the old year with the outgoing, and begin the new year with the incoming regiment. So, on Sunday morning (very cold it was), I started from Lucknow at seven o'clock, and drove to the 52d camp. I arrived there at eight, and found the camp, comprising a long and broad street of tents, at the top of which was that of the Colonel. It was a picturesque scene. The men were just falling in for church-parade, all in full uniform with their muskets, and the officers, while I celebrated the service, had their swords drawn, which I never saw before. There were many camels about ready to take the baggage, and a few huge elephants; altogether the scene had a sort of half-Indian, half-English look. Hollow square was formed, and I gave them part of the Morning Service, for the sun was growing too hot to go through it all. I preached on the end of the year, the necessity of reviewing the past, and of making resolutions of amendments for the future, and concluded with a farewell address recapitulating all that we had gone through together—praising the regiment generally for its good conduct, and exhorting the really Christian men in it to continue in their course, and laying before those who would hinder others from joining them, our Saviour's fearful warn-

ing on that head. I never had a more attentive congregation, and, I believe, that I never had truer Christians among any of the congregations I have addressed, than in this regiment.'—*Leeke*, vol. ii. pp. 386, 387.

This parting took place on the 52d being sent to Sealkote in December 1856, and none of us will forget, when frightful posts came hurrying on the heels of one another in the summer 1858, with what anxiety we watched for intelligence that the turn in the tide had come, and that the ferocious mutineers had been checked by trustworthy British troops. That check was administered by an army of which the 52d formed part, it had been marched at once from Sealkote to join the Punjab moveable column. For expedition's sake, all the baggage was left behind at Sealkote, the native regiments there having been disarmed, but not disbanded. Immediately after they mutinied, and Colonel Campbell's servant, Private Songhurst, of the 52d, who had been left in charge of baggage, putting on his accoutrements, loaded his firelock, loaded himself with all the cartridges he could carry, fixed his bayonet, and marched his wife and children a mile and a half into the fort, past several of the mutineers who were on the look out for fugitives, but who did not 'seem to like his look.' Having secured his family, he was setting forth again, and being asked where he was going, answered 'Back to take care of the Colonel's property,' which was of course forbidden, but the intention showed the man.

Brigadier Nicolson, though a junior officer to Colonel Campbell, had been placed in command of the small army, which was diminished by desertions and dismissals of the native troops, and much harassed by the length of their marches in the intense heat. But their great anxiety was to show that there had been no deterioration in their spirit during forty years of peace, and when they met the enemy at Trimmoo Ghât, they utterly routed a force three times their number in severe hand-to-hand fighting. One man was found killed, with four Sepoys slain around him. After a second action, the Sealkote mutineers were so utterly broken as to secure the Punjab from danger, and after this success, the troops were free to press on to the siege of Delhi, the blood-stained capital, which, as the keystone of the rebellion, must be taken before assistance could be afforded to the patient sufferers, cooped up in distant forts and cities, with no alternative save the horrors of Cawnpore.

Frightful was the cost of that siege. The 52d marched into camp 680 strong, with only sixteen sick, on the 14th of August, but the fever and cholera, there prevalent, had left but 240 effective of all ranks on the 14th of September.

That day was fixed for the assault of the Cashmere Gate, and again it was this fragment of the 52d who were appointed to

'show the way.' Captain Bayley led the storming party, and the Cashmere Gate was blown open by seven brave officers and men, of whom five fell. Lieutenant Salkeld, of the Bengal Engineers, fastened the powder-bags to the gate, and fixed the hose, and then—fearfully wounded, contrived to hand on the match which fired the train. Thus the way was opened into the city, save for a second gate, leading from the Begum's Bagh, but this was opened by a native chuprassee, assisted by five men of the 52d, and after much and perilous street fighting, the place was won. Besides the gallant Salkeld, two men of the 52d received the Victoria Cross for their conduct on this day, Bugler Robert Hawthorn, who had bound up that officer's wounds, and removed him under a heavy fire, and Lance-corporal Henry Smith, who bore off his comrade in safety from great danger. It is memorable too, that when the town was actually in possession of the English, there was not one case of drunkenness in the 52d.

This was the last time the regiment has been in action, though a valuable officer, Captain Moorsom, who was acting as assistant quarter-master general, was killed at the siege of Lucknow. We think that the old honours of the corps have been well sustained, and that its whole 'morale' is no slight testimony to the power and durability of the impression that can be produced on bodies of men by a character in authority, possessed of real force and influence.

Sir John Colborne had, as we have said, quitted the regiment on becoming lieutenant-governor of Guernsey. Though his residence there only comprised four or five years, he had time to leave his mark on the Islands, by bringing about the foundation of Elizabeth College, Guernsey. The cry of education had not yet begun in 1826, when this place of instruction was devised and adapted to the special needs of the semi-English, semi-French youth of the Norman Islands, who required, some, such public school training as might fit them for their home-duties in their own isles, others to be prepared for the English Universities. We believe the success of the college has been great, and the boon to the population constantly felt.

In 1828 Sir John was appointed to be lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, where his exertions on behalf of the Church and of education will long be borne in mind. In all those governments in which he became the head of English society, there never failed to be felt the beneficial influence of a cheerful joyous family and household, hospitable to travellers, courteous to all, charitable to the poor, ready for all innocent gaiety or festivity, and strict in all religious practices. The influence on society may be understood, when it was long after remembered that, on some idle wonder being expressed that the governor

went to Church on foot instead of in his carriage, he replied that 'his servants had souls as well as himself.' And when he refuted a report of a rude answer, enforced by an oath, which had been imputed to him, he could do so by simply saying: 'The commander-in-chief never swears.' In like manner, in the stress of Waterloo, a young aide-de-camp having reported to the Duke of Wellington that his reply to some order had been 'Colborne says he'll be d—d if he does,' the Duke answered 'Then as Colborne never swears, he must have some good reason,' and expresses his conviction that the asseveration had been added by the reporter. In truth, the purity and modesty of mind shown in Sir John's language, was often remarked on, as almost exceptional in a man of his standing, coming down from times when licence of tongue was so much more frequent, nor could it fail to tell on all in contact with him. 'I believe,' it was said of him, 'there never was a soldier of more perfect moral character than Sir John Colborne, a Bayard without gasconade, as well as *'sans peur et sans reproche.'*—(*Trifles from my Portfolio*, by a Staff-Surgeon, vol. ii. p. 111.)

His attention to the welfare of the colony was unremitting, and marked his genius for government. His care for the promotion of colonization and the comfort of the settlers may be estimated by the fact that, in 1834, the number of emigrants who had come out in the last nine years amounted to 162,000, and in the single year 1832, it was 66,000. Nor was there wanting the greatest care both for their spiritual welfare and their education. By the Clergy Reserves, the Church was in his time provided for, though in after times she was only allowed to share this provision with other bodies.

Education, which was always one of his first objects, was likewise promoted by the foundation of the University of Toronto, and by Trinity College, to feed it; and for the scattered country population, and the poor, he made great exertions to establish a system of general instruction. With the Indians, there were always friendly relations, many quaint scenes took place when their chiefs came to offer their respects, and much was done for missions amongst them, and for their general improvement and civilization, and in fact, the genius and activity of a master-hand were shown in whatever became his duty.

In the beginning of 1836, Sir Francis Head became governor of Upper Canada, and Sir John Colborne was appointed to the command of the forces in Lower Canada. The scanty notice given of this arrangement necessitated a perilous journey in sleighs, performed in the very depth of winter, with a large young family, between Toronto and Montreal. The cause of his departure, and the feeling it excited, may be best gathered

from an extract from a Toronto paper which we take from the *Times* of April 2d, 1836.

'On Tuesday morning, Sir John and Lady Colborne, with their family, left the Government house; almost the whole of the respectable population of the town and neighbourhood thronged round the spot, anxious to pay a last tribute of respect to a family endeared to them by their virtues. We took a last look of one who has not only discharged the social duties in the most exemplary manner, but who has ruled the province for many years, watching over its interests, and endeavouring to promote its advancement, with the solicitude of an anxious parent.

'According to previous arrangements, the inhabitants of Toronto accompanied Sir John in sleighs, of which there could not have been less than 200, while an immense number of persons kept pace with the procession on foot and on horseback. The mayor (R. B. Sullivan, Esq.) and corporation, the judges, the gentlemen of the bar, many members of the Legislative Council, and House of Assembly, the merchants, &c., in fine, almost every body with a drop of British feeling in his veins, hastened to tender a parting homage to the virtues of their late lieutenant-governor. Every one uncovered as he drove by, and gave and received a last farewell. Never before did we witness so much feeling with so little show. Many persons were moved even to tears, and gloom and sorrow overshadowed every countenance. Throughout the immense mass of human beings assembled, ran but one kind of generous feeling of regret. Men gazed for the last time on the forms of those who had showered down blessings on the poor—on those who had lived among them so long, shedding the influence of pure and holy lives around them—on those in whom their bitterest enemies could never raise an angry or revengeful passion. This private sympathy was not unmingled with apprehensions for the public weal.

'The departure of Sir John Colborne seemed also the departure of the British constitution.

'It is pretty generally known that he left us because he would no longer carry into effect Lord Glenelg's unconstitutional and ill-judged instructions. This fact was generally known on the eve of Sir John's leaving us; and the consequence was, that a moral grandeur, or martyr-like glory encircled him, and every friend to monarchical institutions felt that the main prop in this colony was withdrawn. Rumours of changes, cutting at the very root of our dearest rights, are hinted abroad. The changes are, however, of such a rash and sweeping nature, that they have been already deprecated by several members hitherto styled Radical.

Upper Canada was chiefly of the loyal spirit indicated by the tone of this letter, and with comparatively little disaffection, but the lower province, then governed by Lord Gosford, was far more exposed to the influence of the United States, and full of the democratic aspirations incited by the events of the last few years in France and England. Joseph Papineau, one of the French Canadian members of the House of Assembly, and Wolfred Nelson, a distiller, had done all in their power to inflame the people by their seditious discourses, and in the October of 1837, a meeting was held at S. Charles, at which the representatives of six united counties bound themselves to form a nucleus for a confederation which was to demand the power of electing their own magistrates, and all the other

modest proposals of demagogues. At the same time they invited the British soldiery to revolt and join them!

Strong measures were at once taken for defence. Sir John Colborne took upon himself the heavy responsibility of ordering military preparations, involving an expense of 100,000*l.*, collected troops, concentrated them in Montreal, fortified the city, built barracks, laid in stores, organised several corps of volunteers, and armed the loyal militia. Thus all was ready when, in November, the rebels began to wander about in masked bands between the rivers Richelieu and Zamaska, terrifying the quiet inhabitants into enrolling themselves in their confederation. It was probably intended that the outbreak should not take place till the rebel preparations should be matured, but a riot of the so-called '*Fils de Liberté*,' at Montreal, and the sight of fourteen or fifteen volunteer horsemen patrolling on the Richelieu river precipitated matters. The peasantry thought them an easy prey, and fell upon them with muskets and rifles, and though these were beaten off, another party of insurgents, three days later, rescued by force two persons who had been arrested for high treason, and was being escorted by some of the volunteers.

This success encouraged the disaffected to rise to the number of 1,200 or 1,400 at the villages of S. Charles and S. Denis, under the leadership of Wolfred Nelson. Troops were instantly despatched by Sir John Colborne to dislodge them. At S. Denis they had fortified themselves with a stockade, and the exceeding cold of a Canadian November was also a powerful auxiliary, so that Colonel Gore, after much resolute fighting, was forced to give up the attack; but Colonel Wetherall's complete success at S. Charles produced such a panic, that the rebels abandoned the village, broke up, and Nelson, after vainly attempting to rally them, was forced to take refuge in the United States, as did also Papineau. The rebels, however, remained in numbers in the country of the Lake of the Two Mountains, where they had driven away every loyal subject, and were pillaging an extensive tract. Sir John Colborne accordingly proceeded thither in person, with all his available force, in the middle of December, and crossed the river Ottawa on the 14th of the month. The rebels were in force at S. Eustache, where they had fortified themselves in the church and several adjacent houses; but Colonel Wetherall dislodged them after about an hour's firing, and they were dispersed with unimportant loss to her Majesty's troops. This success was of infinite value to the peaceably disposed of Quebec and Montreal, who had been in a state of great alarm, and were proportionately grateful for their relief.

The effect was universally felt and acknowledged of having a

man who had both a head and did not lose it in the moment of crisis, and who had the moral courage to take the responsibility of expensive precautions which the event only could explain—a kind of resolution which becomes the more difficult and trying in proportion to the influence of public opinion, pronounced prematurely. Who can guess what would have been the amount of misery and bloodshed had the disaffected been allowed to collect their full strength, or if the preparations for defence had been postponed till the attack had actually been made?

The same work had been going on in Upper Canada, but owing to the large preponderance of loyal men of British birth, had been less serious.

The Irish loyalist's exclamation mentioned by Sir Francis Head, in his 'Emigrant,' sufficiently epitomizes the result of the insurrection in that quarter:—'If yer honor will find us ARMS, 'the rebels will find LEGS.' There is no doubt, however, that it was the fulfilment of the proverb 'forewarned, forearmed,' in the primary seat of disaffection, the Lower Province, that spared both alike from the horrors of civil war.

Lord Gosford, having resigned the government of Lower Canada, the Home Government requested Sir John Colborne to combine this office with that of Commander of the forces. The despatch of December 6th, 1837, from Lord Glenelg, apprising him of his appointment, and giving him authority to proclaim martial law in the disaffected districts, concludes with the following expression of confidence:—'It might embarrass, but could hardly assist you, if I should attempt to address to you any more detailed instructions in the present emergency. Her Majesty's Government cheerfully commit to your hands the safety of the important part of the dominions of the Crown over which your authority will extend. In the discharge of that trust you will have the highest claim to every degree of support which it may be in our power to give.'

However, by the time this despatch arrived, the rebellion was quelled; and when the Earl of Durham arrived in 1838 to take Sir Francis Head's place, and also to investigate the state of the country, and report on it to Government, all had become so quiet, that he ventured to release the prisoners. On his return to England, after a few months, he published a report so favourable to the demands of the disaffected as to be highly distasteful to the Tory Upper Canadians, and equally encouraging to those who had lately been in rebellion.

Upon his departure, however, Sir John Colborne had been appointed 'governor-general, vice-admiral and captain-general' of all her Majesty's provinces within and adjacent to the continent of North America, and thus had the sole charge

of steering the vessel of state through the perilous waves of a subsiding revolt, further excited by aspirations for and rumours of a new constitution, and stirred up by underhand influence from the other side of the frontier.

In November, 1838, an outbreak actually took place at Napierville, in Lower Canada, headed by one Robert Nelson, who had obtained considerable support from American adventurers. A secret oath had been administered to the Canadian disaffected by which they bound themselves to establish a republic. Their numbers were considerable, and the alarm was renewed; but prompt measures broke their force once again, and a second time restored tranquillity, and this time without further disquiet; the disturbances had entirely subsided, and loyal addresses poured in on all sides.

Sir John Colborne had, however, been in Canada for eleven years, and both on private and public grounds was anxious to return; while, on the other hand, the new constitution which was in preparation, under which both Canadas were to be united, made the Government desirous of sending out a new governor to carry it out. The Grand Cross of the Bath was, at the same time, conferred on Sir John Colborne, and the *Pique* frigate was sent out to convey him to England.

‘An affecting scene was witnessed at Montreal when their revered commander and friend, Sir John Colborne, took his final departure. A large concourse of the British population, with a most numerous military staff, escorted him to the wharf, and on his embarkation bade the veteran and venerable chief “farewell” in peals upon peals of loud, affectionate, and prolonged cheering. When at length the voice of the vast assembly was dying away, a man perched on a mast exclaimed, “One cheer more for the colonel of the 52d!” This touched a new chord of stirring recollections in the heart of the multitude, and the acclamation was instantly renewed as loud as ever.

‘Finally, on the 23d October, Sir John and his family, accompanied by his attached Peninsula and Waterloo friend and military secretary, Colonel Brown, and his late civil secretary, Major Goldie of the 66th, embarked in the *Pique*, under a salute from the citadel and the shipping. The frigate got under weigh soon after, encountered a terrific thunder-storm the same night, by which her topmast was struck, but the lightning glanced harmlessly from the ship, for the laurelled head she bore was not destined to be thus laid low;

“The wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves;”

and the *Pique* proceeded down the St. Lawrence amid the regrets and good wishes of every loyal and honourable man in the colonies.’—*Trifles from my Portfolio*, by a Staff-Surgeon, vol. ii. p. 229.

Sir John’s services, both in the Peninsular War and the Canadian troubles, were acknowledged at home by his being raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Seaton of Seaton.

After a few unemployed years, he was appointed, in 1843,

Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, where his vigour and activity told as usual on the curious mixed population and government. Education was as usual taken in hand, the colleges in Corfu and the other islands were revised and placed on the English system, and the ladies of his family at the same time endeavoured to raise the tone of education among the Greek girls, both of the upper and lower classes, by establishing a school with an English lady at its head, who might endeavour to rouse them from their Levantine indifference. The condition of the town of Corfu, the state of the prisons, the improvement of the roads throughout the islands, all came under his improving hand. He was always on the side of progress. No old man's dislike and distrust of innovation as innovation ever seemed to grow upon him; but he went forward to the work of improvement in each new scene with a youthful freshness and power of adaptation peculiar to himself. Under him was inaugurated the free constitution of the Ionian Islands, the working of which he had not time to superintend, since it had been decided that the regulation five years' appointment should no longer be exceeded. That constitution has not worked well: but something of the failure may possibly be due to the removal of the framer of it at so critical a moment.

A few years more of quiet succeeded, during which Lord Seaton was warmly interested in devising and carrying out the improvements in the arming of the troops, which had become needful. An article on the defences of England, and another on the Ionian Islands, contributed by him to the '*Edinburgh Review*,' may be taken as remarkable evidences of the alertness and vigour of mind which, when past seventy, could turn at once to a mode of expression to which he had been hitherto entirely unaccustomed, and master it sufficiently for his purposes.

In 1852, the command of the camp at Chobham was placed in Lord Seaton's hands, and in them the experiment proved a complete success. Not only was every officer and man sensible of that courtesy and consideration that never demanded more than could be well performed, and, as in old times of real war, had caused the saying that there was nothing his men would not do for him, but the training under his experienced eye was felt to have been of the greatest service to the troops when the actual trial of the Crimean campaigns ensued.

In 1854, he was selected by Prince Albert to accompany him when invited to visit the French camp with the Emperor at Boulogne—a curious spectacle for one who, nearly forty years before, had been quartered as a victor upon the very ground where the French were now halted, among the trim little gardens, laid out and adorned by each regiment with true French dainti-

ness, favourably contrasting with the dreariness that the English soldiery are content to leave round their temporary abode.

The next year, 1855, he became commander of the forces in Ireland, and *ex officio* governor of the Royal Hospital at Kilmainham, so termed from having been a house of the Knights Hospitaliers, and since made by the Great Duke of Ormond into an Irish Chelsea. The institution was neglected, and had fallen into the irregular and torpid state to which all old foundations are liable, but under Lord Seaton it received a thorough revivification, an active and benevolent sub-governor was appointed, abuses were cleared away, matters were put on a new footing, and the pensioners lived under that mixture of discipline and kindness most congenial to the old soldier. The Royal Hospital forms a quadrangle, two sides of which are inhabited by the pensioners, their rooms arranged in long corridors, and the other two consist of the chapel and the governor's house. Every Sunday, after morning service, Lord Seaton might be seen inspecting the serving out of the day's ration to the old men, all arrayed in uniforms reminding one of prints of Corporal Trim, all moving like clockwork, as they marched in, saluted, ranged themselves in one line and their tins in another, each as straight as an arrow, received their portion, saluted, and marched out, their honest hearts warmed by the kindly looks and words of the governor, and his family.

As little can anyone who saw him forget that grand figure, the noble stature, erect and unbent by years, the fine head, covered by short, crisp curls of perfectly white hair, the bright limpid blue eyes, that seemed to have the capacity of looking *into* and *at* everything at once, with the alert steadiness peculiar to soldiers and sailors, the complexion, which to the last had the soft purity and fairness of skin of a child, and the peculiarly gentle mouth. The forehead was very high, with the same peculiar compression of the temples as in the Duke of Wellington, and which caused Lord Seaton to be often mistaken for him, in spite of being a much taller and larger framed man, with nothing of the aquiline mould, but with perfectly straight features, and a long, mobile upper lip. Hearing, teeth, alertness of bearing, elasticity of step, readiness of attention, and wonderful and minute accuracy of memory, all remained as perfect as in a young man, and those who have seen him riding at the head of his staff at Chobham, Dublin, or at the Curragh, have seen one of the finest remnants of the men who broke the pride of Napoleon.

On the Curragh of Kildare the experiment of Chobham was again carried out with equal success, and rendered camps an institution. It would be both invidious and aside from our

purpose to enter into questions whether to be thoroughly beneficial, and not irksome and demoralizing, they do not require the same masterly management, and the same considerateness that was to be found in their chief promoter. All that we would here say was that the Curragh was at that time a most useful place of instruction, both to the regular troops and to the Irish militia, who were also brought under training there, while the society of the place was rendered enjoyable to the officers and their wives by the kindly courtesy of the ladies of Lord Seaton's family.

One of these is no longer with us, and we therefore venture to say a few words of her doings during this stay in Ireland. When Lord Seaton arrived at Dublin, early in 1855, the embarkation of troops for the East had left a wretched multitude of wives and children unprovided for at every garrison town, and especially at Dublin. Immediately his second daughter, the Honourable Cordelia Colborne began to organise means of enabling them to support themselves. Employment had to be procured, ladies to be stirred into assisting, means to be raised, and with but 20*l*. in hand, what was called the Crimean Shop was set on foot; with what infinite labour only those can guess who know the incapacity of the ordinary soldier's wife. Work had to be begged, devised, invented, and when procured to be overlooked and made fit to be seen, quarrels had to be composed, religious suspicions lulled, impostures examined, gossip prevented, sometimes by reading aloud to the assembled workers, but only such books as did not arouse the suspicion of the Roman Catholics, since an alarm of this kind would have led to their instant secession, starving though they were. The distrust of the priests was so entirely disarmed that they always gave cordial assistance in all cases of needful inquiry into the characters or the assertions of the motley object of her care.

For months the work was carried on with private orders, and only a few pounds in the treasury; but after a time orders from Government for soldier's shirts were obtained, and at last through Miss Ellen Barlee's exertions in London and the good judgment of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the principle was established that army clothing ought to be made-up by soldier's wives, and Miss Colborne's difficulties were so far lessened that she was sure of work, and had only to make her workers perform it up to the stern mark of the authorities, no easy task when the most destitute were uniformly the least able to use a needle.

The transport of the troops to India threw fresh loads of the wretched on her hands, but without exhausting her energies, and for these five years she might almost have been called the providence of the soldier's wives and widows of Dublin; while

she also diligently taught a Sunday School in the great hall of the hospital, for the children of the pensioners. The affection of the poor women and the old men was most unexpectedly shown by their presentation to her of a silver inkstand, subscribed for in the smallest imaginable sums, of course without the knowledge of any of the family. And in 1860, when the period of Lord Seaton's command had ceased, and the original Crimean Shop had become a permanent and prosperous establishment, as a branch of army-clothing work, the ladies who formed the superintending committee insisted on changing the name to the Seaton Needle-work Association, in memory of its commencement.

Soon after his return to England, Lord Seaton received the appointment of Field-Marshal, and he was also within the next year given the colonelcy of the rifles, on the death of the Prince Consort, and also of the 2d Life Guards. Thus had he risen to the highest grade in the army, without purchase of a single step, solely by personal merit, and by distinguished service. For the next two years his health remained unbroken, and he threw his usual energy into improvements on his estate, as well as in the quantity of business that his colonelcies brought upon him. The power of finding interest and occupation, and absence of all tedium or weariness in one who had led so varied a life were as remarkable as the undimmed eye, erect form, and the memory such as is hardly equalled in youth. Even when in January, 1862, a severe attack of illness had come on, which lasted many months, and caused intervals of acute suffering, his cheerful patience, interest in all around, and command of all his faculties, remained perfect, and he seemed partially recovering when in the summer of that same year, 1862, his beloved daughter Cordelia was taken from him by a sharp, sudden attack of illness. The bereavement was exceedingly bitter, for she had been his companion and helper, and though ever devoted to works of charity among the poor, she was still more precious among the charities of home, and her ready sympathies, her depth of thought and extent of reading, and diligent self-cultivation, rendered her such a companion that the loss could only be softened by the sense that the separation could be but brief.

The shock made no material difference in his condition, and there was no air of the feebleness of old age about him, no bending, no decay, but the same affectionateness, the same serenity and sweetness, the same quiet depth of dutiful trust and undemonstrative devotion that had been his through life, and thus he continued, his strength of constitution having somewhat rallied, until the spring of 1863, when an attack of bronchitis

came on, and he died at Torquay on the 17th of April, 1863, in his eighty-fifth year, having as we believe left a deep impress of himself wherever he went, both as a soldier and as a man.

To a character of manly gentleness and most unusual humility and modesty, he added the truly brave man's fearlessness of responsibility and great resolution, with all the fire and enthusiasm that make the soldier, together with the inspiration that forms the general; perfect coolness in trying circumstances, and authority that never failed to be felt even when scarcely exerted. We have seen what manner of soldiers were made by that guiding hand. Would that we could more completely depict one so great and so good!

ART. II.—*Catalogue of the Second Special Exhibition of National Portraits, commencing with the reign of William and Mary, and ending with the year 1800. On loan to the South Kensington Museum.* London: Strangeways and Walden. May 1, 1867.

THE interest and mental pleasure awakened in the minds of those who go to see a portrait gallery differ in many points from the feelings experienced by the visitors to any other collection of pictures. The crowds who flock to our own National Gallery, to the Louvre, or to the yet brighter attractions of Florence and Rome, are urged thither by many and varied impulses. The man who takes a genuine pleasure in the noble art of painting, the *real* amateur, is jostled by the mob of those who come only to see and to be seen—worse even, come merely that they may say they have been there. But the connoisseur and the ignorant alike may find pleasure in such a collection as that held this year at South Kensington. Noble works of art are to be found among it; but the man, if there be such a man, who can contemplate a portrait by Sir Joshua, and a sign-post daub with equal satisfaction or equal indifference, may still find great interest within these walls. And let no one think slightly of the collection as an exhibition of art, because it is ‘merely a portrait gallery.’ A portrait may be, sometimes is, a noble example of the work of consummate ability. ‘Portrait painting,’ it has been well said, ‘may be to the painter what the practical knowledge of the world is to the poet, provided he considers it as a school by which he is to acquire the means of perfection in his art, and not as the object of that perfection.’ How vast the difference between the memorial of a man, when the resemblance is preserved to us by the hand of genius, or mimicked by incapacity, may be seen by comparing the William Hunter of Chamberlin, and the William Hunter of Reynolds, both within this collection. The first is a picture which every one would, but for the name of the person represented, pass by without a glance: the second bears the stamp of real power. Great names, indeed, as well as great works abound on the walls; the portraits of the well-known, the noble, the lovely, as well as well-known and noble and lovely pictures. ‘If perfect music unto perfect words’ be, and who can deny it, the highest form of poetry, the portraits of the fairest and the highest, depicted by those who could appreciate all that was elegant and excellent, must be among the highest forms of painting. And the deeper,

broader interest of the most attractive history in the world to an Englishman, the history of his own country, pervades the whole. The complete sense of solitude experienced by a man alone in a crowd, has often been commented on by the moralist and the poet. The phrase of 'crowded loneliness'—the eloquent expression that 'faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love,' are familiar as proverbs to our ears; and yet how completely for the time a collection of portraits appears to reverse these judgments. The gallery of pictures teems with living interest. The memories brought back to our minds are as full of pleasure as the most brilliant converse. We feel as if better acquainted with those we have so often read of, as their faces live over again for us, bright with intelligence, or beaming with beauty.

This second year's Exhibition of National Portraits, at South Kensington, is, chronologically speaking, a continuation of that of the year 1866. Both exhibitions were formed on the same plan, and took their rise from the admirable suggestions of the Earl of Derby, which were prefixed to the catalogues of both collections. The portrait exhibition last year extended in date, from what may fairly be termed the archaic period of portraiture, as far as the Revolution of 1688. The present collection takes up the story from that time, and carries the roll of history down to the commencement of the present century. The extreme interest possessed by the collection of this year is sufficiently indicated by the dates over which it extends. True, the period illustrated by last year's exhibition was fertile in great men. The Reformation, the stirring days of Elizabeth, the Civil War, the Commonwealth, suggest at once many well-known names. The genius of Holbein and the skill of Vandyck were often employed in perpetuating the portraits of many of the worthies of their respective eras. But even on the ground of art, the present collection will well vie with that of last year, while the personal and historic interest alike are far deeper. In one point, to every Englishman, it has greatly the advantage; instead of the noblest works being by the hands of foreigners, as they were in the collection of 1866, they are by our own countrymen. Sir Peter Lely, Sir John Medina, and Michael Dahl, scarcely rise above mediocrity, while Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth well sustain the repute of their native island. And with every respect to the great men of earlier ages, an equal tribute at least is due to those mighty ones who were none the less heroic because they wore broadcloth instead of armour, whose lot was cast among early parliamentary contests instead of the days of the Civil War. Some, even, who served in both capacities are commemorated here. The chief

events of their lives belong rather to the troubled times of the revolution, than to the peaceful days of Anne and her Hanoverian successors. Thus, a carefully painted portrait, by Wissing, preserves to us the remembrance of the first Earl of Warrington, who, as Lord Delamere, was tried before Jeffreys on the charge of being connected with Monmouth's insurrection; and to be tried before Jeffreys was almost equivalent to being ordered for execution. But, as a member of the House of Lords, Delamere had the privilege of being tried before his peers, and such a court was not to be overawed like an ordinary jury. He was acquitted: though every effort was made by the king, James II. to procure his execution. Not long after, the whirligig of time brought his revenges. Lord Delamere was one of the three peers deputed, on the 17th December, 1688, to hear to the same monarch, who had strained his prerogative to the uttermost to obtain his condemnation, the request that he would withdraw from London. The request, however courteously delivered, was equivalent to a command; and few hours elapsed after receiving it before James II. was on his road to Rochester, to fly thence from his country for ever. Close by is a very different character—Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee. The features give no idea of cruelty: the elegant face represents rather the young 'Bonnie Dundee,' than the execrated persecutor of later days. The energy Claverhouse displayed in maintaining the cause of James II. in Scotland, and his death on the field of Killiecrankie have invested his character with an undeserved halo of romance among 'that large class of persons who think 'there is no excess of wickedness for which courage and ability 'do not atone.' Near hangs the portrait of one of those free lances whom the Thirty Years' War brought into so much prominence: a man grown when Dundee was born, the Duke of Schomberg; a successful general in many services—in those of Sweden, of France, and William of Orange. He had attained, by distinguished merit, the dignity of a Marshal of France; but when there came to be a choice between retaining that high station, or compromising his principles, he resigned at once all his honours and dignities, and firmly adhered to the Protestant cause. When an old man, he accompanied William III. to this country, and died at last in the field of battle, full of years, full of honours, at the crowning victory of the Boyne. This portrait, by Wissing, and that of one of Schomberg's opponents, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, by N. Cassana, are both admirable specimens of a good technical style of painting, which, though far inferior to the works of Rubens or Vandyck, are among the most interesting examples of the last foreign followers of the old masters in the present exhibi-

tion. The handsome dashing face of the nephew of Marlborough reminds us of the fierce struggles of the period, and of the manner in which generals and soldiers alike found themselves frequently combating their natural allies and their own kinsfolk; but a moment's comparison of his face with that of Schomberg will show on which side weight of character and earnestness preponderated. Close by, a picture of inferior merit deserves our attention from the person represented. Sir Cloudesley Shovel's portrait, by Martin Dahl, gives well the determined character of the man. Near, is a man better known still in our naval history. The firm, rough face of Admiral Benbow looks out on this age of iron-clads with a rough and ready vigour. Few were the good acts of James II., but among the few was the care he bestowed on the navy of England. Benbow was one of those whose merits were recognised by, or forced themselves on the monarch. The story of the salted Saracen's heads may or may not be true; but there can be little doubt that the exploits of Benbow, whether against the Moslem or the French, laid the foundation of that popular appreciation which found form in the ballad declaring that

‘ When grown a man, I soon began
To quit each boyish notion;
With old Benbow I swore to go,
And tempt the roaring ocean.’

Not useless in their generation were such officers: examples of the highest type of sailorhood: men ready for all weathers, ready for all wars.

The names which we have just mentioned are commemorated each only in a single picture. The greater interest which attached to the chief actor in the revolution has given us many portraits of him. Thus, we have William III. as a boy, by Cornelius Jansen; as a lad, early clad in armour when most of his age in these days would now be only thinking of boating or cricket; and we hope, though Waagen is silent on the point, we may include the charming picture No. 18 as a genuine portrait. The greater skill of the most powerful renderer of individuality among the Flemish painters—of Rembrandt—has here preserved for us the lovely features of a child, bright with dawning intelligence, yet calm and pensive. The sweet boyish face, the dark grey eyes, the little dimple on the chin, the light wavy brown hair, set off by the deep tones of the cap and scarlet feather, compose a most engaging picture. All is delicate, tender, refined. A few steps onward we see the same face, now grave and marked with thought, weighted with the cares of a kingdom, as the

Prince, firm and self-possessed, looks out from the windows of his state coach during his ceremonial progress into London. The great Flemish horses solemnly step on—the attendants, in scarlet uniforms, wait their master's pleasure. Beyond, in the distance, by a pardonable anachronism, the completed dome of St. Paul's announces the importance of the capital. The face of the Prince looks calmly from the canvas. *Recepi non rapui* seems the burden of his thought. More characteristic still, perhaps, is the little picture by Wyke—the resolute mien, the drawn sword, denote the man at once; the grey horse prances and curvets under the firm hand; behind are trumpeters and troopers, and the rush of battle. Such pictures enable us to enter into the characters of the great men of past years. Such portraits more than illustrate, they realise history.

Another general, greater perhaps in military skill, but how immeasurably inferior in all greatness of character will be found represented close by. The great Duke of Marlborough is given in two portraits. The first by Vanloo, a carefully painted picture, represents the hero of Blenheim, with the smooth handsome face which won him the favour of the first Duchess of Cleveland; No. 87, though by the weaker hand of Kneller, possesses more the character of the man. Clad in armour, the blue ribbon crossing his breast, baton in hand, the portrait, though heavy in tone, is a good specimen of what one may call 'state' portrait painting. The general is looking at the plan of the first siege at which he became distinguished; but it is to be understood as representing him at a considerably later date in life. Lines of thought mark the face; the habit of command, the love of power, and alas! a baser feeling, the love of money, have settled on and fixed those stern features. He looks, as he clenches his baton, every inch the general; able to plan the intricate campaign, not above what a greater leader still, considered his first duty—thinking of the shoes of his soldiers. It is the face of a man who was long England's bulwark, the greatest general England ever produced, till his glory as a military man was at least equalled, while his character in every respect was far surpassed, by the fame of Wellington. For a moment we must break through our chronological survey of the gallery to mention the portrait of the Countess of Mornington, the mother of so many heroes (No. 823). Her sons, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquis Wellesley, Baron Cowley, and the third Earl of Mornington, form a group (No. 751-4) unequalled in interest as the members of one family. Of course, the celebrated Duchess is near her Lord—'the great Sarah'—alas, also, 'that wicked woman of Marlborough,' as the distressed Vanbrugh found,—the 'Atossa' of Pope's Essay.

'Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven directed, to the poor.'

Her quick ready face shines out from many canvasses by Kneller. You see her playing at cards, looking at her hand as if she approved it, with her bright look and her long hair; at last older, but still handsome, in a black dress, with Blenheim as the characteristic background.

The portrait of a very different, though a contemporary general, is close by. The dashing Earl of Peterborough, whose great ability was overshadowed by the wildest eccentricity, looks more like a gallant of the time of Charles II., than a soldier who served under Queen Anne. His exploits in Spain, and the now almost forgotten British possession of Tangier, were the wonder of his time. We may apply the well-known lines—

'His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
And most, his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself and least encumbered
When over-matched, entangled, and outnumbered.'

A curious mark of the celebrity which he reached is recorded in the name Peterborough Tower, given to the loftiest stronghold in that last-named transitory possession of ours on the North Coast of Africa, which in the curious drawing by Hollar, now in the British Museum, may be seen domineering over the rest of the fortress.

Of our Royal Family there are several portraits, which it will be more convenient to discuss at once, without paying regard to the endeavour to preserve a contemporary series, which has somewhat interfered with the arrangement of the gallery. The most characteristic portrait of Queen Anne is that by É. Lilly, a full length: in it, perhaps, alone of all the portraits of her, a likeness to her father, James II., may be traced in the complexion and heavy mouth. A picture of George I. gives a higher idea of him, as a man, than either history or other portraits have given. As he was painted whilst Elector of Brunswick, let us hope that flattery had not endeavoured to do so much for him as in Kneller's picture (205), in which the monarch is represented with all the pomp of majesty. Somehow, the Elector looks more engaging, as perhaps he was happier, than the king. George II. was also painted by Kneller, and the picture is a courtly one; but the monarch is not free from that appearance of anxiety to look his best which always seems to distinguish his portraits.

A far different man was his grandson, George III. 'Farmer George' is the thought which rises to the mind in looking at the plain sturdy features depicted by Zoffany (464), and by Reynolds (447). Court paraphernalia always seem to stifle art. Even Reynolds is not at his best here; yet that his sweetness of mind was able to lay hold of the smallest touch of natural feeling, is pleasantly shown in the little sketch of the marriage of this king. Pomp, gold plate, and prelates surround the Royal pair; but the sweet look of affection with which the monarch turns to his bride, invests even a state ceremonial with an engaging air. The crayon drawing of Queen Charlotte, by Cotes, is the most pleasant likeness of that queen we ever remember to have seen: it gives the idea not so much of a flattered portrait, as of the best side of a person seen by the artist; and the occasion was one to draw out the best side of a young wife's character. The young mother, in early youth, scarce matured into womanhood, is represented with her infant (the Princess Royal) on her arm—raising the other hand as if to check some noise which might disturb the child. Other Royal portraits are to be found on the walls. That of the Prince of Wales, who died in 1751, the father of George III. is noticeable as recalling a now almost forgotten link in the chain of royalty. The picture also curiously shows the deference of the age to literature: the Prince holds a volume of Pope's *Homer* in his hand. Is it possible that his Royal Highness' acquaintance with that poet was not as entirely a stretch of imagination on the part of the painter as the two Cupids hovering in the air? The understanding and disposition of this prince were overpraised by those in opposition to his father's government, according to H. Walpole, who says of him, 'His best quality was generosity, his worst insincerity, and indifference to truth.' Another picture represents a pleasant domestic group, with the prince and his sisters engaged in a family concert. A more interesting picture is of the Duke of York (brother of George III.) surrounded by his friends, among whom may be mentioned Topham Beauclerk, who, though most dissimilar in mind and habits, was a friend of Dr. Johnson's. 'What a coalition!' said Garrick, when he heard that Johnson and Beauclerk had made acquaintance; 'I shall have my old friend to bail out of the round-house:' a propensity thither appears, by the way, rather to have marked the prince's friends. Two heavy pictures of the Duke of Cumberland will not fail to be noticed. It does not appear to have occurred to the Royal Duke, if we may judge from the painful records of that most miserable rebellion, that he was engaged in repressing sedition among his own fellow-subjects in a Christian country. Even if

the records of the manner in which the Highlanders were treated after '45 were lost, these pictures would leave no reason to wonder at this prince being called the 'Butcher' of Culloden. A natural transition leads us to that rejected branch of the Royal Family, which, for more than half a century, disputed the succession to the throne. The flame of loyalty seems, if we may take the number of portraits as any guide, to have burnt with most fervour during the lifetime of the prince, sometimes dignified with the title of James III., sometimes stigmatized as the old Pretender. The claim to the throne is never abandoned on canvas. The boy is represented with the riband and insignia of the garter; as an elderly man, he still appears with the robes and collar of the order. The crown is yet by his side, but the gloomy undecided cast of countenance seems enough to make the most ardent Jacobite abandon the cause. Still, scions of the royal tree abound. The Princess Louisa appears often; a bright child, unconscious that her father has flung away his diadem. At last one sees the hopes of the exiled race sink in the young Chevalier. If the earlier portraits of this prince remind one of the gay lines describing how

'The news from Moidart came 'yestreen
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
That ships of war have just come in,
And landed royal Charlie,'

the later ones, weak and undecided, enable us to realise the bitter remark, that half England was Jacobite, till the Pretender appeared. This shadowy prince is surrounded by the still more shadowy titles of the Countess of Alberstroff and the Duchess of Albany. The 'Prince Henry' appears also on the walls, first as a boy, afterwards as the priest, the full-blown cardinal, Duke of York. Adherents of the Stuart family appropriately find their places near them. Field-Marshal Keith; the Viscount Kenmure, 'the bravest laird that ever Galloway saw,' as the contemporary ballad has it; the Earl of Seaforth, also similarly celebrated in the 'farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail.' The Earl of Nithsdale, known more by his wife's courage even than by his own devotion to the cause. The Countess Winifred, the heroine of the story, hangs close by. The simple tale of her efforts to obtain pardon for her husband, failing that, of her resolve to save his life at the risk of her own, has moved, will move many hearts, as long as real nobility of soul finds admirers. Among these higher examples of a true though a mistaken devotion, hangs the portrait of a very dissimilar adherent, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. This picture, though slightly sketched in, shows the power of an admirable artist. The celebrated Hogarth painted this miserable old man, not, as is

mistakenly said in the catalogue, in the Tower, but on his road thither. The skill which has given us so many satirical, yet solemn sermons on canvas, has hit off to the life the mean, selfish, proud old man. Yet this bad spirit rose at times to an almost stoical dignity. The painter has expressed the pride which in the last moments of torture could exclaim, 'Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.' By the veteran's side is an open volume; the top of the page is marked 'Memoirs:' he is counting on his withered fingers the number of men each chief could summon to that last gathering of the clans.

As dissimilar a man as possible is represented close by, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, whose fame with posterity, little as he would have expected it, rests on his advice to his son, the well-known 'Chesterfield's Letters.' The *blasé* man of the world is marked in every line of the intriguing old face. Naval and military heroes of the age are there too, Admiral Edward Vernon, and the first Lord Anson, whose capture of the 'Manilla' galleon, and the efforts and sufferings of his career, read like a page from the life of Raleigh. A very clever picture, by Dance, in the gallery above, preserves the remembrance of another of our naval celebrities, whose career and exploits are also among the well-thumbed pages of our nursery lore—Captain Cook, the last, we may say, of a race of 'discoverers,' of whom, as it has been well said, their profession was the school of their nature, a high moral education which brought out what was most nobly human in them; and the wonders of earth, and sea, and sky were a real intelligible language, in which they heard God Almighty speaking to them. Near him is another portrait of an admiral, perhaps better known to our 'little people.' Every child remembers Cowper's sweet lines, telling how Admiral Kempenfelt met his death, how

'His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.'

Close by is the Marquis of Granby, associated so much with public-house signs that one feels a momentary surprise in looking, not at a mere daub, but at a very clever portrait, by Reynolds. The marquis is likewise represented in another picture, by the same hand, if possible even more jovial and dashing-looking than the other. His popularity is incidentally commemorated in a very inferior picture, not in this exhibition, but in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont, representing the marquis giving alms to a soldier.

But we must for a moment pause in our list of names. However great the attractiveness of mere portraiture may be, there

are pictures in this exhibition well worthy notice, apart from the personages represented. And first, as in duty, so in interest, for some of the works of the greatest president our Academy of Painting has ever known, Sir Joshua Reynolds: loved in his life, honoured after his death; as Goldsmith wrote,

‘Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.’

Sir Joshua's portraits always deserve a careful attention. And in one point he was specially fortunate; he lived at a period when not only lovely faces certainly abounded (and when have they not in the history of our island?) but at a time, in many ways, of a high standard of female excellence. The period of ‘airs and vapours’ was past; the period of mere household drudgery to any in the easier of circles of life was past; the object of the good feminine education of the day was to refine and polish—to develop, not the masculine, but the really feminine qualities. Now, must we not say, that time has brought round an oscillation, if not a reverse of this? That is we must not travel beyond our brief. To return to the gallery, the loveliest group of all the collection perhaps, is that of the Ladies Waldegrave. Few painters have ever been more fortunate in their sitters: few family groups—those perpetual difficulties of the artist from the time of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ onwards—have ever been more skilfully arranged. The picture gives a pleasant glimpse into a naturally imagined English home of the period. The young ladies sit round their work-table; Lady Laura winds the silken skein which Lady Maria holds; Lady Horatia gently bends over her tambour frame. The powdered hair sets off the sweet complexions: nothing can be imagined more ladylike or more lovely than the group. Horace Walpole, for whom this picture of his grand-nieces was painted, has recorded that each of these ‘charming girls’ had at this time ‘missed one of the first matches in the country,’ one from death, the other two, incredible as it may seem, from the inconstancy of their lovers. Though this picture claims the pre-eminence among Sir Joshua's groups, other very sweet compositions deserve notice. Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Spencer, in which the girl endeavours to act the fortune-teller, and pretends to foretell her brother's destiny—laughing all the while at the joke. More charming still is Georgina, duchess of Devonshire, dancing her infant on her knee: the spring of life in the baby, the look of pleasure in the mother's face, form a brilliant picture. Close by, is a picture of which, in Sir Joshua's own opinion, ‘the boy's head was the finest he had ever done.’ It is the portrait of the first Lord Morley and his sister: the pleasant affection of the boy's arm round his sister's waist, the rich glow of the colour,—all is calm and happy. Another family group well may be noticed (847), the

Countess of Ilchester and two of her daughters—the gleeful children play across the mother's knee. But it is not given even to the highest artists to be uniformly successful. The 'Angel of Truth' in Beattie's picture, thin-looking and unreal, contrasts unpleasantly with the very material figure of the author of the 'Minstrel' in his scarlet academic robes; and to array an English duchess successfully as a Diana, which may be seen attempted in No. 855, was scarcely a possible task. We may consider these awkward attempts at allegory as concessions to the conceits of the time forced upon the unwilling Sir Joshua. We turn with increased pleasure to some of the lovely faces of which his skill has preserved a record.

Want of space compels the mention only of a few. The Marchioness of Hertford, the pretty natural attitude of Miss Mary Townshend, the lovely Duchess of Ancaster, the Countess Spencer in the wide Woffington hat, the Countess of Powis, and perhaps loveliest of all, the Lady Dashwood caressing her child. The readers of 'Boswell's Johnson' may remember, how this lady, when Miss Graham, met the great lexicographer at dinner at Lord Newhaven's, and asked him to have a glass of wine with her. Dr. Johnson, who at that time had given up the use of wine, was rallied by his host at being caught in the dilemma of either drinking the glass or being wanting in courtesy to the lady. His reply shews his consciousness of her charms, 'Nay, I do not see how I am caught, but if I am caught I don't want to get free again.' Nor must Mrs. Crewe be passed over, who being a distinguished leader of the fashions of the day, is sentimentally painted as a shepherdess with her flock around her. To her we may apply Camillo's speech,

'I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.'

Almost as great a name as Reynolds is that of Gainsborough. Less cultivated, but more powerful by nature, with a more vivid feeling for beauty of landscape, his portraits, though not equal in grasp of character to Reynolds, are of great and varied merit. The portrait of Field-Marshal Conway gives the look of an accomplished soldier, while the lovely Mrs. Graham, and the charming Miss Parsons, show that the painter was at home in works where sweetness and delicacy of handling were required. In the first of these, the clouds over the landscape are arranged so as to surround the head of the fair lady with a kind of 'glory,' like that given to saints by the early Italian masters, which in this case looks like a spontaneous tribute of nature. To the latter portrait a sedateness is given, which, though most charming, one would hardly have expected from the character of the

well-known damsel. The beautiful face and form of Elizabeth Linley, the wife of Sheridan, are preserved in a little sketch. Close by is the very charming picture of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland walking in a garden. The varied powers of the painter show to advantage in this picture. The figures, though small, possess great animation; the landscape, though brilliant, is completely subordinate to the group in front. The picture shows at once that the portraits are the main point. Near is a picture of the first Countess Spencer, a far less lovely one than that of the second Countess, which we have noticed above. It possesses some interest from the dress of the lady; her riding-habit gives her so much the appearance of a man that, though rather later in date, the humorous description of the *Spectator* is quite applicable to her. As applicable indeed to the present day is 'the objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that propriety and distinction of appearances in which the beauty of different characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look like turning our public assemblies into a general masquerade.' In a collection like the present, one must however expect to find many of the pictures interesting rather from the characters of the persons portrayed than from intrinsic artistic merit. The line of celebrated statesmen, about whom so much of the interest of the history of the century centres, is well represented. Walpole is painted several times. The portrait of him, No. 247, is vapid and disappointing. No. 283, in the robes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, gives more idea of the power of the man. No. 284 pleasantly exhibits this statesman's delight in the amusements of a country life. The most characteristic portrait of all is in the curious picture of the House of Commons, the joint work of Hogarth and of Thornhill. The canvas includes the Chair with the Speaker, Arthur Onslow, seated; to him Walpole is speaking: he turns towards the Chair, and his face is in exact profile, with the shy look and treble chin, marking the nature of the man and his love of good living. Not far from this picture is a portrait of the first Lord Fox, notorious for his unscrupulousness in politics. He wears in this picture a look of surprise, as if for once he had found an honest man. Close by is Lord North as a young man, goodnatured-looking, but not so portly as he became in later years when he was so much in the habit of dozing on the Treasury Bench. The portrait of a Speaker of the House of Commons of Lord North's day is appropriately near. Sir Fletcher Norton was a very different man from the easy-going Premier; contemporary verse celebrated the best remembered event in his life by describing him as the man

'Who lately, to the world's surprise,
Advised his monarch to be wise.'

The advice was given on the presentation of a Bill of Supply, when the Speaker improved the occasion with some remarks on the desirability of a judicious use being made of the money thus liberally granted. These observations, however well deserved, were, as may well be imagined, not very acceptable to George III. The portrait of another contemporary of Lord North's, Lord Sandwich, is here painted by Gainsborough, a more pleasing remembrance than the bitter lines by Churchill, describing how he

'Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.'

The Pitt family is represented by its best-known members. The first of the name who was celebrated, Governor Pitt, the grandfather of the first Lord Chatham, looks out from the canvas with an almost truculent vigour, which not even the smoothness of Kneller could soften away. His firm look is that of one of those men who 'graved out the channels through which the enterprise of England has flowed out over the world.' As one looks at the determined set of the face, one sees whence Lord Chatham inherited his strongly marked features. 'The great Commoner' was not fortunate in his painters. The picture belonging to Lord Lyttelton, by Hoare, though carefully painted, gives little idea of the force of the man. The action in Earl Stanhope's picture looks almost exaggerated, but the face and attitude possess more character. The second William Pitt was painted by Gainsborough, and two pictures, the smaller apparently a mere replica of the larger portrait, are on the walls. The face, bright, intelligent, acute as it is, fails to express the vast power of mind which William Pitt possessed; possibly in following a natural desire to soften down some of the harshnesses of the features, the artist has obliterated a portion of the character. The portrait of Lady Hester Greville shows it was from his mother that William Pitt derived his nose—a feature in which he is so unlike the commanding Roman outline of the first Lord Chatham, or Governor Pitt. Close by hangs C. J. Fox, by Reynolds: 'the buff and the blue' are in the coat and waistcoat. The swarthy features, the dark complexion, recall his ancestor Charles II. The impression the picture leaves on the mind is more that of 'the painstaking man,' as C. J. Fox humorously described himself, than of the man given to gambling in his youth, devoted to politics in after life—'a fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame.'

Lord Bute, the unpopular minister of George III. was at least fortunate in being painted as we see him here. His picture, by Reynolds, is a noble one. So fine a portrait of so second-

rate a statesman, at once inspires the wish that the skill had been employed on a worthier object. Lord Rockingham was, in this respect, equally fortunate. So was the Right Honourable Charles Townshend, who, by his mismanagement during Lord Chatham's illness, was the unintentional promoter of American independence. Later political celebrities are also commemorated. The portrait of Curran, by Lawrence, is associated with the singular story that the rather ordinary features of the sitter so discouraged the artist, that he was inclined to give up the work in despair. At last some casual circumstance caused Curran to show his great and varied ability in conversation; his eyes brightened, the rough-looking ordinary man flashed out with all the inspiration of genius. 'I never saw you till now,' said the painter, 'you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator.' Curran's features, redeemed from harshness only by their expression, confirm the correctness of this anecdote. The mild incapacity of Addington is well represented in a very clever picture. Of Canning, the brilliant orator, the great humorist, the bold statesman, there is unfortunately only a very inadequate representation.

In passing along the galleries, one feels how imperfect such notice as this must of necessity be. How many are the pictures from one point of view or another deserving mention! How vast is the list of noteworthy men! A mere list of the most distinguished names would more than exhaust our remaining space. The long line of distinguished men of letters is headed with Steele, Addison, and Congreve, all painted by Kneller: either the long flowing wigs cause the three to look like members of one family, or else Kneller's frequently vapid pencil failed to mark the individuality of the men. Yet, even as thus represented, we may trace the greater refinement of the sprightly face of Addison: and Steele's burly form is sufficiently indicated. At the foot of the staircase is another group. Conspicuous among them are several portraits of Alexander Pope. The skill of the painter has disguised the deformity which distressed the poet during life, and even added bitterness to his naturally acrid disposition. The hard lines, like small cords, as described by Reynolds, surrounding the mouth, in No. 136, announce both sickliness and satire. No. 154, with the dog 'Bounce' by his side, is more pleasant; perhaps the presence of his canine companion had soothed his master's temper. Near are two other friends, who devoted much of their time to the endeavour to brighten the poet's days, Martha and Teresa Blount; pretty bright girls, they look kindly from the canvas as they did by the river at Twickenham. It was to Martha Blount that Pope gave the fan which he painted with a design of his own composition from the story of Cephalus and

Procris, decorated with the motto 'Aura Veni.' Close by, hangs the portrait of another lady better known to fame—far worse treated by her poetical lover—Hester Johnson, more frequently known as 'Stella.' The picture is hung near that of Swift, the cause at once of her unhappiness and her celebrity. The early portrait of the Dean appears well authenticated, as far as its pedigree goes, but it possesses but little character. The picture from the Bodleian Library possesses the stamp of more power. Neither, however, fully represent that 'natural severity of face'—the description is by a contemporary writer—'which even his 'smiles could never soften, or his gaiety render placid and serene,' but both portraits are greatly dashed with sadness—that sadness well-deserved, much of it self-inflicted, which gathered in deepest gloom round the later days of this powerful yet miserable man. Was the motive taken from his own self-consciousness, was it melancholy or remorse, which dictated the lines—

'For such a fool was never found,
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have ruins made
Materials for a house decayed?'

It is pleasant to turn to the portraits of a very different person. Few men of mark of any age, few men of letters of any age, are better known to us than Samuel Johnson. The vast abilities, the vaster erudition, the kindliness of heart, the surly manner, the great scope of mind which occasional narrownesses only appear to enhance, all are portrayed to the life in the Chronicle of Boswell. 'Familiar in our mouth as household words' are the dicta of the 'Doctor,' and if we occasionally laugh at the eccentricities of the man, if we catch ourselves smiling at the trivialities by which his judgment was sometimes warped, we never fail to close the volume which records alike his greatness and his failings without an increased feeling of reverence. Several portraits are exhibited here. No. 556 representing him devouring a book, and 557 seated at a table, possess perhaps the most generally received ideas of the man; but the most interesting, to our mind, is No. 564, giving the noble contour of the head without the disfiguring wig; the gesture, the raised face, and bent fingers, as if speaking, show the eager disputant. The portrait of Boswell, the 'Doctor's' biographer, is appropriately hung close by; his wife and children surround him. Near also are many of the well-known men of the age. Chambers, the architect of Somerset House: the ability shewn in the river front of that building will, it is hoped, be better appreciated when it is better seen, from the new embankment. Goldsmith, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, showing how well the

painter understood the poet's character, with his clever forehead and weak chin, the very portrait of

'Oliver Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll.'

Doubts are thrown on the authenticity of the other portrait of Goldsmith, said to be by Hogarth. It is possible that it may be the work of that artist, and the features resemble the poet; the action also, the haste and hurry with which he is at work, the cap pushed awry in the fury of composition, all appear likely to be traits recorded by an acute observer. Not far off is the portrait of Edmund Burke, an early work of Opie, and not without that roughness of manner which characterizes this painter's earlier works. The portrait is marked by vigour; yet it is impossible to regard it without a feeling of regret—of regret over a mind which time appears rather to have narrowed than matured—to which experience brought rather the inferior art of discovering difficulties, than the manner of surmounting them—of the man in short

'Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'

The picture of Edmund Burke's brother Richard, painted by Reynolds, is near his better-known kinsman. Yet, though the fame of the elder brother is more widely spread among us now, Richard Burke had many friends in his day. The bright gay face enables us fully to understand this. It fully bears out Goldsmith's description of his powers and misfortunes:—

'What spirits were his! what wit, and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.'

We must close our catalogue; yet the doing so feels like leaving a party of our best friends. We know the pleasant remembrance will abide with us, but the pleasant attraction of their society draws us to them. How reluctant we are to turn away, and how varied the company is! There are the arch features of Mrs. Gwyn, poor Goldsmith's 'Jessamy Bride' and her yet lovelier sister, Mrs. Bunbury. There is Wilkes with his daughter in the open air: the father sits—the daughter (her looks favour 'papa') stands holding his hand. The celebrated cast in his eye is disguised by the look being turned upwards. How surprised Wilkes would be if this picture caused him to pass in this generation, which has forgotten his factiousness, almost forgotten his wildness and follies, as a domestic man. This picture is by Zoffany. We must not forget to notice the brilliant Romney of Gibbon, which looks, however, far more the militia

officer than the man of letters. We may fairly ascribe also to this artist the very clever portrait (unmarked by a painter's name) of E. W. Montague, the wild son of the celebrated Lady Mary, who is represented here as well. There is Horace Walpole, with his diletant look; Churchill, the now almost forgotten satirist, once perhaps the most prominent writer of his day, sleek and sensual; Hook, the musical composer in the palmy days of the Vauxhall Gardens, with a cheery twinkle, reminding one of the present Dean of Chichester.

Bentley and Dolland represent classes of men, patient and hard-working, to whom our country owes more than is usually conceded; and the pleasant homely Teutonic face of the first Herschel, records a family now happily naturalized among us, with whom ability seems hereditary. We see the clever face of Baretti, Johnson's friend, whose dictionary we have often so gratefully turned over; and notice how the artist (Sir Joshua) has marked his shortness of sight without making it painfully prominent. We seem to join the gifted family of William Sharp, gaily gliding in their barge down the Thames, then unpolluted with filth, undisturbed by the paddles of perpetual steamers—a river which people could take their pleasure on. We may look on the elegant face of Mrs. Hallam, the mother of the well-known historian, and mark how his noble manly features yet bore to latest life the stamp of that sweetness here portrayed by Gainsborough. To us, and we doubt not to many more, the carrying on thus the past history of our country into present times has been a source of lively pleasure. We feel how one generation links itself to another, how the influence of the past connects itself with the present, and we bear away with us, as we gaze on the faces of those remembered for great abilities, ennobled by great deeds, the hope, the belief, that the banner of our country will yet be marked with even greater names, in times that are still to come.

ART. III.—*Emanuel Swedenborg: his Life and Writings.* By WILLIAM WHITE. Two volumes. London: 1867.

THIS book is not pleasant reading in the dog days. To be repeatedly lifted up to Heaven and thrust down into hell, with a ponderous and prosy mystic for a companion, is fagging work; yet it is what the readers of Mr. White's corpulent octavos must endure. Few persons, we suppose, have had this experience, for it is not likely that 1,230 pages of dreary matter, which these volumes contain, can have had many readers resolute enough to persevere through their tedious length. We do not, however, blame the author for the dulness of his book, we rather thank him for his praiseworthy efforts to relieve it by the vivacity of his own style. The fault lies with its subject. Swedenborg led a most insipid life, and the few facts that are known of him give no cause for wishing that we knew any more. Antecedently we should have supposed angels and devils to be rather exhilarating society; but under Swedenborg's introduction they turn out to be flat and common-place to the last degree, and this is all the more disappointing when we are informed that the angels and devils walked the earth as apostles, princes, and popes—the princes and popes, oddly enough, being chiefly angelical, while the apostles are for the most part diabolical.

If, however, Mr. White has failed to produce an entertaining biography, we must give him credit for having written a candid and conscientious book. He is an admirer of Swedenborg, but his way of manifesting his admiration is such as to hold up Swedenborg to the contempt rather than to the admiration of others. He is not a Swedenborgian, and he treats the sect which is called by that name with pitiless ridicule. He says in his preface that, 'with a few exceptions, Swedenborg has undergone no criticism. He has been cursed without reserve, and he has been blessed without reserve, but he has been rarely appreciated.' All this, however, will be changed now. Looked at through Mr. White's disenchanting medium, few will think Swedenborg worthy either of blessing or cursing. As regards the appreciation, the estimate cannot range very highly of a sect which traces its order of ministers to a fraudulent ticket trick, and whose founder kept a mistress and never washed his face. But we are anticipating.

Emanuel Swedenborg was the second son of Jesper Svedberg, who was the son of Daniel Isaksson, a coppersmith in Fahlun. This

repeated change of name was the consequence—the first change from Isaksson to Svedberg, of a custom which gave the name of the homestead (Sveden) to those who were there born; the second change, from Svedberg to Swedenborg, of the ennobling of Jesper's sons by Queen Ulrika Eleonora, sister to Charles XII., in compliance with Jesper's pertinacious entreaties. Emanuel was born on the 29th January, 1688; but after he was converted he always declared that the year of his birth was 1689, in obedience, as he affirmed, to a 'spiritual emendation of the date.' Of his grandfather, Isaksson, a single anecdote is told, which is worthy of repetition as Mr. White relates it:—

'Daniel Isaksson and his wife Anna were pious, industrious, and poor, and had quite a flock of children, whom they brought up in a godly, severe, and serious manner. "My mother," writes Jesper, "was to me all that Monica was to Augustine." Isaksson reckoned his family the source of all his blessings, and that they were to him means of income and prosperity. After dining, he would sometimes say, "Thank you, my children, for dinner! I have dined with you, and not you with me. God has given me food for your sake,"—a speech pregnant with that wisdom which is foolishness to the world that takes Malthus for a prophet'—*Life of Swedenborg*, vol. i. p. 1.

His father is a character of some interest, as it appears in Mr. White's pages. He was a strange mixture of shrewd worldly-wisdom, and sincere religious energy; of blunt independence, and close clinging to kings and courts; of fearless hostility to popular vices, and a keen relish for popular applause. He is worth bestowing some attention upon before we turn to his more illustrious son. Jesper was born in 1653, and his parents were decided by his bookish inclinations to bring him up to the ministry. They accordingly put him to college at Upsala for three years, and then passed him on to Sund. At the latter place he played the dandy in contrast to the sober, coarse dress to which he had been accustomed; but this gaiety was abandoned in deference to the rebuke of a theological professor who asked him 'if he hoped to become a clergyman in a courtier's dress?' At this early period spiritualistic intimacies were enjoyed by Jesper, and 'the constant presence of spirits, good and evil, and 'at times open intercourse with them, was Svedberg's assured 'faith.' He had visions, and held long and particular conversations with angels. It is remarkable that these manifestations of the spirit-world faded away from the early life of Jesper, to reappear in the more developed and systematic experiences of his son Emanuel.

At thirty he married his first wife, and, six months after, he took advantage of the fortune she had brought him, to leave her and go for a year's travel. He visited Oxford and became acquainted with Dr. Fell, and it is curious to note at this present

time, when Dr. Pusey's criticism of the pretensions to catholicity of the Lutheran churches¹ has drawn attention to the Swedish communion, that Svedberg and Bishop Fell talked much about 'ecclesiastical union,' but came to no more definite conclusion than that 'it could never be effected save by the hand 'of God, prayer, and a peaceful mind.' After his return he made rapid progress in the royal favour, to which he became introduced through his position as chaplain to the King's Regiment of Cavalry Life Guards, his duties as such giving him opportunity to assist the Court chaplain. A country living, a theological professorship, and the Deanery of Upsala, followed in quick succession from royal patronage. Unlike the general type of clients upon courtly favour, Svedberg set his face against the secularity and indifference of the clergy, and so became classed among the 'Pietists,' as all were called who desired to see some spiritual life quicken the dry bones of the Lutheran ministry. In 1696 he lost his first wife, the mother of Emanuel. In the spring of 1697, he lost his first patron, Charles XI. The former loss he repaired in the autumn of the latter year.

The hero of the north, the youthful Charles XII., turned out to be as good a friend of Jesper Svedberg as his father had been. An anecdote, highly characteristic of both patron and client, is related as follows:—

'Military glory is the most expensive thing in the world, and Charles's wars pinched poor Sweden dreadfully. The clergy were used to pay one-tenth of their incomes in taxes, but the king now demanded a second tenth. An exaction like this was felt very keenly, and some of the clergy laid their complaint before the Chapter of Upsala. The Archbishop, a gentle timid man, said the clergy ought really to suffer quietly, and wait for better times, and not embarrass the King when he was preparing for war. At this speech, up rose Svedberg, and replied, that if the clergy sought unfair relief, they ought to be admonished; but if fair, the Chapter had no other choice than to lay their case before the King. "Well," said the other members of the Chapter, "if you are bold enough, you had better go and see the King." "Bold I am," replied Svedberg, "when duty prompts. Give me authority, and I will go to the King, confiding in God." His offer was at once accepted.

'He started off to see Charles, and found him at Kungsör. He arrived on a Saturday, and found all busy preparing for a masquerade on Sunday. "Cannot you preach the masquerade out of the head of the King and his suite?" he asked the astonished clergyman of the place. "Since you cannot, then I will try." On Sunday Svedberg occupied the pulpit, and delivered a sermon with his accustomed plainness and warmth, against the profanation of the Sabbath by such sports. "I fear," said he, "if the masquerade go on, Sweden will never forget the bloody shirts that will come out of this war." To his joy the masquerade was abandoned; whereon he remarks: "A zealous Samuel or Nathan is a means of welfare to any kingdom, whilst a smooth-tongued Uria works no end of evil."

¹ See the Introductory Essay to the '*Essays on the Reunion of Christendom*,' in which Dr. Pusey makes repeated reference to an article that appeared in vol. xiii. of this review, on 'The Swedish Church.'

* Svedborg sent his petition to the King, writing under his name, 1 Moses, xlvii. 22. "What does that mean?" said Charles. "It will be his cypher," said Count Piper. Some one looked at a Bible and read: "Only the land of the priests bought Joseph not; for the priests had a portion assigned them by Pharaoh, and did eat their portion which Pharaoh gave them: wherefore they sold not their lands." Then said Charles, "Let the clergy alone, and let them be taxed no more than before." With this decision, Svedberg returned in triumph to his brethren in Upsala.—Vol i. p. 20.

Courage, under whatever form it displayed itself, had a fascination for Charles XII., and Svedberg's bold behaviour in the matter of the tithes and the masquerade won his lasting favour. In 1702 he was appointed Bishop of Skara.

Some correspondence has appeared lately in the columns of the *Guardian*, respecting the political position of the Swedish Church, and the extent to which the State exercises control over the clergy; and it is curious to observe that the champion of the Swedish communion in that controversy is Mr. Svedberg, chaplain of the Swedish Embassy in London. Let his redoubtable namesake (and, for aught we know, ancestor) the Bishop of Skara, be heard in evidence:—

'The Bishopric of Skara did not in the least buy off Svdberg's importunities, or make him a bit more courtly. Charles's wild and terrible wars every year pinched Sweden harder and harder in men and money. As a proof of the extremity to which he was reduced, he issued a decree that every rector of a parish should fit out a dragoon, and every curate a foot soldier. This Svedberg thought a cruel infliction, and he says: "I took courage unto myself, and seeking the help of God, sat down and wrote to Charles XII. then in Poland, a mighty serious and powerful letter, dated 21st December, 1705." He told the King that the clergy were as willing as any of his people to help him to their utmost in his wars, and they only desired to be dealt with equitably; but the equipment of dragoons and soldiers they found intolerable. "If the least thing is wanting in their accoutrements, a clergyman has to hear and swallow hard words, scoffs, and snubbing at the mustering table, whilst peasants and others stand by grinning and shewing their white teeth. Hence the priesthood is brought into contempt, the Holy Ghost is angered, and pastors lose control over their flocks." He then describes how pitilessly the men-servants of parsons are carried off for soldiers, so that they have to gather sticks in the woods, plough, thresh corn, clean out stables, and perform other menial services. I have myself seen grey-headed servants of the Lord driving oxen at the plough, until they dropped down with fatigue, and remained lying on the ground. The clergy are forced to think more of guns, swords, and carbines, than of the Word of God, and have to waste their time in galloping about to musterings and reviews. Poor curates cannot buy the books their duties require; they have no decent broad-cloth coats and cloaks, but go about in plain home-spun, and some have had to borrow money at usury, and even to sell their bibles, in order to rig out a soldier." He then reminds the King of his pious childhood, of the help God has given him in battle, even as He did to heroes of old, like Joshua, Gideon, and David, and quotes Ezra vii. 24. "Also we certify you, that touching any of the priests and Levites, singers, porters, Nethenims, or ministers of this house of God, it shall not be lawful to impose toll, tribute, or custom, upon them;" praying him to exempt in like manner the Lord's priests from recruiting and

equipping dragoons and soldiers; for he may be assured that men so provided can never come to any luck in battle.

"This letter he read to the Chapter of Skara, and asked them to sign it, but they demurred, fearing to give offence to the King. "What have we to fear?" he pleaded; "we can be no worse than snubbed, and that will be the end of it." After much persuasion the whole Chapter signed the letter.

"Charles wrote home to afford the clergy whatever relief was possible, but as all the clergy were not led on by consummate grumblers like Svedberg, nothing was taken from their burdens. He had two dragoons saddled on him, although by order of the King he was exempt, being a sufferer by the Upsala fire. "But," says he, "I paid and said nothing, for charity beareth all things, and seeketh not her own."—Vol. i. p. 23.

And now, in the course of much interesting matter respecting the Bishop of Skara and his busy life of church building and school reforming, of writing a Swedish grammar, of casting out devils, and effecting cures by solemn adjuration (for the practical Bishop had not altogether dropped his acquaintance with the spiritual world), the name of his son Emanuel comes more and more into notice. In 1709 he graduated Ph.D., and in the following year he set forth on his travels, for permission to do which his father had 'made most humble prayer to the King's 'Royal Majesty.' In fact the Royal Majesty was unconscionably teased by the Bishop on behalf of his promising son Emanuel. Letter upon letter was despatched from Brunsbo, the episcopal residence, to Charles XII., praying the 'Most Mighty King, most Gracious Lord,' to take favourable notice of the young hopeful. The king, with all Europe for his enemy, had plenty to think of without giving ear to the persistent importunity of the pushing Bishop; and though Svedberg left no stone unturned to catch the royal attention—for he applied through the Lord Lieutenant Pfiff, as well as by direct solicitation—no attention was, for some time, vouchsafed, neither was Emanuel put into a place, nor were he and his brothers and brothers-in-law ennobled, as the anxious father had begged they might be, for the present. But begging, if it only be kept up, seldom fails of its reward. In 1716, Emanuel was made Assessor in the College of Mines, an office for which his general scientific knowledge and talent, as well as his special study of mineralogy, eminently qualified him. This brought him into close intimacy with Charles XII., to whose mental power he bears high testimony. Amongst other examples of the king's aptitude for learned and scientific pursuits, he mentions his method for superseding the denary system of arithmetic—a method which served to display considerable ingenuity in the framer, but which was far too complicated for practical purposes, in fact a clever puzzle. Charles had so high an opinion of mathematics that he declared that he who had made no progress in them, did not deserve to

be considered a rational man, 'a sentiment,' exclaims the courtly Assessor of Mines, 'truly worthy of a king.' This point we may leave Charles XII. and Emanuel Swedenborg to fight out with Sir William Hamilton in the spirit-world; but, having regard to Swedenborg's mathematical acquirements, and to the extraordinary pretensions he subsequently made to marvellous spiritual experiences, we cannot refrain from alluding to that section of Hamilton's Essay upon the 'Study of Mathematics,' in which he argues that mathematics induce credulity, and wherein he quotes this remark of Dugald Stewart's, 'In the course of my own experience, I never met with a mathematician who was not credulous to a fault;' and again: 'It is a certain fact that, in mathematicians who have confined their studies to mathematics alone, there has often been observed a proneness to that species of religious enthusiasm in which imagination is the prominent element, and which, like a contagion, is propagated in a crowd.'¹

In December 17th, 1718, Svedberg and his son lost their royal patron: a cannon-ball killed Charles XII. while superintending the siege of the fortress of Frederickshall in Norway. He was succeeded by his sister, Ulrika Eleonora, who, during the brief period she held the government, granted the Bishop's oft-repeated petition, and ennobled his family, on which occasion Emanuel's name was changed from Svedberg to Swedenborg. This act of ennoblement has often been misinterpreted as though it conferred a title upon the subject. Hence we find Swedenborg called Baron or Count. But all that was done by it was to give him a seat in the House of nobles in the Swedish Diet, which consisted of upwards of two thousand heads of noble families. The Queen soon resigned the sovereign power to her husband Frederick, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. The despotism of the Charleses, but especially of Charles XII., who had oppressed Sweden beyond endurance, in order to carry on the wars, which his insatiable ambition and lust for military glory had involved him in, determined the Diet to put limits to the royal prerogative. The Bishop maintained the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and resisted, though ineffectually, the measures of the Diet. His opposition naturally provoked reflections upon the advantages he and his family had derived from royal favour, and insinuations of selfish motives for the line he took up. But although a royalist in politics, he was so far from being complaisant as a courtier, that he gave offence by his plain and blunt letters of advice.

In 1820 the Bishop's second wife died, and in the same year

¹ 'Discussions on Philosophy,' &c. by Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Second edition, p. 303.

he married a third, he himself being in his sixty-seventh year. There is little more to be said of Jasper Svedberg, Bishop of Skara. The substantial success of himself, his family, and whatever else he was interested in—the Swedish Church and Swedish monarchy included—absorbed all his energies. The vein of ‘spiritualism’ which runs through his talk and letters is an incongruity, for a less sentimental and more matter-of-fact man of business could not easily be found. All his marriages were contracted on avowed motives of prudence; and his advice to his sons was to marry good women with fortunes. Though of poor parentage, he contrived to amass considerable property. He was a fair specimen of that ‘sterner stuff’ of which ambition, to be successful, must be made. He was a pietest, but of such a sort as left his sagacious practical mind free and clear to do the judicious and safe thing. An anecdote told of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta—how at a public meeting, when things were going against his wishes, he quashed the proceedings by moving an adjournment ‘for further deliberation and prayer’—illustrates the type of mind of which he and the Bishop of Skara were examples. In short, Svedberg was one of those men—and the world is officered in its high places pretty extensively by them—who, made of useful wearing material, combine the greatest amount of personal goodness and respectability with the largest measure of worldly success. He knew and practised the art of ‘getting on’ to perfection. He died in 1735, at the age of eighty-two.

And now that we have come to the end of Bishop Svedberg’s life, we must, in candour, confess that we have got through the most agreeable portion of this book. Although we have advanced no further than page 113 of the first volume, yet the hundreds of pages that lie before us do not contain so much entertaining matter as that which we have already culled. In following the Bishop, we were made acquainted with events and persons of some general interest. The internal affairs of Sweden, both political and ecclesiastical, were opened up to us, and we were presented with a picture of the times, as well as a portrait of the man. Henceforward, however, we shall have to follow the career of a man who lived so secluded from the outer world, that his name is not connected with a single event of public importance, and who had so little of social adhesiveness in his character, that not a single person is mentioned who could be called his friend. But we must take courage, and go forward.

The next year after his father’s death, Swedenborg put a deputy into his office of assessorship, and gave him half the salary. Thus set free from official duties, and with a good income derived from his father and step-mother, he set out upon

his travels in Europe. He was now forty-eight years of age, and had not as yet made any distinctive position for himself. His time had been spent partly in travel, partly in engineering, partly in working out philosophical and scientific theories, and publishing them to the world. Among his engineering feats, the most noteworthy was his invention of carriages on which he wheeled 'two galleys, five large boats, and a sloop, overland 'from Stromstadt to Idorfjöl, a distance of fourteen miles.' Under cover of these vessels, 'the king was enabled to transport, 'on pontoons, heavy artillery under the walls of Fredericksshall.' The king wished him to go with him on the Norwegian campaign, but he managed to get himself excused, for which he was heartily glad, not being fired with any particular ambition to endure the hardships and perils which none could avoid who joined Charles XII. in war.

In philosophy, Emanuel Swedenborg took John Christian Wolf for his master—or rather, we should say he claimed him for his *confrère*, for his great work, '*Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*,' in three volumes, folio, was published before his admiration for Wolf had been excited. It was in 1734, on his return homewards from Leipsic, as he passed through Hesse Cassel to inspect its mines, that he became personally acquainted with the philosopher whom Frederick William of Prussia did the honour of persecuting. His appreciation of Wolf may be gathered from the following fragment:—

'A comparison of the "Ontology" and "The General Cosmology" of Christian Wolf with my Principia.'

'I wish to institute a comparison between my "*Principia*" and the rules of Metaphysics, with a view to enable me in some measure to judge of the foundations upon which my philosophy and theory repose, and whether their parts are geometrically and metaphysically true, or the reverse. There is no better source for this test than the "*Cosmology*" of the learned Christian Wolf, who may be justly styled a true philosopher, since he has drawn out the principles of a true philosophy with unwearied care, scrutiny and elaboration, and teaches them metaphysically, and in the most regular order, and at the same time scientifically and by experiment. Let us see then whether there be consent between us, or any dissent.

'In rational philosophy Wolf treats admirably of the mode of philosophizing. "The liberty of philosophizing," says he, "should be allowed to those who philosophize in a philosophical manner, and from this concession no danger need be apprehended either for religion, virtue, or the state." Again he says, "Without liberty in philosophy, progress in knowledge is impossible." And further, "A place must be granted in philosophy to philosophical hypothesis, inasmuch as they prepare the way for discovering real truth." And again, "If any one philosophize in a philosophical manner, he has no need to refute opposite opinions."—Vol. i. p. 81.

Wolf and Swedenborg were alike, not only in their philosophical views but also in their unreasonable voluminousness in

propounding them. They both seemed to assume that whatever they thought must be committed to writing, and that whatever they wrote was worthy of appearing in print. Wolf's works have long since been consigned to the rubbish-heap of literature; and if Swedenborg's philosophical writings have not borne them company, it is only because the indiscriminate admiration of his religious disciples has given to whatever proceeded from his pen a longevity out of all proportion to their merit, and perfectly irrespective of the oblivion into which they have fallen in the republic of letters. It ought, however, to be remarked that the first of the three folios above referred to, bearing the title, '*Principia Rerum Naturalium sive Novorum Tentaminum Phænomena Mundi Elementaris Philosophice Explicandi*,' is the volume in which Swedenborg bears Wolf company. The other two volumes are scientific works upon mineralogical and metallurgical subjects, concerning which he was well qualified to speak as an expert. These portly tomes, however, are only a portion of the publications which his teeming pen sent forth before the period of his father's death, at which we have let fall for a moment the thread of his biography, and at which we will now resume it.

After giving extracts from his journal of his travels in Holland, France, and Italy, Mr. White makes these remarks, from which the reader may obtain some idea of the ceaseless activity of Swedenborg's mind.—

'This is a very meagre summary of seven years, but there is nothing more known from the summer of 1736 to the summer of 1743; to the latter date we shall recur by and by. From the mass of writing he produced in these years, we conclude that he spent his time in the study of the works of the best anatomists, attended lectures, and got into dissecting rooms whenever he had an opportunity. In his "Itinerary" he makes very few references to his studies. On the 21st of July, 1736, he notes that he is reading and making extracts from Wolf's "Cosmology" and "Ontology." On the 6th of September, in Paris, we find him meditating a treatise to prove that "The Soul of Wisdom lies in the acknowledgment and knowledge of the Deity;" and on the next day a second treatise, setting forth, that "It is now time to proceed from facts to the exploration of Nature." On the 10th and 11th of September he states, that he is working at the outlines of a book, "De anni genere," the nature of which, from the title, it is difficult to make out; literally it means "On the Kind or Nature of the Year," and has been supposed to be a work on the settlement of the question respecting the new and old style of the calendar. At this time he was still pondering on the subjects treated in his "Principia," for on the 4th of October, recording a visit to the gardens of the Tuileries, he adds, "My walk was exceedingly pleasant to day; I was meditating on the forms of the particles of the atmospheres." With the notice of the completion of his work at Venice, 9th August, 1738, these comprise all the references to his literary labours in his "Itinerary."—Vol. i. p. 121.

On the next page, Mr. White says to his readers, 'Let us now look over the books Swedenborg has printed.' For our

part, we beg to be excused, at least from looking over them again in company with *our* readers. We have looked over them by ourselves, and we cannot face a repetition of the task. Swedenborg quotes in one of his books the following sentence from Locke: 'Perhaps if ideas and words were distinctly weighed and duly considered, they would afford us another sort of logic and critic than what we have hitherto been acquainted with.' The distinct weighing and due consideration of words and ideas, were mental exercises to which Swedenborg gave very slight attention. He rambled on, making his pen effuse his thoughts over sheet upon sheet of paper, with all redundancy, looseness, and tautology of expression. This is to be regretted, for his books, up to this time (namely, 1745, when he was in his fifty-fifth year), had substance in them, and if they had been properly squeezed, they would have presented some solid matter worthy of study. Mr. White's compendious presentation of them shows this, and the reader will do well to peruse what he has to say about them. One piece of advice, however, we must tender him: he must be prepared for the greatest extravagances and oddities that his fancy can picture, related in the most unimpassioned, prosaic, not to say dull, style of matter-of-fact narrative. How Adam was hatched of an egg laid by a tree, the branches of which suckled him; how Adam kissed an *egg* borne by an apple-tree, and how Eve came out of this egg, and was watched over by celestial essences—these and many other sober truths and incontestable facts are related by this straightforward and veracious historian of nature—and, gentle reader, they are all related in Latin!

We have arrived at the end of Part I. of Mr. White's book, which part he labels 'Education, Business, Philosophy.' We have seen that Swedenborg's education was the best his country could give him, and no bad one either; that his business was that of an assessor of mines; and that his philosophy was that of Wolf, except so much of it as was his own; and of what his own was we have had a very pretty illustration in eggs. Now we have reached that point at which, to use the language of his biographer and admirer, 'Swedenborg waits to take our hands, and lead us behind the curtain, which screens the outer and lower from the inner and upper world.' Part II., upon which we are about to enter, is entitled, 'Spirit-seeing and Theology.' Before entering, however, we must say a few words in explanation of the line we shall adopt in dealing with the subject before us. With 'spirit-seeing' and 'spiritualism' we do not intend to meddle in this article. If our readers attach so much importance to Swedenborg's assertion that he saw spirits, as to think themselves bound to make up their minds to believe

or disbelieve him, they are at liberty to do so. For our part, we do not consider his assertions so important. We do not feel in the least concerned to say that his statements are false or true. To use the well-worn phrase, there are three courses open, to those who feel they must come to a decision with regard to Swedenborg and his spirit-seeing: either they may believe him and his statements; or they may believe him, but not his statements; or they may believe neither him nor his statements; and there we leave him and them, for that matter. Next, as regards Swedenborg's theology. We have no intention of dealing with it as theology. Indeed, we are not quite satisfied that such a thing as Swedenborg's theology exists, or has existed. It is true that people have associated themselves into a sect, and have made out a sort of theology, and presented it to Swedenborg, or his ghost, as a post-mortem testimonial of their admiration for him. This sect is commonly called Swedenborgian, but it is only fair to say that its members call themselves the 'New Church,' and spurn the other title as a nickname. However, for the matter of that, so do the Irvingites; yet the world persists in calling the 'Catholic and Apostolic Church' people Irvingites, and will continue to call the 'New Church' people Swedenborgians. But we have to do with Swedenborg, and not with Swedenborgianism, or the 'New Church.'

We are introduced to the spiritual portion of Swedenborg's life by this passage: 'Not without many signs and presages did the spiritual world open to Swedenborg. From his childhood, when on his knees at prayer, his breath was curiously holden within him, and strange rays of light from the sun of another country from time to time had broken through his darkness.' This peculiarity in his respiration has been already noticed in the early part of Mr. White's book, and some scientific explanation is attempted in the following paragraph, which occurs in Mr. White's summary of the *Œconomia Regni Animalis*:—

'The brain pulsates and propels the animal spirits through the nerves, just as the heart does the red blood bred in the stomach. What the heart is to the arterial and venous circulation, the brain is to the nervous. Each of the spherules of the cortical substance is a little heart, prefixed to its fibre, and by a perpetual systole and diastole does its work.

'In this work the brain is assisted by the lungs. Between the pulsations of the one and the respirations of the other, there is a perfect accord. The peculiarity of Swedenborg's own breathing probably directed his attention to the intimate relation between the brain and the lungs. He had from childhood been used to sink into depths of thought, in which, while his brain paused, his lungs lay still. The state was a kind of trance, which after middle life developed into a prodigious faculty. Any one, who pays attention to his own thoughts and breathings, will quickly observe how intimately they correspond. As often as the brain is intent and thinking deeply, it will be noticed that the

lungs rest inactive ; when the brain is exhilarated and joyous, that the lungs expand and inhale great gusts of air ; when the brain collapses with fear, that the lungs do the same ; and when the brain is disturbed with anger, that the lungs gulp in the air in quick mouthfuls. All know the meaning of the deep sigh of care, which is only a great breath inspired and expired after a prolonged thought. The sympathy between the brain and the lungs is perfect.'—Vol. i. p. 139.

Swedenborg, in his 'Spiritual Diary,' thus describes the foreshadowing of his 'spiritualistic' experiences. He writes, it will be observed, in the third person about himself—a common practice with him:—

'For many years before his mind was opened, and he was enabled to speak with spirits, there were not only dreams informing him of the matters that were written, but also changes of state when he was writing, and a peculiar extraordinary light in the writings. Afterwards, there were many visions when his eyes were shut ; light miraculously given ; spirits influencing him as sensibly as if they touched his bodily senses ; temptations, also, from evil spirits, almost overwhelming him with horror ; fiery lights ; words spoken in early morning, and many similar events.'—Vol. i. p. 195.

But of the actual transition from philosophy to spiritualism, the full account is to be found in a very strange document, which was discovered in 1858, and which competent judges have decided to be a diary kept by Swedenborg between 1743 and 1744. This was published by the royal librarian at Stockholm, but 'only ninety-nine copies were printed, on account of the obscene nature of some of the entries.' An expurgated translation from the Swedish into English has appeared under the title of 'The Dreams.'¹ Mr. White gives large extracts from this precious volume. We shall present the first extract as a specimen, and leave the reader to form his own opinion as to whether any gold can be washed out of such dirt and rubbish:—

THE BEGINNING OF VISIONS.

- '1. Dreamed of my youth and the Gustavian family.
- '2. In Venice, of the beautiful palace.
- '3. In Sweden, of the white cloud in Heaven.
- '4. In Leipsic, of one that lay in boiling water.
- '5. Of one that tumbled with a chain into the deep.
- '6. Of the king, who gave away so precious a thing in a peasant's hut.
- '7. Of one who wished me to travel.
- '8. Of my delights during the night. I wondered that nothing more was left me to do for my renown, so far as I could see. Also that I had no desire for women, as I had had all through my life.
- '9. How I was in waking ecstasies nearly all the time.
- '10. How I withstood the Spirit. How I then favoured it. . . .

¹ Some extracts from this Journal of the Spirit-seer, and ten thousand times more filthy, were printed in an English pamphlet which was published some years ago by a Swedenborgian, in connexion with some legal proceedings, not very creditable to that community.

'11. How I found that since I had come to the Hague my interest and self-love in my own work had subsided. I myself wondered much at this.

'How my inclination for women, which had been my strongest passion, so suddenly ceased.

'How through all the time I had a sound sleep in the nights, which was more than kind.

'How my ecstasies were before and after sleep. My clear thoughts about things.

'How I resisted the power of the Holy Spirit, and what then happened. How I saw hideous spectres without life, fearfully shrouded, and moving in their shrouds; also an animal, which attacked me, but not the child. . . .

'How a woman lay herself at my side, as if I were awake. I wished to know who she was. She spoke softly. She said she was pure, but she had a bad smell. I believe she was my Guardian Angel, because there the temptation began.'—Vol. i. p. 200.

This is a sort of catalogue of visions, after which the quotations from the 'Book of Dreams' are given under dates, in this form:—'1744. March 24 × 25.' meaning by the numbers the night between the days.

These elegant extracts occupy nineteen pages of Mr. White's book, and then we are told an anecdote of the great dreamer, which the uninitiated might profanely regard as an account of how a madman went mad. The anecdote is told in the words of one Brockmer, with whom Swedenborg was lodging, in Fetter-lane, at the time of the event. It is a long story, but there is no way of shortening it, and it cannot well be omitted:—

'One evening, when I was in a coffee-house, the maid ran in to call me home, saying that something strange must have happened to Mr. Swedenborg. She had several times knocked at his door, without his answering or opening it.

'Upon this I went home, and knocked at his door, and called him by name. He then jumped out of bed, and I asked him if he would not allow the servant to enter and make his bed? He answered, "No," and desired to be left alone, for he had a great work on hand.

'This was about nine in the evening. Leaving his door and going upstairs, he rushed up after me, making a fearful appearance. His hair stood upright, and he foamed round the mouth. He tried to speak, but could not utter his thoughts, stammering long before he could get out a word.

'At last he said that he had something to confide to me privately, namely, that he was Messiah, that he was come to be crucified for the Jews, and that I (since he spoke with difficulty) should be his spokesman, and go with him to-morrow to the synagogue, there to preach His word.

'He continued, "I know you are an honest man, for I am sure you love the Lord, but I fear you believe me not."

'I now began to be afraid, and considered a long time ere I replied. At last I said: "You are Mr. Swedenborg, a somewhat aged man, and, as you tell me, have never taken medicine. Wherefore, I think some of the right sort would do you good. Dr. Smith is near; he is your friend and mine, let us go to him, and he will give you something fitted for your state. Yet I shall make this bargain with you—If the angel appears to me, and delivers the message you mention, I shall obey the same; if not, you shall go with me to Dr. Smith in the morning."

'He told me several times the angel would appear to me, whereupon we took leave of each other, and went to bed.

'In expectation of the angel I could not sleep, but lay awake the whole night. My wife and children were at the same time very ill, which increased my anxiety. I rose about five o'clock in the morning.

'As soon as Mr. Swedenborg heard me move overhead, he jumped out of bed, threw on a gown, and ran in the greatest haste up to me, with his night-cap half on his head, to receive the news about my call.

'I tried by several remarks to prepare his excited mind for my answer. He foamed, and cried again and again. "But how—how—how?" Then I reminded him of our agreement to go to Dr. Smith. At this he asked me straight down, "Came not the vision?" I answered, "No; and now I suppose you will go with me to Dr. Smith." He replied, "I will not go to any doctor."

'He then spoke a long while to himself. At last he said: "I am now associating with two spirits, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. One asks me to follow you, for you are a good fellow; the other says I ought to have nothing to do with you, because you are good for nothing."

'I answered, "Believe neither of them, but let us thank God, who has given us power to believe in His word."

'He then went down stairs to his room, but returned immediately, and spoke, but so confusedly that he could not be understood. I began to be frightened, suspecting that he might have a penknife or other instrument to hurt me. In my fear I addressed him seriously, requesting him to walk down stairs, as he had no business in my room.

'Then Mr. Swedenborg sat down in a chair, and wept like a child, and said, "Do you believe that I will do you any harm?" I also began to weep. It commenced to rain very hard.

'After this I dressed. When I came down I found Mr. Swedenborg also dressed, sitting in an arm-chair, with a great stick in his hand, and the door open. He called, "Come in, come in," and waved the stick. I wanted to get a coach, but Mr. Swedenborg would not accompany me.

'I then went to Dr. Smith, Mr. Swedenborg's intimate friend, and told him what had happened, and asked also that he would receive Mr. Swedenborg into his house. He had, however, no room for him, but engaged apartments for him with Mr. Michael Carr, wig-maker, in Warner-street, Coldbath-fields, three or four houses from his own.

'Whilst I was with Dr. Smith, Mr. Swedenborg went to the Swedish Envoy, but was not admitted, it being post day. Departing thence, he pulled off his clothes, and rolled himself in very deep mud in a gutter. Then he distributed money from his pockets among the crowd which had gathered.

'In this state some of the footmen of the Swedish Envoy chanced to see him, and brought him to me very foul with dirt. I told him that a good quarter had been taken for him near Dr. Smith, and asked him if he was willing to live there. He answered, "Yes." I sent for a coach, but Mr. Swedenborg would walk, and with the help of two men, he reached his new lodging.

'Arrived there, he asked for a tub of water and six towels, and entering one of the inner rooms, locked the door, and, spite of all entreaties, would not open it. In fear lest he should hurt himself, the door was forced, when he was discovered washing his feet, and the towels all wet. He asked for six more.

'I then went home, and left six men as guards over him. Dr. Smith visited him, and administered some medicine, which did him much good.

'I went to the Swedish Envoy, told him what had happened, and required that Mr. Swedenborg's rooms in my house might be sealed. The Envoy was infinitely pleased with my kindness to Mr. Swedenborg, thanked me very much

for all my trouble, and assured me that the sealing of Mr. Swedenborg's chambers was unnecessary, as he had heard well of me, and had in me perfect confidence.

'After this I continued to visit Mr. Swedenborg, who at last had only one keeper. He many times avowed his gratitude for the trouble I had with him. He would never leave the tenet, however, that he was Messiah.

'One day, when Dr. Smith had given him a laxative, he went out into the fields, and ran about so fast that his keeper could not follow him. Mr. Swedenborg sat down on a stile and laughed. When his man came near him, he rose and ran to another stile, and so on.

'When the dog-days began, he became worse and worse. Afterwards I associated very little with him. Now and then we met in the streets, and I always found he retained his former opinion.'—Vol. i. p. 222.

Wesley gave the following condensed version of this story, in the *Arminian Magazine* for 1783:—

'Many years ago the Baron came over to England, and lodged at one Mr. Brockmer's, who informed me (and the same information was given me by Mr. Mathesius, a very serious Swedish clergyman, both of whom were alive when I left London, and, I suppose, are so still), that while he was in his house he had a violent fever, in the height of which, being totally delirious, he broke from Mr. Brockmer, ran into the street stark naked, proclaimed himself the Messiah, and rolled himself in the mire. I suppose he dates from this time his admission into the society of angels. From this time we are undoubtedly to date that peculiar species of insanity which attended him, with scarce any intermission, to the day of his death.'—Vol. i. p. 229.

Mr. White is mightily indignant with Wesley on account of this version of a tale which had been printed in full, according to Mathesius' report, in the same magazine three years before, and exclaims, 'Can anything be more discreditable to Wesley's veracity, than this second story?' We must confess that we are unable to see wherein Wesley's credit for truthfulness is so injured by this second narrative. Wesley is pretty correct in his facts, though rather inaccurate in his arrangement of them. But perhaps what really arouses Mr. White's indignation is the opinion which Wesley draws from the facts. Let us, however, mediate in this serious quarrel, and let us propose to change 'insanity' to 'madness,' and then offer, for the consolation of offended Swedenborgians, the sentiment of the Stoics: 'Furor in sapientem cadere potest, non potest insania.' For our part, we deem it no disparagement to a man to be called mad, and, having regard to the history of illustrious eccentrics, (in which noble company we are ready to do honour to Swedenborg, by enrolling his name), we think it amounts to a canon, that wise men go mad, and fools are set to keep them.

The event took place in 1743. In 1745 Swedenborg returned to Stockholm. He took to learning Hebrew—a great task for a man fifty-seven years of age, and one bespeaking strong mental resolution, and the vigour of intellectual youth. In 1747 he

applied to the king to allow him to retire from his office as assessor, which request Frederick granted, together with full pay as a pension. Thenceforward Swedenborg devoted himself to his 'spiritual' intimacies and revelations, and to the gigantic literary toil which the record of their results involved. No better guide in exploring the vast field over which that toil extended can be found than this book of Mr. White's. Setting on one side his belief in Swedenborg and his mission, we feel, as we turn over his pages and read the thread of narrative upon which he strings the fragments of Swedenborg's life, and by which he connects his summaries of his works, that we have a faithful and intelligent witness before us, whose varied knowledge gives interest to his evidence.

Swedenborg published the first volume of his first theological work, the '*Arcana Cœlestia*' in 1749, and completed it in eight quartos by 1756. We may here observe that he bore the whole cost of printing and publication out of his own well-filled pocket, for no publisher would share such a risk, and the impercipient public refused to do its part by purchasing the volumes. Lewis, of Paternoster Row, (for England, the asylum of discredited prophets as well as of exiled patriots, was chosen to receive the first rays of the new light), did all he could to push the book. The second volume was translated into English, and published in numbers of fifty-two quarto pages each, for the moderate price of 8d. a number. But the effort was of no avail. Swedenborg's works only attained such circulation as the author could make for them by giving them away.

As the '*Arcana Cœlestia*' is Swedenborg's great 'spiritual' work, and the Bible of his sect, it may be well to quote a small section of Mr. White's account of it. Its title ran thus:—'*Arcana Cœlestia quæ in Scriptura Sacra, seu Verbo Domini, sunt detecta: Hic Primum quæ in Genesi, una cum mirabilibus quæ visa sunt in Mundo Spirituum, et in Cœlo Angelorum.*' '*Arcana Cœlestia quæ in Scriptura Sacra, seu Verbo Domini, sunt detecta: Hic quæ in Exodo,*' &c., and Mr. White begins by remarking:—

'Eight volumes quarto on Genesis and Exodus make certainly an alarming appearance, but such is the "*Arcana Cœlestia*." The purpose of the work is the exposition of the Inner Meaning, or Spiritual sense of the sacred text, and verse by verse, word by word is methodically taken up, and each circumstance assigned to some origin in the Human Mind, and thence in God. As is natural and allowable in a commentator, Swedenborg breaks perpetually into short and long digressions illustrative of his text, and deals with a numberless variety of questions in spiritual science. The bulk of his work is greatly increased by the insertion, between each chapter, of papers descriptive of his own angelic and diabolic experiences, of the constitution of Heaven, the World of Spirits, and Hell, and of the Theology of the Angels. The whole is written in his customary diffuse style and with wearisome repetitions.

As was his practice he numbered his paragraphs in the "*Arcana Cœlestia*;" there are 10,837; some consisting of a few lines, and others of several pages, and like the chapters and verses of the Bible they prove very convenient for reference.

"Swedenborg published many works subsequent to the "*Arcana Cœlestia*," but there is little of value in them which may not be diffused over its multitudinous pages: indeed several are no more than reprints, abstracts, and compilations from its abundance. An extensive review of the "*Arcana*" might therefore serve as a compendious notice of Swedenborgian Philosophy; but the comfort of the reader will be best provided for, if, instead of dealing with so vast a matter in a single block, we break it into fragments by describing Swedenborg's various publications in the order of their appearance; and by confining our attention in the present article to the speciality of the "*Arcana Cœlestia*," namely to its doctrine of Human History, and particularly of Jewish History.—Vol. I. p. 325.

We must refer the reader to Mr. White for whatever else he may desire to know about Swedenborg's 'spiritual' writings; and we have the satisfaction of telling him that he could not have a more able and lucid epitomist.

During the publication of the '*Arcana*' Swedenborg chiefly dwelt in London. He had been intimate with the Moravians, of Fetter Lane, but fell out with them, (their solifidianism was hateful to his theological views) and wrote scurrilously of them in his 'spiritual' works, giving a bad account of their condition and prospects in the spiritual world. This was his way of serving out religionists whom he disliked. The Jews suffer severely; but what he says of the Quakers passes the bounds of common decency. We suppose that 'seers' have a special licence to say all manner of evil against obnoxious sects. Swedenborg, at any rate, took leave to put people of whom he disapproved into hell, and report how devilishly they behaved there.

In 1759 we find Swedenborg again in Sweden. On his way, at Gottenburg, he is said to have reported a fire that was at the time taking place at Stockholm, and to have given circumstantial details, all which turned out to be true when the news came. This story, and another story of the clairvoyant type are related by Kant, to whom they had been told, on what, to him—a no mean critic of veracity—appeared trustworthy authority. But there is some difficulty about dates. We may also add that Kant, who is generally supposed to have demolished the philosophy of Wolf, with whom Swedenborg had the strongest sympathy, tackled the '*Arcana Cœlestia*,' and Swedenborgians triumphantly assert that it baffled him.

In 1761 Swedenborg took his seat as a member of the House of Nobles in the Swedish Diet, and Count Höpken, the premier of the day, testifies to his ability and sound sense. Three of his speeches are preserved; the first was in support of

Höpken's government, which of course Höpken would regard as self-evident wisdom ; the second is against absolute monarchy, and is filled with much declamation about the dangers to be apprehended from the insidious seductions of the ' Babylonian Whore,'—the Popish Religion,—not at all above the level of the common prejudices of the day ; the third is on finance, and receives Count Höpken's high commendation.

From 1762 to 1764 Swedenborg probably was at Amsterdam, but nothing is known of his doings. In 1765 he was at home, and afterwards came to England. At Gottenburg he met one Dr. Beyer, who became a convert to his views. On reaching London, Swedenborg went to his bookseller to see how his works were selling, and was disgusted to find they were not selling at all. He accordingly resorts to his peculiar style of revenge, and produces from the spiritual world damaging accounts of certain English bishops. The Three Frogs of the Apocalypse are made to subserve his spleen,—those very serviceable Frogs who have since lent themselves to Mr. E. B. Elliott's theological prejudices,—unhappy creatures, 'every thing by turns, and nothing long !' The amusing part of it is that King George II. over-hears from heaven Swedenborg's conversation with the evil bishops. Our seer was a sad tondy to royalty, and he puts many a princely scoundrel into celestial quarters. But though English bishops were indifferent to his spiritual pretensions, and would not read the copies of his books which he presented to them, an English priest,—one Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire,—gave in his adhesion. He seems to have been a simple-minded, good man, who liked Swedenborg personally, and stuck to him and his doctrines without wavering, and without losing his preferment. There were a few other disciples in England, but Swedenborg never sought to gather a sect around him. His only desire was to obtain a hearing for his opinions in all the churches.

In Sweden, however, something more actively hostile than indifference was shown towards his writings. His only nephew, Bishop Filenius, laid hands upon a boxful of copies of his 'De Amore Conjugalii,' and submitted the book to censure. It certainly was quite open to it, for some of the doctrines it propounds are very questionable morality, and such as no Christian can hesitate to condemn. This seizure led to nothing. But a prosecution was set on foot against two disciples, Beyer and Rosen, by Dean Ekcborn, of the Gottenburg Consistory. After much wrangling, in which Swedenborg took an angry part, the prosecution fell to the ground ; and, beyond having the importation of his works into Sweden prohibited, this was all

the persecution he actually suffered. A plot, indeed, was laid by his nephew, Bishop Filenius, to seize him and put him into a madhouse; but Count Höpken forewarned him, and so frustrated the scheme. We quite agree with Mr. White, that, 'considering Swedenborg's offences against established opinions, he got through life very easily.' But the fact may be accounted for: Swedenborg was not a clergyman; moreover in his wildest visions he took care to reserve heavenly places for great people. In fact, so pertinaciously had he proclaimed his acquaintance with the spiritual condition of princes, that he was actually consulted by a statesman with respect to a missing prince, John William of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeldt, who disappeared in 1745, 'without anyone knowing what had become of him. Nothing was said of his age or person. Swedenborg answered, that the Prince, after living twenty-seven years in 'the Spiritual World, was in a society to which he could not readily gain admission; that the angels had no knowledge of his state; and that the matter was not of sufficient importance to warrant an application to the Lord about it. These excuses,' as Mr. White very judiciously remarks, 'may have been good, but it is provoking to observe how often Swedenborg seems to evade matter-of-fact inquiries, whilst profuse enough where he could not be checked.' This circumstance reminds us that when our own Prince of Wales, returning from his visit to America, did not arrive at the time he was expected,—thereby causing much anxiety to the nation,—it was very pertinently asked through the newspapers why the clairvoyants did not come forward and give useful proof of their alleged spiritualistic powers, by giving the much desired information as to what had become of his Royal Highness; 'but there was no voice, nor any to answer.'

There is little more to be said about the life of Emanuel Swedenborg. After the hubbub about his writings in Sweden he left his native land, never to return. He spent some time in Holland, and thence proceeded to London in 1771. On Christmas eve of that year he was stricken with apoplexy. He partially recovered from this attack. Towards the end of February, 1772, he wrote this remarkable letter to John Wesley:—

'SIR,—I have been informed in the World of Spirits that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you, if you will favour me with a visit.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.'

Wesley wrote back that he was about to take a six months' journey, but would wait upon him on his return to London. Swedenborg answered, 'that the proposed visit would be too

'late, as he should enter the Spiritual World on the 29th of the next month, March, never more to return. Wesley remained unmoved: he fulfilled his programme, and Swedenborg his.' Wesley returned to London on the 10th of October, and Swedenborg died on the 29th of March, 1772. So departed, in his eighty-fourth year, one of the most remarkable of the many religious eccentrics by whom the world has, from time to time, been perplexed. Of his habits and doings little is known, for he had no very intimate friends; he wrote very few letters, and the journals he kept were no more than dry records of what he saw in his travels, or else mysterious reports of his alleged intercourse with the spirit-world. From these scanty sources of information, we gather that Swedenborg's private character was that of an amiable courteous gentleman; deeply religious, according to his own peculiar views of religion; an inoffensive citizen; a severely temperate man, as regarded all personal indulgence;—in short, a highly respectable member of society, whose general conduct and bearing had nothing in it to excite either special admiration or censure. Yet, looking back upon his life as it is exhibited in these volumes, Swedenborg was a man about whom it is almost impossible to avoid starting hypotheses to explain him. He was an oddity that must be accounted for. These hypotheses will vary, according to the bias of their framers, and their disposition to deal leniently or severely, seriously or flippantly, with the monstrosities (we use the word in no invidious sense—but, as one would say in physics, *lusus naturæ*) of religious growth. We cannot undertake to exhibit all conceivable hypotheses, but we will venture to state, very fairly, three which will most probably suggest themselves to ordinary minds.

The first hypothesis is that of insanity. Setting aside his religious pretensions, there is nothing whatever in his general life and conduct to favour this view. He went through life and about his ordinary business in the most sober and unobtrusive manner. Religious monomania is the utmost that could be alleged against him, even by those who assume that he was a maniac. For the conclusion of general derangement, there is no true evidence exhibited; and how far a person ought to be considered to be generally deranged because he is found to be a monomaniac, is a question we do not pretend to solve. The remarkable Thwaites will-case is still fresh in public recollection, and they who desire to be informed upon this point had better look up the report of the trial in that cause. We will content ourselves with observing that the charge of madness is more readily made, and promises at first sight an easier solution of questions of idiosyncrasy, than an investigation of the charge

generally justifies. It is a trite remark, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men: and side by side with it might be set another reflection—to the effect, that the world knows not how much it owes to its madmen. ‘He is mad,’ sounds a crushing allegation; but it often disappears under scrutiny, and fools are the most apt at bringing it forward. If horses could speak, we should frequently hear a three-legged jade try to ruin the character of a good horse by saying ‘he bolts.’

The next hypothesis is that Swedenborg was an impostor. He may have been an impostor, but we must confess that the evidence of his life goes against the supposition. An impartial judge would say that Swedenborg believed most deeply in himself and his religious pretensions—that he certainly was the chief among his own dupes. The common motives of advantage are wanting to account for his imposture. His opinions were a source of loss, not profit, to him. The books in which he promulgated them cost him large sums of money, little or none of which, as we have seen, ever returned to him from their sale. He indeed appears always in earnest when advancing his theories, and desirous that others should embrace them; but the strong personal anxiety in their success, which we should expect to find in an impostor, is not to be found in him. In his lifetime his opinions made very little way—in fact, so far as obtaining credence, or even notice went, they were a signal failure. This would have been disappointing to an impostor; but he manifests no disappointment—on the contrary, he bears it with equanimity. It is true that he was annoyed, because the English bishops would not read the books he sent them, and he also waxed wrathful when his nephew Filenius agitated against him; but these instances are sufficiently accounted for, without the hypothesis of imposture. We do not meet with any instance of his being chagrined because a person refused to accept his theories after having attended to them. From what we know of his personal intercourse with people, it does not appear that he ever made any strenuous efforts to win a convert: he seems rather indifferent about gaining disciples. There is, indeed, nothing in the mere facts of Swedenborg’s uneventful and tranquil life to test the question whether he was, or was not, an impostor. M. de Presseusé truly remarks: ‘L’imposteur vit de son mensonge, et ne meurt pas pour lui.’¹ But as Swedenborg had no need, from his ample means, to live by his religious opinions; so, owing to the tolerant indifference with which they were received by the world, he was never called upon to suffer for them; consequently, in his case, there is a

¹ Vie de Jésus Christ, p. 161.

total absence of external proof either for or against the notion of imposture.

The last hypothesis we shall adventure is that of a morbid desire for fame. This is even more hopeless to establish by the evidence of his life than the other two. His earlier and most remarkable theological works were published anonymously. He might, indeed, have been ambitious of that peculiar kind of reputation which is achieved in becoming a great unknown, and have craved the eccentric delight of hearing himself anxiously inquired after. If it were so, he certainly missed his mark. Until he made himself known by putting his name on the title-pages of his books, he was simply unknown, without being great. Moreover, he enjoyed sufficient distinction, both social and scientific, in his own country, to satisfy any reasonable ambition.

With regard to Swedenborg's theology, we have already declined to take it in hand. We have neither space nor inclination for the task; and we shall content ourselves with making these few superficial observations according to what has struck us in the perusal of Mr. White's book. He appears to have knocked his head against a good many heresies, ancient and modern—a good many more than we care to specify; but there are three salient points standing out from the mass of his opinions, which touch theology in general. Two are of a negative, and one is of an affirmative, character. The two former are protests—the one against tripersonalism, the other against solifidianism, as he and his followers affect to call the belief in three Persons, in the ever-blessed Trinity, and the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone. We shall not attempt to explain the grounds of his objection to tripersonalism, beyond observing that in Swedenborg's mind three Persons could mean nothing else than three Gods—tripersonalism was identical with tritheism—and that as he believed in one God he could not believe in three Persons. Swedenborg professed his complete ignorance of dogmatic theology, and quotes supernatural authority for maintaining that ignorance. As a proof that he scrupulously did so, his opinion that three Persons were, and could only be, the same as three Gods, may be accepted as evidence. With regard to his strong and repeated abhorrence of solifidianism, we may remark that it was partly the fruit of home-teaching, for his father, Bishop Svedberg, is reported to have entertained the same objection; and partly a not unnatural recoil of an educated and intelligent mind from the bald, hard, and barren dogmatism about abstract faith being the sole ground of salvation, which the Lutherans of his day formally and coldly preached. The affirmative opinion we refer to touches the subject of the

interpretation of Holy Scripture. Swedenborg contended for an Inner Sense in Scripture, which was to be brought out according to a system of correspondence which he unfolded in his works. We need not remind our readers that the Catholic Church, from the earliest ages, has tolerated the doctrine of an Inner Sense, and that it needed no ghost to tell a churchman that the Sacred Scriptures were patient of spiritual, allegorical, mystical, as well as of literal interpretations. In passing, we may observe, that Swedenborg rejected from the canon of the Old Testament the books of Ruth, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Solomon; also from the canon of the New Testament, the Acts of the Apostles and all the Epistles, as not possessing the internal sense, and consequently as not being what he chose to designate 'the Word.'

We close this book with the conviction that it would have been better for Swedenborg's fame if it had never been written. Now the prophet is unveiled, and we discern the lay-figure, around which hung the drapery of a mystical reputation, to be composed of the most ordinary materials. A good man of science, changed into a crazy philosopher, and finally settled down into an eccentric dreamer of coarse and fantastic dreams—this is the result of the dissecting process to which Swedenborg's life is subjected in these volumes. The Bollandists did much to improve the characters of obscure and equivocal saints; but Mr. White has ruined Swedenborg by his candour. If he had only left him alone, the world might have imagined something sublime and majestic about the author of the '*Arcana Cœlestia*.' But the enchantment is destroyed, and the Prophet of the New Church must henceforth occupy a humbler place in general estimation than the world has been hitherto willing to assign to the writer of many 'spiritualistic' works, which possess—even for the unbelievers—a certain fascination in the boldness of their assertions, and the novelty, and sometimes the beauty, of their ideas.

Art. IV.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled under the direction of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, BY LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. C. GREY. Smith, Elder and Co. 1867.

THE present work is of a nature entirely new to our English experience, and has been received with all the interest which attaches to novelty, in addition to that deeper sentiment which its author in part, and that the more important part—and its subject must alike inspire. How enthusiastic its reception has been may be gathered from the unanimous voice of the press, and perhaps even more emphatically from the difficulty the publishers seem to have found in supplying copies enough to satisfy the public demand. That this remarkable book has awakened a very warm and intimate sympathy, that it has added to the Queen's popularity and stimulated the loyalty of the nation, are facts beyond dispute; whether, as a new experiment in kingcraft, it is one that can safely be imitated or become a precedent, is another question. Perhaps as the subject is unique, so should be the mode chosen for doing that subject justice. In ordinary cases the veil which hides the inner life of supreme rank and station from the world, is a very necessary provision. It cannot be raised without causing a revelation inexpedient and unwise. Mystery tells upon everybody. We may reason about human nature being alike in all, but the points and occasions for this likeness showing itself may yet be beyond our guessing, and something is lost by making these occasions clear and patent to the world. A king—a typical prince—is supposed to view life from another plane; his pleasures, his vexations, have an element in them distinguishing them from those of the vulgar; but this supposition we suspect can rarely stand the test of investigation and experiment. The present case we receive as an exception. Prince Albert is a typical prince. This book shows him always a hero, always instigated by motives superior to the common run of men, under the consciousness of a great position, and the responsibilities of place and rank; responsibilities from first to last seen in their most stringent and exacting light. We accept the character here set before us, as a faithful portrait. No faults have been intentionally concealed or glossed over; such as he is here portrayed, he lives in the memory of her who now sets him as an example before her people. We suspect no weakness which it was thought excusable or expedient to hide. This is one

of those characters essentially fit for representation, as acting up to an ideal: a character rare in all ranks, but we cannot but suppose exceptionally rare among princes; and therefore this book must not be regarded as a precedent; in which light alone could it be otherwise than a valuable contribution at once to history and to literature. Such a reservation is the more necessary in our day, when there is unquestionably a stronger desire than heretofore for publicity; a desire, that is, that more persons should know what concerns ourselves—our intimate selves, our private especial gifts,—which all classes and each sex share alike. It is a feature of the day influencing everybody; a withdrawal from the seclusion of closed doors, in idea if not in fact, into a wider range of observation. Many things that were impossible in our youth, and more impossible to our fathers, are common now. Everything befriends this; our faces become public property; we see ourselves and each other in shop-windows, and may buy an exact presentment of our neighbour for a shilling. Royalty, which used to be represented conventionally in robe and sceptre, and generally with but lax fidelity to everyday truth, is now familiar to us in the garb of ordinary humanity; and divested of all adventitious aids to the awe and reverence of the vulgar. As the publicity of state goes out of fashion, this more intimate or pervading desire for publicity prevails among us. Even the highest share it; and, as the barriers of parade and splendour become irksome, out of mere sympathy with the spirit of the age, they descend into the arena, and test the joys, excitements, and collisions of common life. True, there have always been noble authors, but it is something new for these to hang on the award of critics, and the verdict of the press: and it is through this means our dukes and earls have of late tasted a pleasure which, while fresh, probably more than equals that derived from the sense of wealth and hereditary importance, the proper privileges of their station. And may we not presume to hope that even our Queen will have felt her spirits cheered, and life a more endurable condition, under the loyal tribute so universally paid to the vigour and ease of her style, as well as to the virtues and graces which this book, in the ardour of portraying another character, unconsciously brings before us. Frank and natural, may we not regard such a temperament as peculiarly susceptible to the influences of an age? These have prompted the desire that the object of her enthusiastic affection should be known to the world as he was known to herself, and induced her to waive certain conventional reserves hitherto assumed as part of rank and high office, in order to make the life she lays before her people more complete. Candid in her admissions—even in her confessions—with the one object of

exhibiting the character of her husband in its fairest colours, she has done whatsoever seemed needful for this purpose, disregarding all beside. We are very sure that she will gain in the love and sympathy of her people by this obedience to the tendencies of her time; for her own part in the story is wonderfully engaging in its simple self-forgetting unreserve. We are not so confident that such a step would have fallen in with the character of the adviser and counsellor she has never ceased to lament and sigh for. That the work is really the Queen's we may surely assume. Her hands collected the material, her testimony is the authority, and at every crisis and at each point of interest her pen is conspicuously and avowedly at work. General Grey has regarded himself as little more than her amanuensis; nor can we think it quite handsome in some critics to bestow on him certain touches of their severer style, as though an occasional redundancy of epithets was the consequence of his courtier habits, and not rather the exuberant expression of a devoted wife's admiration and homage.

We have said that the distinction of Prince Albert's character is its completeness and faithfulness to an ideal. His fitness to be the husband of our Queen is shown in this book, more than ever, to lie not in likeness, but dissimilarity of temperament and natural disposition, so that the rule and system of the one should direct the impulses of the other. Method, rule, consistency, order, plan, were the unchanging features of Prince Albert's mind. Professor Sedgwick remarks this in graceful, courtly language, when he notes the beautiful consistency of the Prince's character:—

‘He was a lovely boy, with a gentle temper; yet even then he had a mental strength above his years, which gave him the mastery over his elder brother. Those gentler qualities, which made him the purest pattern of domestic love, never for a moment degenerated into feebleness or effeminacy, but were carried out with a noble purpose, by their unbroken union with the firm will of his great unselfish heart. From his earliest years he seems never to have flinched from labour.’—*Preface.*

On the threshold of our subject we approach a difficulty. It is very clear that, perfect as this character shows itself to the delineator, there is a veiled tone of reproach, a touch of soreness, hinting at a lack of enthusiastic appreciation in the English people. Upon this we would remark that the habit of mind that is always forming plans for its own guidance, and arranging these into system, that acts always upon rule, and has a reason to give on the spot,—and this from earliest childhood,—for every step and every action, is not one calculated to make a nation's favourite. That sympathy in the observer which results in mere fondness and liking, as distinguished from respect, trust, and admiration, is not asked for

here; it would not be appreciated if it came. There are reflections in this book, echoed by certain portions of the press, which arise, we believe, from a misapprehension of the qualities likely to excite popular affection. Where there is a distinct nationality it is hard, under any case, to excite the sort of enthusiasm desired; and therefore M. Perthès, under whom the Prince studied at Bonn, forgot that what, as being peculiarly German in Prince Albert, excited this emotion in himself was not likely to touch English hearts on the same key:—

‘The earnestness and gravity with which the Prince has obeyed this early call to take an European position, give him dignity and standing in spite of his youth, and increase the charm of his whole aspect. Queen Victoria will find him the right sort of man, and unless some unlucky fatality interpose, he is sure to become the idol of the English nation; silently to influence the English aristocracy, and deeply to affect the destinies of Europe.’—P. 295.

It must be admitted that the term *idol*, take it for whatever it is worth, was never applicable to the relation of Prince Albert and the English people. We may with regret admit that, in some degree, the following charge against the nation is not unjust:—

‘It must be admitted, however, that constantly, unostentatiously, and perseveringly as he now gave himself up to the discharge of his new duties, he was exposed, almost during the whole period of his life in this country, to much misconception and much misrepresentation. Not for that, however, did he for one moment relax in his efforts, or allow his zeal to flag in seeking to promote all that was for the good of the British people. His actions might be misunderstood, his opinions might be misrepresented, but supported by his own conscious rectitude, he still pursued the even tenor of his way, he accepted such injustice as the inevitable lot of one placed, as he was, in high station, trusting surely to the coming time when his motives and actions would be better understood and better appreciated by his adopted country.’

When we consider the matter we must perceive that there is a particular understanding implied in the term popularity, a sympathy between the liked and the likers, which it was not in the nature of things should exist here; because this book entirely fails to show that Prince Albert, who, from a sense of duty, was ready to devote his thoughts, and time, and energies to the English nation, ever really *liked* us. His was a nature that despised ease and ignoble joys, and that rejoiced in the idea of self-sacrifice. And this virtue is dwelt upon with the fondest, tenderest admiration in these pages; but if the English nation could have seen into Prince Albert's private correspondence, and been admitted into the fullest knowledge of the elevation and purity of his motives, he would still have been, not our idol, but the object of our respectful admiration. It is as little flattering to a nation, as to an individual, to cause only ideas of sacrifice, however cordially we may be believers in

the sincerity of the self-devotion. On the eve of quitting Germany the Prince wrote to his grandmother :—

‘To live and to sacrifice myself for the benefit of my new country, does not prevent my doing good to that country from which I have received so many benefits. While I shall be untiring in my efforts and labours for the country to which I shall in future belong, and where I am called to so high a position, I shall never cease to be a true *German* and *Coburg Gotha* man.’—P. 243.

It is perhaps very natural that a young Prince, who had made such admirable use of the advantages which his country crowded around him for the cultivating and maturing his excellent understanding, should believe that that country possessed the secret of education and the key to true knowledge; but we have our insular prejudices, and sufficient conceit of ourselves to suppose we can impart something worth knowing to the stranger. It would not then have inspired much of the sympathy, which belongs to fondness, to discover that this amiable and ingenuous young Prince, full of enthusiasm for the great path of usefulness that was opening before him, and bent on a self-denying exercise of all his powers, came among us full of the notion of doing us good, but with no expectation, as far as this intimate correspondence reveals, of getting any good from us, or of learning anything beyond such technical information as was essential to an insight into our polity. Nor were his rigid, and rigidly held, resolutions—though probably politic—to hold no intercourse with English society beyond what is strictly formal and regal, means towards that influence upon the English aristocracy which was anticipated. With fond iteration, these pages dwell on the perpetual sacrifice of inclination to the duties of office; they enlarge on the distaste the Prince felt for our English usages; on the irksomeness of our late hours; on his disgust for London; and yet how he bore it all for our sakes, and to do us good;—and seem to expect that the fondness and idolatry, that did not arise out of the contemplation of work done, will awake with penitent fervour when we see the motives that stimulated them; not affection for us, not identifying himself with us, but the sense of a mission for our benefit. We are reminded on every page how infinitely above the whole English character and nation was Albert the Good, the Pious, the Energetic; and how incapable we were of appreciating him.

We do not believe that such popularity was ever an aim, nor even an object of conscious desire, with Prince Albert. All the brighter parts of his character belonged to his country and—removed from that—his wife and his family. In fact it may have been part of the plan his youthful sagacity marked out for

himself *not* to be popular. He may, perhaps justly, have considered it not his place to charm, to excite loyalty and grateful devotion. When these laurels were to be won, he sought the background, and chose to be subordinate, designedly yielding the conspicuous place, and all gracious action to another, the observed of all observers; whose favour must be the more valued as it is spontaneous, and not the result of system and previous calculation. We have the less scruple in noting down these excuses for any national shortcomings, because, whether designed or not, the repressing effect of the Prince's cool and guarded public attitude told chiefly upon the casual thoughtless observer, the aggregate of whom constitutes the Public which confers popularity. Those who knew Prince Albert best—those who were admitted to his confidence—above all, the few who saw into his inmost thoughts—were at all times devoted to him with that ardour of affection which sweetness of temper, unselfishness, and high aims carried out to their ends, must inspire.

In reading of Prince Albert's family we are especially struck with certain qualities and practical self-reliant virtues as a general characteristic, especially suited for success in life. The strongest family affection prevails among them. It is the threefold cord. The family correspondence is a model in this respect. The interest of one is the interest of all. The progress of Prince Albert, and his brother, the hereditary Prince, their health, and their studies, are an universal topic. King Leopold's care and regard for his nephews is parental. King Leopold adores his mother. The two grandmother duchesses are supremely occupied with their grandchildren's prospects and expectations. The letters are all examples of this close union, and give indications from the first of ulterior views for Albert's advancement. In fact, the position of the family was peculiar. We English have never been able to attach ideas of high importance and consequence to a German duchy; and herein, perhaps, was one cause of difference when the Prince's pretensions came to be discussed; but the Coburg family have always felt the highest titles and positions as within their reach. Possible kingdoms were among their prospects. When Albert and his brother were little boys their grandmother dictated her letters through them on the question of her son's being king of Greece. No elevation would seem beyond their reasonable expectation. And that this had its effect on our Prince is very evident, and no doubt operated greatly in his favour, as giving him a sense of worth and independence when the turning point of his destiny arrived.

It may not be superfluous to some of our readers to give some particulars of the parentage of the distinguished subject of this memoir. Prince Albert's father was Duke Ernest of Saxe

Coburg Saalfeld, but not long after the Prince's birth the male line of the allied family of Saxe Gotha became extinct, and an arrangement was come to by which Saalfeld was transferred to the Dukes of Meiningen, and Gotha passed to the Coburgs. Prince Albert's mother was Princess Louise, daughter of Augustus, duke of Saxe-Gotha-Allenburg; of her the Queen writes:—

'The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small; fair, with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. . . . She was full of cleverness and talent; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again. She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her thirty-second year.

'One of the first gifts the Prince made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. Princess Louise (the Prince's fourth daughter, and named after her grandmother) is said to be like her in face.'

The Prince never forgot his mother, and was deeply affected in after years on hearing the account of her sad and painful illness. The grandmother by the father's side, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg Saalfeld, thus describes to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, the birth of Prince Albert:—

'I am sitting by Louischen's bed (at Rosenau). She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the *accoucheuse*, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes. I found the little mother slightly exhausted, but *gaie et dispos*. She sends you and Edward (the Duke of Kent) a thousand kind messages.'

The young mother is spoken of as brilliant and clever, but so injudicious in her preference for her second son (born fourteen months after Ernest, the eldest and hereditary prince) that for his sake her place was well supplied by the two Dowager Duchesses, his grandmothers; both devoted to their grandson, both more than commonly sensible and amiable women. The Dowager Duchess of Coburg is thus described by the Queen:—

'The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart, and extreme love for nature. The Prince told the Queen that she had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen, and as she died when her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for this country but for the world at large. She was adored by her children, particularly by her sons; King Leopold being her great favourite. She had fine and most expressive blue eyes, with the marked features and long nose inherited by most of her children and grandchildren.'

King Leopold speaks of her as a most distinguished person: certainly her letters give the idea of sound motherly good sense in addition to higher qualifications. She begs the Duchess of

Kent not to tease her 'little puss' (Victoria) with learning; not yet four years old, she is young enough yet; and again, counselling that the children should not take much medicine, nor hear much talk about their health. She amuses herself with finding pet names from the friskiest members of the animal kingdom for her princely descendants. Albert was always handsome :—

'Little Alberinchen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weazel. Ernest is not nearly so pretty, only his intelligent brown eyes are very fine; but he is tall, active, and clever for his age.' And again: 'Albert is very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief.'—P. 19.

Some very pleasant letters are given of hers to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent; one on our Queen's attaining her eleventh year :—

'May 24th, 1830.

'My blessing and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart. The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished, though well I can sympathize with the feelings of anxiety that will possess you when that time comes. God, who has helped you through so many bitter hours of grief, will be your help still. Put your trust in Him.—P. 75.

Another, after the death of George IV. in June :—

'God help old England, where my beloved children live, and where the small blossom of May may one day reign! May God yet, for many years, keep the weight of a crown from her young head, and let the intelligent, clever child grow up to girlhood before this dangerous grandeur devolves upon her.'—P. 76.

And again on the Regency Bill passing, appointing the Duchess of Kent to that office :—

'May God give you wisdom and strength to do your duty, if called upon to undertake it. May God bless and protect our little darling. If I could but once see her again! The print you sent me of her is not like the dear picture I have. The quantity of curls hide the well-shaped head, and make it look too large for the lovely little figure.—P. 77.

On her death, her place in the hearts of her grandchildren was fully supplied by the maternal grandmother, the Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Gotha; the Queen's only rival, as we may almost term her, for the sentiment of Prince Albert towards this lady is that of a devoted son to the most charming of mothers. There is something in this particular relation which shows off one of the best qualities of the German character—its warm, all-embracing domesticity. Heine somewhere says that a Frenchman loves liberty as he does his mistress, the Englishman as his wife, the German as his grandmother; and this picture of family life makes

us understand the saying. The influence of King Leopold over his nephews and nieces is derived from the same strong family feeling. This shows him in a very amiable light. At two years old his mother writes :—‘ Albert adore son oncle Léopold, ne le quitte pas un instant, lui fait des yeux doux, l’embrasse à chaque moment, et ne sent pas d’aise que lorsqu’il peut être auprès de lui.’ It is very clear that among all these good people the marriage of the two cousins was a thing to be brought about by all wise and fair means ; and the Prince, who learnt these expectations in the nursery, was of a force of character and early sagacity to hold this destiny steadily before him, not so much as a point to aim at as a probable position to prepare himself for. Faithful and loyal to this idea, he held himself as a man dedicated. Youth and beauty within sight and familiar intercourse had no attractions for him. He was shy, and disliked the society of young ladies, and had to be teased into the slight politenesses which his place demanded of him.

In one letter, we are told, he alludes playfully to the advice given him that he should accustom himself more to society, and pay more attention to the ladies ; ‘ which (in a memorandum by the Queen) was an occupation he particularly disliked ;’ and the remark of the Grand Duke of Tuscany is quoted, on seeing the Prince talking to the Marquis Capponi during a ball at Florence :—‘ Voilà un prince dont nous pouvons être fiers. La belle danseuse l’attend ; le savant l’occupe.’

It is with pleasure that the Queen records that he told herself ‘ that he always expected to marry her, and when he thought of marrying at all, always thought of her.’ Thus his plans for life were founded on this anticipation. It had become his one prospect, to which his consistent course of self training tended, and this accounts for his early resolution not to endure any long suspense or delay. It was necessary for such a man to have a course of action before him. He was only nineteen, when upon the young Queen’s desiring a little delay, and showing some hesitation and coy reluctance to make up her mind, he gave his uncle to understand that he declined to wait an indefinite time for her decision. Perhaps this was a position particularly contrary to his temper : for from the age of four, the Queen tells us, he had a great dislike to be in the charge of women. At eighteen, when, out of respect for his early maturity, and probably with a view to his future position, he was declared of age at the same time as his elder brother, he writes to his friend, ‘ I am now my own master, as I hope always to be, and *under all circumstances*,’ to which the Queen, with amiable pride in his independence, adds the note,—‘ How truly this was ever carried out !’

But we are anticipating matters. All accounts agree in an early firmness of will. In games with his brother and companions his was the directing mind. 'Nor was he at times indisposed to resort to force if his wishes were not at once complied with.' His almost infantile diary contains such characteristic records as, 'I had a fight with my brother; that was not right.' His tutor testifies to this :—

'Even with his brother the Prince showed, at this time, rather too strong a will of his own, and this disposition came out at times even in later years. Surpassing his brother in thoughtful earnestness, in calm reflection and self-command, and evincing, at the same time, more prudence in action; it was only natural that his will should prevail, and when compliance with it was not voluntarily yielded, he was sometimes disposed to have recourse to compulsion.'

And at the same early age we see developed a clear consciousness of self and of his actuating motives, remarkable in childhood. Thus, in giving money to a beggar, his companion chanced to see him do so, on which he bid him not speak of it, 'For when you give to the poor you must see that nobody knows of it.' In small things and great he had never to seek for a reason, for he always knowingly acted on his preconceived idea of what ought to be.

The Prince had been placed, when four years old, with his brother, under the charge of a tutor, Herr Florschütz, who continued with him for fifteen years. This gentleman speaks of his scholar with the liveliest admiration and affection, and fondly dwells upon the early childhood of his charge, when the beautiful child willingly allowed him to carry him up and down stairs :—

* Up to his tenth year, Prince Albert usually rose between six and seven in summer and between seven and eight in winter. The lively spirits with which he at once entered into the games of childhood, or the more serious occupations of youth, spoke the healthy tone of mind and body. The children breakfasted with their parents between nine and ten. The Duke himself summoned them to the meal, unless the breakfast was in the open air, in which case the task of conducting them to the place, seldom the same two days following, devolved on me. . . . At six his regular lessons commenced. At first only one hour a day; from his seventh to his ninth year three hours—one before and another after breakfast, and one in the afternoon. From his ninth to his eleventh year the time was extended to four hours, but as two hours of this time were given after breakfast, they were too often interrupted by the distance of the place of breakfast. Bodily exercise, also regulated at fixed hours, and amusement, filled up the rest of the day.'

It is perhaps a sign of a mind habitually hard-worked as well as of a certain languor of constitution, that the Prince all his life was troubled with sleepiness :—

'Dinner, which till his eleventh year Prince Albert had regularly alone with his brother and tutor, was at one o'clock. Between four and five, when

the Duke's dinner was over, he had to appear before the company, after which he paid a visit to his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess Augusta, and no morning passed when at Gotha without a visit to his maternal grandmother the Duchess Caroline of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. At seven o'clock the Prince supped, and was glad to retire to bed as soon as possible. An irresistible feeling of sleepiness would come over him in the evening, which he found it difficult to resist even in after life; and even his most cherished occupations, or the liveliest games, were, at such times, ineffectual to keep him awake. If prevented from going to bed he would suddenly disappear, and was generally found sleeping quietly in the recess of the window—for repose of some kind, though but for a quarter of an hour, was then indispensable; on one occasion—the first time I was present at his supper—the young Prince suddenly fell asleep and tumbled off his chair, but he was not hurt, and continued to sleep quietly on the ground.'

Shyness is a very natural feature of such a character, before intercourse with the world, at least, *seems* to conquer it; so we read:—

'In his early youth Prince Albert was very shy, and he had long to struggle against this feeling. He disliked visits from strangers, and at their approach he would run to the furthest corner of the room, and cover his face with his hands; nor was it possible to make him look up or speak a word. If his doing so was insisted upon, he resented to the utmost, screaming violently. On one occasion, at a child's fancy ball given by the Duchess, Prince Albert, then in his fifth year, was brought down, and a little girl was selected as his partner; but when it came to his turn to move on, after the other dancers, nothing could induce him to stir, and his loud screams were heard echoing through the rooms.'—P. 102.

His love of fun is scarcely what might have been expected by our English experience, but it is frequently spoken of. It often took the form of practical jokes:—

'The distinguishing characteristics of the Prince's disposition were his winning cheerfulness and his endearing amiability. His disposition was always to take a cheerful view of life, and to see its best side. He was fond of fun and practical jokes, and on one occasion drew down a scolding from his father, by getting his instructor in chemistry to fill a number of small glass vessels, about the size of a pea, with sulphuretted hydrogen, which he threw about the floor of the pit and boxes of the theatre, to the great annoyance and discomfiture of the audience, at whose confusion he was highly delighted.'

And his cousin, Count Mensdorff, in a letter addressed lately to the Queen, on her asking for his early recollections, says:—

'He had a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured. Every man has more or less a ridiculous side, and to quiz this in a friendly and good-humoured manner is, after all, the pleasantest description of humour. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree.'—P. 59.

And to this we may add the recollections of his intimate friend and fellow-student, Prince William Lowenstein:—

'Amongst his other social qualities, Prince Albert possessed a lively sense of the ridiculous, as well as a great talent of mimicking; and it could

scarcely fail but that the immediate subjects for the exercise of this talent should be his own attendants, and the professors who, while absorbed in their lectures, exhibited some striking peculiarities and odd manners. . . . At the same time, the Prince's perfect good taste prevented his ever giving offence, even when he allowed the most uncontrolled play to his fun.'—P. 169.

Those who knew him best and most intimately all concur in the crowning testimony, which makes him indeed a pattern, which we give in Count Mensdorff's words:—

'From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and in deed; and to this he owed the sweetness of disposition so much admired by every one.'—P. 59.

And the Queen speaks in forcible words of his recoil from and hatred of vice:—

'Its presence depressed him, grieved him, horrified him; his tolerance allowed him to make excuses for the vices of individual men, but the evil itself he hated.'—*Preface*, p. xxi.

The one intellectual characteristic of the mind before us is the necessity for exercising itself, the love of work which we see throughout the whole life. 'His studies were from the first a pleasure to him, not a task.' In the words of his tutor: 'To do something was with him a necessity; his perseverance and application were only equalled by his facility of comprehension.' In childhood, this unusual devotion to his lessons shows itself in the quaintest ways. Thus, he writes to his father he is sorry for the bad weather for his papa's sake, but adds:—

'It has disturbed us very little, for we were all the better able to devote our time to our studies. We are working with the greatest diligence, in order to make up for what we have lost in our journey.'—P. 87.

At twelve, he draws up a programme of studies for his own guidance. Having an intense love of method in his work, every hour of the day is marked out in this very formidable document; not an hour in the week is allowed to provide for itself: and though external circumstances would not allow him to carry it out in all its severity, there was will and perseverance enough in him to follow it to the letter. He delighted, too, in variety of studies. The dead languages, it is true, never occupied much of his time, but every other branch of knowledge had his attention in its turn, more especially politics.

From Bonn he writes:—

'The chief subjects of our studies at present are Roman law, state right, political economy, and the principles of finance. We also attend two courses of historical lectures by Löbell and A. W. von Schlegel, and a philosophical lecture (anthropology and philosophy) by Fichte. At the same time, we do not neglect modern languages.'

Work is his repose after every distraction. Thus, in the lively spirits of sixteen, he writes to his tutor at Bonn:—

'VEREHRTESTER HERR CONSISTORIAL RATH,—In spite of all the distractions of our life here at Gotha, in spite of the howling of the wind and storm, in spite of the noise of the guard under our windows, I have at length completed the framework of my essay on the mode of thought of the Germans.'—P. 124.

And he looks forward from the same gaieties 'to follow the thoughts of the great Klopstock into their depths.' 'The only thing that spoils his pleasure' in new scenes 'is the absence of good Mr. Florschütz,' his tutor. But quiet, as leaving time for methodical application and the soberer forms of relaxation, were always most congenial to him. While a boy, he writes of Rosenau:—

'The quiet of the place too is very agreeable, for our time is well regulated and divided. The day before yesterday was the *fête* of the Gymnasium at Coburg, to which we were invited; so we drove into the town in the morning, and heard a beautiful speech from Professor Troupheiler. I am sure it would have pleased you.'—P. 81.

Neither present excitement nor future prospects ever diverted him from this natural bias. This is one distinguishing feature of a remarkable character: on all occasions, and at every conjuncture, he was always himself. Thus, after his betrothal, he is full of a new course of studies, and of regrets for having spent the previous few months in a tour which might have been more profitably employed. He is ashamed of even compulsory idleness, by which he means the acquisition of knowledge and ideas through by-ways. 'I am quite ashamed,' he writes to his friend, 'of my present life, which consists chiefly in dawdling and dictating compliments. I must, however, acknowledge that my late Italian tour was of great advantage to me.' And this energy of labour and application grew with his growth, till, as the Preface says, 'The Prince's occupations were so various and multifarious—he gave himself with such energy and persevering activity to whatever could benefit his fellow-men—that to follow him even through one branch of his useful and unintermitting labours for the good of his adopted country, would be a task.

The following letter at sixteen shows with what intelligence as well as ardour, he entered into the literature of his country. He writes from Brussels:—

'Here, where one is only surrounded by foreign literature, lives only in a foreign literature, one learns to appreciate our own at its real value. But it is painful to see the mean idea which the French and Belgians, and even the English, have of our German literature. It consoles one, however, to find that this undervaluing proceeds from an utter incapacity to understand our German works. To give you a slight idea of this incapacity, I add to this letter a French translation of Goethe's "*Faust*," which, in the most literal sense of the word, makes one's hair stand on end. Certainly, from such productions foreigners cannot understand the profound

genius of our literature, and they explain why so much in it appears to them weak and ridiculous.'—P. 127.

Whatever of passion is allowed to show itself in these pages is given to art. There is no such strength of language anywhere from his pen as when he writes to his friend from Florence:—

'I am sometimes quite intoxicated with delight when I come out of one of these galleries.'—P. 197.

And his devotion to music as an art, and his own success, even as a composer, are well known. Nowhere, in fact, do we meet with a more thoroughly cultivated mind. Never was an education more carefully carried out, or that care responded to more enthusiastically, than in this young Prince. And in no case could this thorough cultivation be of more importance than in enabling him to fill a most distinguished and prominent, but yet a second, place with dignity; giving to the difficult position of Consort a standing and office of its own unknown before. The Queen, in her sweet girlish modesty, treated his acceptance of her offer as a *sacrifice*. No one can follow Prince Albert's course without perceiving that to such a mind the effort to leave the highest affairs without any visible mark from his hand, must have involved sacrifices; and, in spite of great domestic happiness, and a wife's submission and deference where these duties were scarcely in the world's notion of the contract, the necessity for this habitual restraint must have rendered his life one of trial, as offering at once the opportunity and the impediment to a great political position.

No pleasanter trait is recorded than the devotion of the brothers to one another. Perhaps it was for the happiness of both that the destiny of each was set before them with almost equal clearness; for the superiority, personal and intellectual, of the younger might otherwise have suggested regrets in himself as well as in others, at one of Nature's misfits. As it was, the dim prospect of future separation may have drawn them the closer together. There is something really charming in the intimate union between the two—perhaps not the least in the elder, who felt himself surpassed, without one emotion of jealousy or discontent. Up to Albert's nineteenth year the brothers had never once been separated. The feelings of the younger are gracefully and characteristically expressed as a German and as himself, on occasion of their first parting, in a letter to his grandmother. Henceforth he must say *I*, not *we*.—

'In *we* everything sounded much softer, for the *we* expresses the harmony between different souls; the *I* rather the resistance of the individual against outward forces, though also confident in its own strength.'—P. 184.

That is, he had no fears in standing alone. To this the Queen appends a note.

'*June, 1865.*—No one felt the truth and anguish of this more than the Queen after Dec. 14, 1861, and never can she speak of "my children," but always says "ours."

Up to their seventeenth year the cousins Albert and Victoria had never met. We have from the Queen's own hand a memorandum—her first impressions—on the occasion of his visit to England with his brother in May, 1836. Nothing was said at this time about a future alliance; but the circumstances would naturally make such an event seem probable to the world:—

'The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry: full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin, drawing; in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon.'—P. 217.

On the death of King William, in the ensuing year, the Prince writes the following letter:—

'*Bonn, 26th June, 1867.*

'MY DEAREST COUSIN,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength, in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet, and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant,

'ALBERT.'

This letter is characteristic, not only in the deep religious view of the responsibilities of exalted rank, but also in placing those responsibilities at their highest, which is a trait peculiar to a strong sense of responsibility. This boy of eighteen, writing to a girl of the same age, that the happiness of millions is in her hands, was expressing no mere flourish; it was the habit of a mind giving all the weight of size and numbers to duties, in order to press their importance on mind and soul, and call in a sense of personal consequence on the side of virtue. A month later the Prince writes to his father:—

'Uncle Leopold has written to me a great deal about England, and all that is going on there. United as all parties are in high praise of the young Queen, the more do they seem to manœuvre and intrigue with and

against each other. On every side there is nothing but a network of cabals and intrigues, and parties are arrayed against each other in the most inexplicable manner.'—P. 148.

It was an occasion to call for all Leopold's sense and tact. To prevent the world's eye resting too much on his nephew, at this conjuncture he advised that the brothers should take a tour in Switzerland and Italy *before* the visit to England in contemplation. Some details of this tour are given. Prince Albert kept up a correspondence with his cousin throughout. He sent her a book of views of the places he visited: flowers from the Righi, and a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting from Ferney.

'The whole of these,' the Queen herself writes, 'were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting; and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at that time passed between the Queen and the Prince, but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin.'

About this time, however, Leopold opened the subject to the young Queen, who probably was as familiar with the idea as the Prince. Her reception was so far favourable that the uncle has a conversation with his nephew, of which the King writes in the following terms to the family's most confidential friend, Baron Stockmar, in a letter dated March, 1838:—

'I have had a long conversation with Albert, and have put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that, therefore, if one must be subject to plague and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . . I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he observed with truth. "I am ready," he said, "to submit to this delay, if I only have some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life."'

This relates to the Queen's reluctance to commit herself, on which she writes:—

'She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds.'—P. 165.

On September 12 of the same year, Baron Stockmar writes:—

'The young gentlemen arrived here yesterday. Albert is much improved. He looks so much more manly, and from his tournure one might easily take him to be twenty-two or twenty-three.'

At this time he was not nineteen. The letter goes on to observe:—

'What his father says upon the subject of the marriage is true. Albert is now past eighteen. If he waits till he is in his twenty-first, twenty-second, or twenty-third year, it will be impossible for him to begin any new career, and his whole life would be *marred* if the Queen should change her mind.'—P. 219.

It is on occasion of this delay in making up her mind that we have one of the most remarkable passages in the book from the Queen's own hand. We can hardly enter into the amount of self-blame; considering the circumstances under which she would have been required to make up her mind, not having seen her cousin since he was grown up. But her testimony to the difficulties of a young girl's position, placed in so extraordinary an elevation, gives a new point to an old truism:—

'The Queen says she never entertained any idea of this, and she afterwards repeatedly informed the Prince that she would never have married any one else. She expresses, however, great regret that she had not, after her accession, kept up her correspondence with her cousin, as she had done before it.

"Nor can the Queen now," she adds, "think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years at the risk of ruining all his prospects for life until she might feel inclined to marry! And the Prince has since told her that became over in 1831 with the intention of telling her that if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen Regnant, at the age of eighteen, put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents.

"A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger." —P. 219.

The Queen's hesitation to commit herself, affected the young Prince in a very characteristic manner; he realised at once all the inconveniences of delay, the annoyance of suspense, and the undignified position of an aspirant. In fact, considering the relative standing of the two parties, nothing can be a greater testimony to the force of his character than the attitude of almost equality he maintained in this most delicate and critical conjecture. We might call it policy if we did not see in it the natural expression of a high self-respect—never for a moment dazzled out of its propriety. Next year, October, 1839, the young

Prince, accompanied by his brother, sets out from Brussels on his great quest, bearing the following letter from his uncle :—

‘Laeken, Oct. 8, 1839.

‘MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—Your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your *bienveillance*. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy. I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite *unbefangen* (quite at their ease) with you. I am sure that if you have anything to recommend to them they will be most happy to learn it from you.—My dear Victoria, your most devoted Uncle,

‘LEOPOLD R.’—P. 222.

Whatever hesitation the young Queen may have felt beforehand was removed at sight of her lover, grown from a boy into a man, tall, handsome, engaging, and able to plead his own cause in *manner*, if etiquette forbade his doing so in words. The *contretemps* of the non-arrival of luggage, which we remember got abroad at the time, was no doubt highly amusing to this august little circle as an incident altogether out of the common way ; one of the few similar shifts love could ever put them to.

‘Leaving Brussels on Tuesday, the 8th of October, the Princes arrived at Windsor Castle on Thursday the 9th, at half-past seven in the evening. They here met with the most cordial and affectionate reception from the Queen, who received them herself at the top of the staircase, and conducted them at once to the Duchess of Kent. The three years that had passed since they were last in England had greatly improved their personal appearance. Tall and manly as both the Princes were in figure and deportment, Prince Albert was indeed eminently handsome. But there was also in his countenance a gentleness of expression, and a peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eye and expansive forehead, that added a charm to the impression he produced on those who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features. “Their clothes not having arrived,” the Queen says, “they could not appear at dinner, but came in after it, in spite of their morning dresses.” Lord Melbourne, who, as well as Lord Clanricarde, Lord and Lady Granville, Baron Brunow, and Lord Normandy, was staying at the Castle at the time, said at once to the Queen that he was struck with Prince Albert’s likeness to her.’—P. 22.

The young party immediately fell into a very agreeable, easy intercourse, and in the course of a week or ten days the fears of the young Prince were finally set at rest :—

‘On the 15th there was an important interruption to the ordinary routine of the day. The Queen had told Lord Melbourne the day before that she had made up her mind to the marriage, at which he expressed great satisfaction, and he said to her, as her Majesty states in her journal, “I think it will be very well received ; for I hear that there is an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it ;” adding, in quite a paternal tone, “You will be much more comfortable ; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time, in whatever position she may be.” Can we wonder that the Queen, recalling those circumstances, should exclaim, “Alas, alas ! the poor Queen now stands in that painful position !”

'An intimation was accordingly given to the Prince, through Baron Alvensleben, Master of the Horse to the Duke of Coburg, and long attached to his family, who had accompanied the Prince to England, that the Queen wished to speak to him next day.

'On that day, the 15th, the Prince had been out hunting early with his brother, but returned at twelve, and half an hour afterwards obeyed the Queen's summons to her room, where he found her alone. After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for the Queen's position, making it imperative that any proposal of marriage should come first from her, must necessarily appear a painful one to those, who, deriving their ideas on this subject from the practice of private life, are wont to look upon it as the privilege and happiness of a woman to have her hand sought in marriage, instead of having to offer it herself.'—P. 224.

Nothing can be more simple and dignified in its simplicity than the Queen's narrative and comments on events so full of romantic interest; and this because the sole view of the book is to set forth the events of the Prince's life and his bearing under them. We are continually struck by the utter absence of all thought of self in the whole of this charming little history, where every personal detail would have been received with such lively, sympathizing curiosity. On the notable 15th, two letters were written, one by King Leopold, to give his nephew a helping hand; which, as his letters are always worth reading, we quote:—

'MY DEAREST VICTORIA,—I was greatly pleased and interested by your dear letter of the 12th, which reached me yesterday evening. . . . The poor cousins had all sorts of difficulties to encounter (during the journey to England). It was however a good omen that once when they were in danger on the Scheldt, the "Princess Victoria," from Antwerp, came to their assistance. To appear in their travelling dress was a hard case, and I am sure they were greatly embarrassed..

'I am sure you will like them more the longer you see them. They are young men of merit, and without that puppy-like affectation which is so often found with young gentlemen of rank; though remarkably well informed, they are very free from pedantry.

'Albert is a very agreeable companion, his manners are so gentle and harmonious that one likes to have him near oneself. I always found him so, when I had him with me, and I think his travels have still improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly. I am glad to hear that they please the people who see them. They deserve it, and were rather nervous about it. I trust they will enliven your *séjour* in the old Castle, and may Albert be able to strew roses without thorns on the pathway of life of our Victoria. He is well qualified to do so.'—P. 229.

The other, a very engaging one of the Queen's, announcing that the die was cast:—

'Windsor Castle, Oct. 15, 1839.

'MY DEAREST UNCLE,—This letter, will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns

me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact, a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered, otherwise, neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

'Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way desirable.

'Lord Melbourne has acted in this business as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February.

'Pray, dearest Uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

'I wish to keep the dear young gentlemen here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.—Ever, dearest Uncle, your devoted Niece,

'V. R.'—P. 227.

To this artless expression of feeling the King replied that the Queen's choice had been for years his conviction of what would be best for her happiness:—

'In your position, which may and will perhaps become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable *intérieur*. And I am much deceived (which I think I am not) or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

'You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him, and are kind to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness, and at the same time a cheerfulness in his character, which will facilitate this.'

The Prince is happy, but it is contrary to his nature to be exultant. His was a temper to embrace at once all the points of a new situation. He has gained the object of his hopes; the future spreads out bright before him; but simultaneously he realises the parting from all home and family associations, and an instant keenness. His first letter is addressed to his grandmother the Duchess Dowager of Saxe Gotha, with cautions to keep the news secret for the present:—

'DEAR GRANDMAMMA,—I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought

which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh ! which is very much so to me also—namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

‘The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me in a genuine outburst of love and affection (*Ergüsse von Herzlichkeit und Liebe*) that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy (*übergücklich*) if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her ; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice ; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure Heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.

‘Since that moment Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh, the future ! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall have to take leave of my dear, dear home, and of you ?

‘I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me.

‘It was on the 15th of October that Victoria made me this declaration, and I have hitherto shrunk from telling you ; but how does delay make it better ?

‘The period of our marriage is already close at hand. The Queen and the Ministers wish exceedingly that it should take place in the first days of February, in which I acquiesced, after hearing their reasons for it.

‘We have, therefore, fixed our departure for the 14th inst., so as to have still as much time as possible at home. We shall therefore follow close upon this letter.

‘My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name, and remain what I was. This will make me very independent, and makes it easy for me to run over occasionally (*einen Sprung nach der Heimath zu machen*) to see all my dear relations.

‘But it is very painful to know that there will be the sea between us. TM

‘I now take leave of you again. Victoria is writing to you herself to tell you all she wishes.

‘I ask you to give me your grandmotherly blessing in this important and decisive step in my life ; it will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store for me.

‘Good-by, dear grandmamma, and do not take your love from me.

‘Heaven will make all things right.

‘Always and ever your devoted grandson,

‘ALBERT.’

‘Windsor, Nov. 11, 1839.’—P. 239.

His letter to Baron Stockmar on the same occasion is as wise and as free from the flurry and intoxication of youth under new and brilliant circumstances, as the one we have quoted, while it shows in what an extraordinary degree he was adapted for the position to which Providence called him :—

‘DEAR BARON STOCKMAR,—A thousand thousand thanks for your dear, kind letters. I thought you would surely take much interest in an event which is so important for me, and which you yourself prepared.

‘Your prophecy is fulfilled. The event has come upon us by surprise,

sooner than we could have expected ; and I now doubly regret that I have lost the last summer, which I might have employed in many useful preparations, in deference to the wishes of relations, and to the opposition of those who influenced the disposal of my life.

‘I have laid to heart your friendly and kind-hearted advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already privately framed for myself. An individuality (*persönlichkeit*), a character, which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions ; and even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character ; while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

‘If, therefore, I prove a “noble” Prince in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessing.

‘I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part, I cannot fail to continue “noble, manly, and princely” in all things. In what I may do good advice is the first thing necessary ; and that you can give better than any one, if you can only make up your mind to sacrifice your time to me for the first year of my existence here.

‘I have still much to say to you, but must conclude, as the courier cannot wait longer. I hope, however, to discuss the subject more fully with you by word of mouth at Wiesbaden. Hoping that I shall then find you well and hearty, I remain yours truly,

ALBERT.’

—P. 235.

Truly admirable as these letters are, we naturally look for the lighter touches that must impart a legitimate gaiety to this most important event of life. These the Queen’s own pen indulges us with, and a real indulgence we feel it. What a bright animated sense of happiness sheds itself over the following account of a review, extracted from the Queen’s diary, in spite of the ‘horrid day :’—

‘At ten minutes to twelve, I set off in my Windsor uniform and cape, upon my old charger “Leopold,” with my beloved Albert, looking so handsome in his uniform, on my right, and Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General, on my left, Colonel Grey and Colonel Wemyss preceding me ; a guard of honour, my other gentlemen, my cousin’s gentlemen, Lady Caroline Barrington, &c.—for the ground.

‘A horrid day ! Cold—dreadfully blowing—and in addition raining hard when we had been out a few minutes. It, however, ceased when we came to the ground. I rode alone down the ranks, and then took my place as usual, with dearest Albert on my right, and Sir John Macdonald on my left, and saw the troops march past. They afterwards manœuvred. The Rifles looked beautiful. It was piercingly cold, and I had my cape on, which dearest Albert settled comfortably for me. He was so cold, being *en grande tenue*, with high boots. We cantered home again, and went to show ourselves to poor Ernest, who had seen all from a window.’—P. 234.

And the same spirit had charmed the beloved grandmamma, who writes—

‘God be thanked that he feels painfully the separation from us. He seems also very happy. God keep him so ! The little Queen has written

me a charming letter indeed, in which she does not express herself as a queen but as a very happy bride, and full of grateful feelings towards Albert, that he will share her fate. I am really touched that she remembered me! —P. 242.

On his return after the betrothal, Leopold reports what the seriousness of the Prince's own style scarcely allows to transpire :—

‘The young people arrived here only on the morning of the 20th, having very kindly stopped at Bonn. I find them looking well, particularly Albert. It proves that happiness is an excellent remedy, and keeps people in better health than any other. He is much attached to you, and modest when speaking of you, is besides in great spirits, full of gaiety and fun. He is a very amiable companion.’

Among the engaging parts of this singularly interesting story is the instant confiding intimacy of intercourse between the lovers. The young Queen, accustomed to homage, seems to value above all things her lover's making her the confidante of his regrets. After the marriage the journal is again quoted :—

‘A fortnight or more after, on the 28th, the Duke of Coburg left England. This separation from his father was deeply felt by the Prince. “He said to me,” the Queen records in her Journal, “that I had never known a father, and could not therefore feel what he did. His childhood had been very happy. Ernest, he said, was now the only one remaining here of all his earliest ties and recollections; but that if I continued to love him as I did now, I could make up for all. He never cried, he said, in general, but Alvensleben and Kolowrath (they had accompanied the Duke to England, and now left with him) had cried so much that he was quite overcome. Oh, how I did feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment! Father, brother, friends, country—all has he left, and left for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the *most* happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented! What is in my power to make him happy I will do.”—P. 312.

And, again, a fortnight later, after his parting from his brother, where she seeks him out and finds him ‘as pale as a sheet;’ and he, knowing that upon her he may rely for sympathy, says, ‘Such things are hard to bear.’ ‘Surely,’ it is added, ‘no man was ever endowed with a stronger feeling of love for all the recollections and associations of his youth, and of his native place.’ Thus in his love of laying out grounds he had always in his memory some familiar scene, and the Queen likes to record that a skittle-ground at Buckingham Palace was made in memory of his boyhood's favourite game; and deer-stalking is mentioned as the only sport to which he had any strong liking, which may have most reminded him (though our sportsmen would say, with very marked difference in his favour) of the stag-hunts, for which Coburg was at one time notorious.

This clinging to early associations is the mark of a strong and amiable character, but it may have had the necessary drawback in this case of preventing the Prince always recognising what was distinguishingly excellent in our institutions. We must, for instance, infer as we read, a lifelong preference for the religious forms in which he was educated, to a degree which may have prevented his ever cordially entering into, or perhaps comprehending, the spirit and the services of our National Church. That religion was a deeply actuating principle we did not need the following testimony to assure us, which is written on occasion of his Confirmation, at sixteen, with his brother:—

‘The profession now made by the Prince he held fast through life. His was no lip-service; his faith was essentially one of the heart—a real and living faith, giving a colour to his whole life. Deeply imbued with a conviction of the great truths of Christianity, his religion went far beyond mere forms, to which, indeed, he attached no especial importance. It was not a thing to be taken up and ostentatiously displayed with almost pharisaical observance on certain days, or at certain seasons, or on certain formal occasions. It was part of himself. It was engrafted on his very nature, and pervaded his every-day life. In his every action the spirit—as distinguished from the letter—the spirit and essence of Christianity, was his constant and unerring guide.’—P. 118.

But somehow we get to suspect—we can scarcely say upon what reasons—that the Court religion of England under the Prince’s influence was of a hazy and mystic character, the influence of which not unfrequently displays itself from time to time.

Both in this strictness, and in the licence of his education, we recognise the German influence. Thus the narrative tells us that in boyhood Sunday was especially chosen as the day for games with a knot of chosen young companions. While his practice with the Queen was to seclude himself with her in strict privacy on every occasion before receiving the Holy Communion—a system which, however excellent in sound, has the danger in practice of leading to a rare reception.

We could, we own, have wished that less space had been devoted to the question of the Prince’s annuity. It is painful to learn how acutely the young Queen felt what she regarded as a slight, not only on herself, but on the object of her affection, by this national fit of economy. Without entering into the question here, we can only say that the Prince, by the prudent management of his income, proved the sum as sufficient as the Opposition of the day thought it, and that no increase of income could have added anything to the prestige which his high character and distinguished abilities secured him. At the time, however, we learn that the news of the defeat of ministers, received on his state journey to England,

created a very disagreeable impression on his mind. The Queen, who had talked over all these matters with him immediately after the engagement, felt even more annoyance that on the question of precedence her wishes were not law with her Parliament. The Journal shows the Queen as most indignant that the first impressions made on the Prince's mind on these two points should be a painful one, and on these matters is evidently disposed to blame both sides. The Queen owns, however, that her feelings of partisanship at that time ran very high, and that she had a strong prejudice against the Tory party. Allusion is made to the affair of Sir R. Peel and the Ladies of the Bed-chamber. Prince Albert seems to have learnt the wise lesson from these unpalatable defeats that the sovereign should not conspicuously belong to either party. What this book further establishes as an axiom, perhaps never before made public or put in so authoritative a form, is—

‘That there ought to have been proper communications beforehand between Government and the leaders of Opposition, such as, in after years, under the guidance of the Prince himself, were frequently had recourse to when the question to be settled was one rather of a personal than a political character.’—P. 276.

Under the Prince's judicious management all these matters righted themselves. At first, happy as he was in his domestic position, he confides to his friend, ‘that the difficulty in filling ‘my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, ‘not the master of the house.’ But, as a comment on this, we read—

‘Fortunately, however, for the country, and still more fortunately for the happiness of the Royal couple themselves, things did not long remain in this condition. Thanks to the firmness, but at the same time gentleness, with which the Prince insisted on filling his proper position as head of the family—thanks also to the clear judgment and right feeling of the Queen, as well as to her singularly honest and straightforward nature—but thanks, more than all, to the mutual love and perfect confidence which bound the Queen and Prince to each other, it was impossible to keep up any separation or difference of interests or duties between them. To those who would urge upon the Queen that as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and family as well as of State, and that her husband was, after all, but one of her subjects, Her Majesty would reply, that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to “obey” as well as to “love and honour;” and this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away.’—P. 320.

It was not indeed possible that where there was mutual love and confidence, there should be divided interests on any class of topics; or otherwise than common ground. By degrees the Prince's influence was recognised, and his opinion sought by men in power. A mere boy in years, he threw himself at once into all the labour necessary to make his position important. From the

first, under the advice of Lord Melbourne, who seems to have appreciated the Prince at once, the Queen communicated all foreign despatches to him. In August 1840, he writes to his father—

‘Victoria allows me to take much part in foreign affairs, and I think I have already done some good. I always commit my views to paper, and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers me, but I have often had the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said.’—P. 320.

In another letter, 1841 :—

“All I can say about my political position is, that I study the politics of the day with great industry, and resolutely hold myself aloof from all parties (*fortfahren mich von allen Parteien frei zu halten*). I take an active interest in all national institutions and associations. I speak quite openly with the Ministers on all subjects, so as to obtain information, and meet on all sides with much kindness. . . . I endeavour quietly to be of as much use to Victoria in her position as I can.” Here we have the first announcement of that principle by which the whole of his future life was guided, and to which many years later he gave the noble expression already quoted, of “sinking his individual existence in that of the Queen.” Slowly, but surely, acting on that principle, did he establish his position ; and so entirely was it recognised by the Queen herself, so unreservedly and confidently did she throw herself upon her husband’s support, relying in all questions of difficulty on his judgment, and acting in all things by his advice, that when suddenly bereaved of that support, her sense of the loss which she had sustained as Queen found expression in the pathetic words, “that it would now be, in fact, the beginning of a new reign.”—Pp. 320, 321.

At the same age he formed the plans for his course of conduct in private life, from which he never deviated, which would have cost most men so situated an enormous effort. He made it a rule never to be seen in London without an equerry, and never to go into general society.

‘From the moment of his establishment in the English palace,’ we read, ‘as the husband of the Queen, his first object was to maintain, and, if possible, even raise the character of the Court. With this view he knew that it was not enough that his own conduct should be, in truth, free from reproach ; no shadow of a shade of suspicion should, by possibility, attach to it. He knew that, in his position, every action would be scanned—not always, possibly, in a friendly spirit ; that his goings out and his comings in would be watched ; and that in every society, however little disposed to be censorious, there would always be found some prone, were an opening afforded, to exaggerate, and even to invent stories against him, and to put an uncharitable construction on the most innocent acts. He therefore, from the first, laid down strict, not to say severe, rules for his own guidance. He imposed a degree of restraint and self-denial upon his own movements which could not but have been irksome, had he not been sustained by a sense of the advantage which the throne would derive from it. He denied himself the pleasure—which to one so fond as he was of personally watching and inspecting every improvement that was in progress would have been very great—of walking at will about the town. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studio of the

artist, to museums of art or science, to institutions for good and benevolent purposes. Wherever a visit from him, or his presence, could tend to advance the real good of the people, there his horses might be seen waiting: never at the door of mere fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name.'

These are indeed very remarkable resolutions to have adhered to through life, and wise, we are willing to believe, as they are remarkable; but it was not a course to lead to fusion. It kept him distinct from his adopted people. As we have said, we believe so sagacious a person must have deliberately renounced popularity. He was a reader and admirer of Shakespeare, and could learn from him, if he had cared to be a people's idol, how to set about his task. He felt always that his was a second place. He would not attempt to give it the prominence of a first. But this, to such a character, was an act of conscious renunciation, not calculated to attach him to his adopted country. This life of isolated state would keep Germany, and Coburg, and Rosenau ever fresh in his mind as ideas of liberty, friendliness, and home. It is another proof of the intimate union of heart and soul with the Queen that he could confide to her, without fear of being misunderstood, that childhood had been the happiest part of his life. In so young a life as his, what were all the previous years before his coming to England, but one long, free childhood? This volume, while it brings to light his strong, prevailing, persistent sense of duty—and more, duty in action—toward the English people, does not give evidence of any strong love or admiration for our national character. He remained a German in tastes, in feeling, in characteristics, in turn of thought, in his preferences, in his religious instincts to the end, and very proud his countrymen ought to be of him. But this leads us to reverence and admire him, not as one of ourselves, but as a good man in the abstract; and as regards the English people, as having possessed a larger share of his services than of his sympathy. His portrait has, it is true, raised an universal excitement of admiration; but judging by our own feeling, we are convinced that this warmth has really another object. The Queen, in her earnest resolution to set her husband in a bright, noble, and saintly light before the world, has unconsciously shown us herself in an aspect exciting universal sympathy. And the end to each reader, if we may judge of others by ourselves, is that we respect and admire Prince Albert, but we *like* the Queen with a tenderer sentiment and a fresh and warmer effusion.

ART. V.—1. *The Relations of Church and State historically considered.* By MONTAGUE BURROWS, Chichele Professor of Modern History in Oxford. London and Oxford: Parker and Co. 1866.

2. *The Debates in Convocation, Session of 1867.* From the *Churchman and Guardian*.

3. *The Debates in the House of Lords, Session of 1867.* From the *Churchman and Guardian*.

4. *Letters in the 'Guardian' Newspaper.* By the Rev. J. W. JOYCE and others. 1867.

5. *'S. G. O.' in the 'Times' Newspaper.* 1867.

IT needs no prophetic eye to see that the present strain on the relations which exist between the Church of England and the State cannot long continue. Something will break before we are many sessions older, or there will be a general explosion, dangerous to the life and limb of the body spiritual. The political influences which predominate seem directed to nothing so much as trying what amount of strain the machinery may be made to bear, reckless of the consequences of the experiment. We speak not of the present Cabinet, who never had a majority, and were merely made the fulcrum where they ought to have been the power applied to the lever; but we speak of the forces existing in politics generally. Their momentum may not be calculable, but their tendency is evident. It is to cripple the action of the Church and deny her rights, to stifle spiritual life and paralyse its organization. At such a moment a temperate review of the historical facts which have led up to such a climax is peculiarly acceptable. The first on the list of works which heads this article is of that kind. It consists of two lectures on 'The Relations of Church and State historically considered,' from Captain Burrows, the Chichele Professor of Modern History in Oxford. The lecturer's aim is to show that those relations were, down to the time of the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, substantially unchanged throughout the course of English history, the same in 1827 and under the Saxon kings. We select as typical the following passage:—

'Observe how the Saxon principles were for ever, so to speak, "cropping up" in after history. It is no mere fancy. We are accustomed at this place to trace this Saxon influence on our laws; it is no less evident in the relations of Church and State. . . . From the time of the great Edward to that

of Henry VIII., it was the Saxon spirit which was surely and progressively modifying our feudal institutions, delivering the Church and State from one after another of the Norman innovations, and insuring that when a great change came, it should prove not as in some other countries, a revolution, but a true reformation; not indeed an unmixed blessing, but a change which left Church and State substantially what they were before, and capable of passing on to future generations all that was of essential value in either.

This is the main drift of the argument, and it is consistently kept through both the lectures. The lecturer deduces the *regale*, as regards its exercise on the Church, from the imperial precedents of Christianized Rome and Byzantium:—

*This claim of the State to appoint or nominate, or at least sanction or confirm, the appointment of Bishops, has been made in all ages, in all branches of the Church, and within all countries. It is not in the least peculiar to England. The popular election and confirmation by the Metropolitan, with which the Church started in her career, began practically to fall, but only occasionally, into the hands of the Emperor soon after State Connexion commenced.

He seems to incline to the opinion, though he does not absolutely express it, that the rights on either side of the *regale*, or of Church independence, were never, in fact, defined until the twelfth century. He shows how, in the Eastern empire, the decay of faith within the Church was accompanied by tyrannical encroachments, till, 'in its prolonged decrepitude, this particular abuse obtained almost the dignity of a law.' But he cautions his hearers, at the same time, that these later ages of Byzantine history will scarcely be quoted except for warning. Under Charlemagne, 'who left his mark on everything, the emperor retained from the Roman imperial model the right of nomination; but the clergy, as guardians of the Church, kept their full share of influence through the nomination.' The 'direct voice of the laity' was lost, but their influence, indirectly exercised, was exceedingly powerful. In the Anglo-Saxon Church, although the king often appointed to vacant bishoprics, yet the lecturer shows, by references to Soames and Lingard, who agree on the point, that a control over such vacancies was recognised as existing in the See of Canterbury, while he considers that 'the bishops in the Witan managed ecclesiastical affairs pretty much as they wished.'

This lack of any definition of rights brought about the war of Investitures, resulting in the compromise that the pope was to invest with the ring and staff; the emperor was to receive homage for the temporalities. This, of course, made the pope the visible centre of paramount spiritual authority, and tended to repress the development of spiritual forces within the nation. Further, as this exercise of the pope's authority tended to stir up the national jealousy of foreign interference, spiritual autho-

riety was unpopular on the whole for the sake of those accidents of foreign sway by which it was thus inseparably attended. Under the Tudor and early Stuart princes, 'the *regale* was somewhat more tightly pressed than before;' but then, as a compensation, the force of the Tudor prerogative carried the Church essentially safe, although in externals sorely suffering, through the crisis of the Reformation. He thinks that, all things considered, especially the moral guarantee dictated to those princes by the 'necessity' under which they 'lay to preserve the discipline of 'that Church in which they had embarked their fortunes,' 'the 'Reformed Church started on her course substantially free, or at least as much so as she was in the Roman times; . . . the precautions taken at the Reformation were in intention, however they might be afterwards twisted, rather anti-papal than pro-regal;' so that 'her relations with the State were only changed in form, 'and those forms were in the main a recurrence to an earlier 'state of things.'

And here we must say that we do not quite see our way with the writer. We will briefly state our view. When, in the twelfth century, the struggle between the spiritual independence of the Church and the rights of the Crown drew to a head, the forces on the former side could only support themselves by rallying round the Papacy. It was pope and king who divided the ceremony of investiture between them, not king and national primate, between whom the struggle or the rivalry had lain in the days of the Witan. When, therefore, the papal power was by king and by clergy alike declared null in the sixteenth century, the forces in favour of spiritual independence lost their rallying-point. The pope's interference had tended to check the encroachments of the Crown, and to establish a balance of power. At the Reformation that balance of power was lost. We are not saying now that it was or was not a wise, a happy, or an inevitable step, but, in point of fact, it left the forces of the spiritual estate without any rallying-point as against the king. The power and influence of the bishops in the Witan, and of the primate in the Saxon realm, were gone, and could not be brought back, and what else was there now on which the rights of the spirituality could rely? The powers which the Papacy had assumed to wield, however grossly abused in practice, were theoretically defensible, as maintaining a recognition that the Church possessed liberties which might be maintained against the possible and often actual tyranny of the Crown, by the protest or the judicial sentence of Christendom at large. Those powers were either absorbed by the Crown itself, or returned to be vested in the national spirituality. If the former, all check upon the Crown, even in theory, was lost; if the latter, it was

plain that none could ever be exercised. The spirituality had no weapons for effectual struggle; it could only, as in the case of the seven bishops against James II., suffer the persecution of the tyrant with passive fortitude. The bishops, indeed, only suffered arrest and prosecution. But that was because there remained in the administration of justice temporal powers beyond the king's control. Popular sympathies, expressed in the verdict of a jury, rescued the prelates from the king, because it was felt that he was the common enemy of both.

The same principle seems to us to apply also to the case of appeals on points of doctrine. Here, quoting the words of Hooker, Professor Burrows says:—

“If the cause be spiritual, secular courts do not meddle with it.” . . . The Crown was to see justice done by ecclesiastics in the ecclesiastical courts. The Crown, in the last resort, was to hear appeals from the Archbishop's court, those appeals which, though temporarily stopped by the Constitutions of Clarendon, used up to this time (the Reformation) to go to Rome; and it heard them through delegates chosen by the Lord Chancellor. Now, as the appeal could no longer go to Rome, it must rest somewhere; and so long as the delegates were faithfully selected, with a view to mere cases of ordinary discipline, a good deal might be said for this Court of Appeal. It was probably only intended as a temporary arrangement, and was no doubt liable to abuse, yet for a long period it was not abused. But the great point is that it went side by side with the active existence of Convocation regularly sitting, and acknowledged as the proper court for questions of doctrine.’

Now regarding the question of final appeals on doctrinal points as it appeared in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it must be admitted that such an appeal when carried to Rome was a call upon the central power of Christendom to prevent corruptions of doctrine in one of its constituent churches. Assuming, for argument's sake, a Papacy uncorrupt in its own dogmatic views and pure in the administration of justice, such a power of appeal was a factor of valuable strength against possible corruptions of the faith in England. It was the support of the Catholic body given to Catholic truth as against a rebellious member. This support, impossible even in theory at a later period, when opposite standards of doctrine prevailed in England and at Rome, was swept away in Henry VIII.'s time, while those standards were ostensibly the same. The Court of Appeal was evidently the king's court, and the delegates could be packed by royal authority whenever the temptation arose. If it was in fact ‘for a long period not abused,’ that was probably because no such temptation did in fact arise. Further, as regards any possible check maintained, as Professor Burrows thinks, by Convocation against corruptions of dogmatic truth, the same fact meets us. Convocation was ultimately dependent on the

Crown; the Papacy had been independent of it. There was, therefore, no independent check left. The power of Convocation to legislate depended on the king's summons. Would he be likely to summon it in order to check himself? We think, then, that in two important particulars it cannot be correctly said that 'the Reformed Church started on her course 'substantially free, or at least as much so as she was in Roman 'times,' since in the appointment of her chief pastors and in her dogmatic decisions the encroachments of the Crown were left, even theoretically, without redress.

The Professor is more successful in showing that the arrangements of the Reformation, tolerable while the Crown was strong and the prince had the interests of the Church at heart, have become intolerable since, when the Crown has become emptied of political power, and a chain of precedents has been formed under a series of princes, hostile, or indifferent, or but lukewarm in their constitutional duty of protection. The latter part, indeed, of the second lecture seems to us so excellent that we are sorry we cannot quote it consecutively throughout. We will, however, select a few striking passages. Speaking of the period of the Restoration, the lecturer says:

'Silently and unobserved, one important outwork of the Church vanished into the past. Taxation was to undergo an entire change, a process of centralization: the clergy were to relinquish their most ancient privilege of taxing themselves. They had scarcely any choice in the matter; they made no remonstrance; they seem not to have foreseen the natural consequence, but that consequence was most momentous. Convocation lost its chief guarantee for a place in the constitution. There was no longer now the same cogent reason for summoning it as before; and the kings who would have summoned it for Church purposes, had passed away.'

The fact above stated is at once a reproach to our sovereigns and an ample plea in excuse of any shortcomings of Convocation either in adequately representing the clergy or in performing the proper functions of a deliberative body. The reproach, indeed—in proportion as modern theories of ministers responsible to Parliament and a sovereign who reigns but does not govern, have prevailed—has ceased to rest in any moral sense on the royal head. But the reproach cleaves to the governing power in the State wherever that power may reside. The fixed resolution of every Government from Charles II.'s downwards appears to have been to baffle and elude, save on rare and exceptional occasions, the rights of the Church, from the moment when they found they could do so without loss to the exchequer. They have sold her paramount spiritual interests for a mess of pottage. Whilst there were taxes to be got *by* the clergy *from* the clergy, the Convocations might meet; when

that method was superseded, the Convocations were suppressed. Commenting further on this iniquitous denial of constitutional rights, Professor Burrows says :

‘Her (the Church’s) rights were indeed recorded in plain language enough, for in the first money bill by which the clergy were taxed along with the laity, a clause was inserted to the effect that “nothing herein contained shall be drawn into example to the prejudice of the ancient rights belonging to the Lords spiritual and temporal and clergy of this realm.” But the rights, however protected in words, were not used in fact. Grievances were now unredressed because the sense of justice was no longer quickened by the want of money The rulers of the land cared little enough for the State, but for the Church still less, and her relations to the State, thus mutilated by the unconstitutional suppression of her synods, were not re-adjusted. Can it be said with truth that they have been properly re-adjusted since those days ?

It has been often remarked, but will bear frequent repetition, that these successive Governments dealt with the Convocations of the Church exactly in the same spirit as Charles I. dealt with his parliaments. To procure ‘supply’ and stave off redress of grievances, is the brief formula which suffices for either policy. It miscarried in the latter case because Parliament in the last resort appealed to the sword. Having no fear of such an issue before their eyes in the former case, the Crown and its advisers have tyrannized at discretion, and continue the practice to this day.

As regards the effects of this policy on Convocation itself, they form, as has above been said, a plea in bar of any charge against it. Of all results to a deliberative body those are the most fatal which prevent it from keeping pace with the time, and open a chasm, slowly widening in each successive age, between the body representative and the body represented. Habits of supineness and neglect creep in systematically. Mischiefs excused as exceptional establish themselves as rules of evil. Temporary expedients grow into precedents, and gradually eclipse the principles for which they profess to apologize. Then, too, as regards the neglect of work that needs to be done, and which no Church can long neglect with impunity, the enforced silence of Convocation caused a dead-lock of the vital forces of action. The people rapidly outgrew the means of the Church to superintend their education, and to provide for the diffusion of the most elementary truths of Christianity at home,—how much more to propagate it abroad ! It was left to irresponsible societies with voluntary organization to prosecute the work of extending the area of Christianity, of providing for the spiritual wants of English colonists in their new country, and even of securing pastoral care and church-room for the increase of population at home. Gross abuses of non-residence, plurali-

ties, and clerical delinquencies took root and multiplied without check or inquiry, until wide tracts of population became a spiritual desert, or only yielded a chance harvest to the sectary and schismatic. The zeal which might have been husbanded for the Church's work ran to waste, or was alienated. Thus Methodism drained off energies which, if retained under Church influence, would have gone far to prevent the dismal estrangement which so largely pervades the lower middle class in town and country. The Church made no answer to the imploring hands held up to her. The parson of the parish, the magistrate, and the mob did severally what was right in their own eyes. And that right was almost always a blunder or a crime. Beyond this, as regards the Houses of Convocation *inter se*, their uncertain and fitful intervals of session broke off the habit of action which guides the judgment by instincts formed through acting. Traditions of order, privilege, and mutual relation between the Upper and Lower House were lost, or became obsolete for want of adjustment. It is still only by delicate tact that collisions or complications can be avoided. There is no broadening chain of precedents, fortifying and interpreting one another. Such as exist are to be gleaned few and far between, and require frequent qualification to make them suit a modern instance. Not uncommonly one of the Houses stands at fault, and has to grope its way by uncertain analogies, or is arrested suddenly by the recollection of some rule or order not familiar to the majority. Such a state of things is fertile in misunderstandings, delays, and vacillations, and taxes human endurance very hard. Then there is the dual arrangement of the Northern and Southern Provinces, the unconformableness of which to the fused and united England which we have known for the last century is manifest in every attempt to popularize Church principles. Had Crown ministers done what their influence enabled them to do in keeping the clergy up to their legislative work, instead of compelling them to abandon it, this anomaly in modern England might have been long ago remedied by a fusion of the two Convocations into one representative body. What there is, even as matters stand, to prevent them from meeting as one body for deliberation and advice, and from voting jointly on one motion made and question put, it is not easy to see, unless it be some mediæval impossibility of either archbishop sitting under the other as president of the whole. This suggestion brings to our mind a valuable distinction mentioned by Professor Burrows in a note on page 29, between the Provincial Synod and the Convocation as one of the estates of the realm. We could wish, perhaps, he had put this a little more prominently. The same assembly of either province has

this twofold character: one in which it is a purely spiritual body summoned by its head, the archbishop; the other in which it is a body of mixed functions, an estate of the realm summoned by the Crown.

'Some have advocated the separation of these two characters as an escape from the difficulties attending undue State interference, the reform of clerical representation, and the co-operation of *bona fide* lay Churchmen. No opinion on this point is offered here. Time and circumstances will show.'

'Time and circumstances' have certainly shown that the revival of Convocation by summons of the Crown is a step from which all statesmen seem to shrink, as one which is out of the march of modern politics even when proceeding under influences the most friendly to the Church which can be expected. The precedent of lethargy seems fatally binding on all alike. Those who shrink not from 'a leap in the dark' on a question of first-rate constitutional importance have no hopes or fears to impel them to run any risk in the interests of the Church. Constitutional rights, solemn guarantees, the coronation oath itself, are to them but cobwebs spun upon the rafters of the Jerusalem Chamber. The Church is competent then to fall back upon her inherent powers as a spiritual body, among which unquestionably lies the fusing at her own discretion her two synods into one. The same principle could apply to the fusion of the bishops and clergy into one jointly deliberative body in each Provincial Synod. If it be hopeless to effect this, a joint committee of the two synods might surely be easily constituted, consisting of an equal number of each and a due proportion, equal also in each, of bishops, dignified and pastoral clergy. This committee would know the tempers and interests of the synodical bodies who delegated them, and might prepare matters for deliberation with a fair prospect of their recommendations being accepted. A large proportion of miscarriages, delays, disappointments and references to and fro, between two synodical bodies consisting each of two distinct Houses, might probably be thus avoided. The Committee might continue its deliberations between the sessions of the synodical bodies to any length which circumstances might require, might watch with a timely eye the proceedings of Parliament, and have useful relations in various ways with all the voluntary organizations for the spiritual interests of the Church. We are not sure that even the two Convocations might not resort to such a machinery without contravening any law. But we fear that no such joint committee could continue to sit as such, after the Convocations which had deputed it were themselves prorogued.

As an example of the mockery to which the inevitable

complications of the present state of things reduce the authority and influence of our existing Convocations, let us take the speech, as reported, of the Bishop of London in the debate on the Ritualist Commission, on July 8th. (*Churchman*, July 11th.)

'For his part he heartily approved of such a body as Convocation in its present state, and he wished to point out to the noble Earl (Lord Shaftesbury), who thought it so objectionable that it should be consulted, that he need not attach such importance to its due consultation as he appeared to do. There must, in fact, be some unreality in these references to Convocation, for Convocation had assumed a very different position now from what it had occupied in former times. We were in the habit of talking about "Convocation," but in point of fact it should be "Convocations." The Convocations of Ireland had indeed slumbered since the Union. That of York had in the same way slept till it was resuscitated by the most reverend Primate who presided over the Northern Province; and it was now no longer content to be the humble dependant of Canterbury. There had been days when the Primate of the Northern Province contested the supremacy with the Primate of the Southern; and though those times had passed away, there had grown up a feeling that the Convocation of York was entitled to be consulted in this matter. But this made a very material difference. It might have been easy to pass a bill through the Jerusalem Chamber, but if it had to be referred to a Provincial Synod in the North, and receive the assent of both its Houses, as well as the Provincial Synod in the South, and receive the assent of both its Houses, very great delay must be the result. For instance, it had been thought right by the late Government to refer to Convocation a very simple but important question—namely, a new canon, to enable a parent to be sponsor to his own child . . . Five years had passed away, and he thought the matter was settled; but suddenly some hitch occurred in the Northern Convocation; the canon went backwards and forwards, and now, he believed, there was less chance of its being passed than there was five years ago.'

Any one would suppose, from the statement of the speech, that five years had been consumed in fruitless deliberations. The speaker at any rate wholly omitted to call attention to the fact that in each year the Northern Convocation's session lasted less than a week, and was sometimes limited to *three days*! Of course, under such circumstances, even with telegraphic wires at the archbishop's elbow, deliberation, which should issue in a joint decision, would be impossible between two bodies sitting in York and London. But, under the ordinary conditions of postal communication, and much more of personal attendance of delegates with instructions, the whole time of session would be swallowed up by a couple of transits either way. That a business which might be despatched in a fortnight of continuous attention should be kept trailing about for five years, is a perfectly natural consequence of the existing arrangements, and even that, being so kept for five years, it should, owing to that 'tide in the affairs of men' of which we all

know, at last drop through. The clergy are held up as hopeless encumbrances to legislation because they do not overcome the physical laws of time and space. They are required to deliberate through two stone walls, and across two hundred miles of country, and to despatch, under pressure, in less than a week, amidst a host of other important questions, what the Lords and Commons discuss and settle at their own time. These conditions are quietly assumed as a necessary part of their organization, and because they break down under these conditions, they are held up to public compassion, if the report be true, by one of their own body, as incapables. The House of Lords, who complain so much and so justly of the ugly rush of bills upwards from the Commons in the last weeks of the session, ought, of all bodies, to be the last to entertain such depreciatory remarks concerning the Convocations.' Lord Shaftesbury had been blowing bubbles of apprehension from his place in the House, regarding the possible 'coordinate authority, supreme authority, or subordinate authority' of Convocation, in relation to Parliament. The Bishop of London quietly assures him that all possible references to Convocation may be safely pooh-poohed, and that (such are the words ascribed to him) 'he, for his part, heartily approved of the existence of such a body as Convocation *in its present state*.' We should be glad to know whether the words italicised are a real part of what was uttered. If it be in the power of language to

' Assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer,'

then certainly those words, in connexion with their context, convey that power in a stronger degree than any which we have lately read. They are certainly the words of a 'candid friend' to the Church and her institutions; but we would gladly believe that they were *not* the words of one of her bishops in his place in Parliament, even though engaged in pouring balm on the troubled spirit of Lord Shaftesbury.

As regards the subject-matter of the canon itself, the alteration of which was proposed to the two Convocations, we have to correct a serious misstatement of the fact which really caused the delay complained of. The two Convocations had in fact come to an agreement, when one point in the newly formed canon—the use, we believe, of the word *capax* in describing a sponsor—was objected to by the law officers of the Government. The Southern Convocation modified the proposed canon by altering this word. The Northern body thought that the alteration, out of mere deference to a Crown lawyer, of what had been solemnly agreed to by both Synods, savoured too

much of deference and too little of resoluteness, and declined to concur. The Bishop of London, as reported, dwells solely upon this—'some hitch occurred in the Northern Convocation'—and wholly omits to state that the hitch was caused by the Crown. Five years is no doubt a long time for a Bishop to carry in his mind the facts; but it is matter of regret that he should just forget so much as would have vindicated the clergy, and just remember so much as would cast obloquy upon them. The state in which the matter at present rests is this, the Lower House of Canterbury have voted an address desiring abstinence from any change in this (the xxixth) canon, until a committee appointed to examine the canons of 1603 as a whole shall have reported.

This directly suggests the important question of reform in the constitution of Convocation itself. To await for the concurrence or countenance of any possible Government is to wait *ad Græcas Kalendas*, and to imitate the fatuity of the above-mentioned arrangements, by virtue of which a question goes swinging annually to and fro from one deliberative body to another, without ever finding the opportunity of being adequately discussed. The late Government stated officially to the Archbishop of Canterbury that 'they could not safely or properly be advised that any alteration in the present constitution of Convocation can be legally effected without the authority of Parliament.' This was exactly what might be expected of the late, the present, or any other possible Government. It expresses the rooted determination on the part of the secular power to hug every obstacle, and keep intact every encumbrance which the antiquated machinery of three centuries ago affords them, in order to perpetuate the helplessness of the spirituality. The Synods of the Church are considerably older than Parliament, the Convocation is at least as old as Parliament in its crudest and most inceptive form. It retains all its privileges, save that of passing canons without the king's licence, which it had before the Reformation. These are simply inherent in it, and cannot be touched save indirectly in the way of persecution, by any external power whatever. For any precedent of the constitution of Convocation being affected by any temporal statute of the realm, it would be in vain to search. A considerable number of minor alterations, involving on the whole a large element of change, are cited by Mr. Joyce as having from time to time taken place without any action whatever, either of Parliament or the Crown; and no change on a large scale has ever been hitherto contemplated. We will enumerate the cases in point from Mr. Joyce's speech (*Guardian*, June 19th, *Supplement*, p. 674).

'Canon Trevor wrote to say that the Lower House in the Northern Province had undergone several changes within his recollection. The erection of the two new sees had been followed by the admission of new archdeacons and the proctors of the new archdeaconries; the representatives of several peculiar jurisdictions had disappeared, and the clergy were admitted to vote in the archdeaconries to which they were transferred; two or three archdeaconries which, for a long series of years, returned but one proctor, now elected two, according to the general rule of the Province; and all the changes had been made by the Archbishop's action, without any change in the Queen's writ . . . With reference to the Southern Province, the Committee had found that various alterations affecting the representation of the diocese of Gloucester, the Royal Chapel of Windsor, the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton, and several archdeaconries (four new archdeacons having been added to the Lower House), had taken place at a comparatively recent period; that the whole process of election of proctors in the diocese of Lincoln had undergone a complete change; that the clergy of the archdeaconries of Colchester, Essex, and St. Alban's, who formerly voted for the proctors of the diocese of London, now voted for the proctors of the diocese of Rochester; that the proctors for the diocese of London were now elected by a much smaller constituency than formerly, &c. &c.'

A series of steps precisely similar to these would give Convocation all the reform it needs, and every step of reform save one would turn upon some such points as those of the above precedents, *e. g.* the allotment of more or fewer proctors to given electoral areas, a certain proportion between such proctors and the dignitaries, and the like.

It may be proper to notice here some remarks reported as made by Canon Blakesley on the comparative unanimity hitherto shown between the 'dignified' and the strictly representative members of the Lower House to which he belongs. That proportion in the Province of Canterbury is one of nearly two to one, in the Northern one it is to some extent reversed, being curiously characteristic of the greater sturdiness of independence in that region. The speaker says:—

'If I object to the scheme of Sir H. Thompson (the enfranchisement of curates), it is not from any wish to keep such a deserving body of men as they are from the same privileges as we now enjoy, but because I do not think that a great increase in the number of proctors from the parochial clergy would be of much service. I say, as I have said before, that I do not believe it is possible to lay your finger on any single matter brought before this House in which there has been anything like divergence of party to such an extent that the representatives of the parochial clergy have stood on one side and the dignitaries on the other.'

But why should the speaker assume that 'a great increase in the number of proctors' would be required in order to enable stipendiary curates to vote? You may, as shown lately in the case of the House of Commons, double a large proportion of the constituencies without adding a single representative to the total number of the House. No doubt Sir H. Thompson had,

as reported, said in the speech to which Canon Blakesley was replying, 'It might be assumed that any reform (of Convocation) would be expected to comprehend an enlargement of the number of elected proctors.' But such enlargement is a distinct proposal from that of enfranchising curates, and neither of them implies the other. Each must stand on its own merits. We cannot see any reason for viewing them as necessarily connected. As regards the general unanimity between the dignitaries and the proctors of the parochial clergy, we are extremely glad to hear of it, and hope that it may long prevail. But it seems fallacious to urge this as a reason for inadequate representation of the latter body. The argument would be equally good for excluding the proctors from Convocation altogether: since, it might be said, assuming Canon Blakesley's view, 'the dignitaries really reflect their opinions faithfully and express them adequately, what need, therefore, of their presence there at all?' The question which should rather be asked is, How can we feel sure that the unanimity prevailing within doors correctly expresses the forces of opinion without? The temptations of prospects of preferment can never be excluded from a body returned as the proctors are. There may be always expected to be a vivid sympathy between those who are already dignitaries and those who hope to become so. To assume that the interests of the various sections of the clergy are adequately represented, is to assume the very question which any proposal for a reform of Convocation raises, if we leave out of sight for the moment any proposal as to the representation of the laity. The fact is, that such an amount of agreement, such a 'dramatic' unanimity as Canon Blakesley claims, is of itself a little suspicious, and suggests the inquiry, How far does it express the opinions of the clergy? How far does it stifle or mask them? Obviously it can never be trusted, while the predominant interest which either Convocation on the whole represents is the Crown. The archdeacons represent the bishops whom the Crown appoints, the other dignified clergy represent the Crown and themselves, besides the whole influence of the Upper House, solely appointed by the Crown, and the whip-hand maintained by the Primate, also a Crown nominee, over all. The whole machine, at any rate in the Southern Province, is so evidently top-heavy, that to talk of anything like a balance of powers would be absurd, and any appeal to a prevailing unanimity is necessarily fallacious. We want a good deal more of the representation of that section of thinkers, who have little or nothing to hope from preferment, especially Crown preferment, before we can trust this 'concord of sweet sounds.'

There is, however, one important point in the desirable reforms of Convocation which recent precedents do not cover. It is that of who the electors are to be? We are inclined to support the view that all priests in full communion should share the suffrage alike. The derangement caused would be slight, if any; the advantage gained by the removal of an invidious distinction only tenable on the now abandoned ground of a self-taxing power in the clergy, would be considerable. The 5,000 curates voting with their 12,000 rectors, would vote for much the same men as they. But could there be a greater absurdity than the temporal legislature claiming a right to deal with any such question? We view the step of consulting Government in the matter at all, as not one of the most discreet, especially with these precedents within easy reach, and many of them within living memory. It is clear that a large measure of reform may be obtained in this same 'unostentatious' and fragmentary way, by the Lower House and the Primate following consistently an united policy. Finding the Church nervous on the subject of what she might do, the Government, of course, took advantage of her alarm, and assured her that she was powerless. The Church has, in fact, become benumbed by the long disuse of her powers. She can scarce persuade herself that she has any, and Crown lawyers chime in, 'Of course not; she never had any since the Reformation.' There is a fable about a goose who became client to a fox, of which this reminds us. It shows what is so often true, that the boldest policy is the wisest. Crown lawyers will always show the instinct of their kind.

And this brings us to the further question of the general relations between Convocation and Parliament. The clergy must be prepared for stormy days, if they are to carry a clear conscience through this generation. The rule or understanding hitherto has been for the Church in all her officers to be deferential to the utmost to whoever sits in Downing-street, to venture only to remonstrate 'with bated breath and whispered humbleness,' as is the custom between the patron and the patronised. They would do this and they have their reward. They carried over, so blindly do habits infatuate us, the deference traditionally due to pious Princes, supreme over the Church in her own interests, to the Premier of a cabinet, who might be there to-day and gone to-morrow, who had no interest officially in the Church except to make political capital out of her, who was himself the creature of a majority, and the puppet of the popular breath. They may be hardly pardoned for retaining the tradition so long, and that chiefly because the altered character of the circumstances was only slowly realized in fact. But the sum of it is,

they would cringe, and they are kicked. They have their reward. It is that the Church of England is defrauded of her doctrine and her discipline. The renegade holds his mitred head aloft, and mocks the one and tramples on the other. The revenues which arose from the self-denial of her sons, are alienated in order to propagate what they repudiate and abhor. Her clergy are iniquitously taxed, baited with impunity by the mob whenever it pleases the scum of the streets to take offence at her ordinances, and worried by a mockery of justice when they appeal to the magistrate for protection. She is become a hoarding to the bill-stickers of the House of Commons, a door-mat to 'my Lords' of the Privy Council office. They who continue cringing to such treatment deserve worse, and may expect to receive it so long as worse is possible.

It is somewhat amusing to trace how this spirit oozes out occasionally in the debates of Convocation; a highly estimable member of it says, as reported:—

'While Mr. Joyce was speaking, a friend whispered, "We are on very thin ice," and his friend Mr. Joyce, in speaking of the civil power, certainly did use very strong language; and when he spoke of Convocation being dragged through the dirt of Parliament, he was doing the house much harm. He (Sir H. Thompson), knew that language that had been used in the House had been commented upon, and had given great offence in quarters with which they should be at peace.'

Sir H. Thompson may perhaps be right, that Mr. Joyce was less select in his language than a cooler advocate of the same cause would have been: but the fact is we have had 'peace,' and that too at any price, a little too long. The continuation of such peace is becoming every year more costly to the consciences of churchmen: and of course, in proportion as they are willing to sell them, the Parliament and hostile section out of doors will become more and more convinced that 'all those men have their price,' and that there is no conscience among them that is not saleable, or rather sold already, to the State. *That* is the view which has long since become an axiom of popular government,—that as against the State dissenters have consciences, and churchmen, more especially clergy, *none at all!*

The dissenters have helped to establish this in years past by an incessant worry of agitation for whatever concession they demanded, the clergy by a supine submission to whatever concession was demanded of them, the laity by an apathy which has played everything into the hands of the Crown-minister in the House of Commons,

Now assuming this to be the popular view—that the consciences of clergy of the Established Church are practically sold beforehand to the State, how is it to be combated and eradicated?

cated? It can only be *by suffering for conscience' sake*, by boldly asserting a conscientious conviction and sticking to it, utterly regardless of temporal consequences. That was the way in which the early non-conformists won their way to imperishable renown. The same is true of the non-jurors, but they died out and left no successors, and the want of successors cuts off the force of their example. The fact, moreover, that the cause for which they 'took joyfully the spoiling of their goods,' was one essentially political, and only incidentally religious, and moreover was one which the people of England (certainly in the end, although not without some hesitation for half-a-century) felt themselves compelled by a political necessity to condemn, obscures in the popular eye the lustre of their memory. The acceptance and permanence of the Hanoverian dynasty has fixed a gulf between modern English thought and the example of these, the latest confessors within the Church of England. The non-conformists have their legitimate successors, in the popular eye at any rate, in the modern dissenters: and the popular axiom that the dissenter as against the State has a monopoly of the rights of conscience, is due not so much to the restless ubiquity of their agitation, perfected by the training of two centuries and a half, as to the lustre reflected on them by the memory of the persecutions which their predecessors actually endured. The clergy can only prove that they have a conscience yet unsold by suffering for its sake. No proof short of this will ever take hold on the popular mind; and although the cause of a rubric tampered with by Parliament may seem less than sufficient to some, it can hardly be more lightly weighed than that right divine to keep the head covered which roused the conscience of a Quaker. For instance, when the Primate was baited by Lord Shaftesbury in the Lords about the concurrence of Convocation being invited in any contemplated change in the rubric which directs 'the ornaments of the Church and the ministers thereof,' if His Grace had replied, 'that to proceed by Act of Parliament alone would be a most dangerous course, as he himself should be prevented by conscientious scruples from complying with it, and was perfectly prepared to take the consequences, and that he rather thought the same scruples would be shared by many of the clergy,' this would have been a case in point. Words like these uttered *and adhered to* would help to bring the matter to an issue, to stamp on the public mind the fact that churchmen have a conscience,—and nothing else ever will. His Grace did *not* say any words to this effect, he stopped short at saying that he agreed with the memorial, out of which the question put to him arose, that 'very great danger would result' from

such interference of Parliament, and then turned off to show that his opinion in the matter was warranted by history and sustained by precedent. Such proof only tends to show that churchmen have the law and constitutional usage on their side, not that they have a conscience. Of course we admit that His Grace had a right to judge of the gravity of the case, and may draw a distinction between a mere rubric which directs the worship and the formularies of which it consists. But in the popular eye the Prayer-book is viewed as a whole, and if a rubric be touched with impunity, any stand made on the rest of its contents would lose that force which is publicly acquired from consistency. Nor should we mistake the drift of feeling in Parliament on such questions. They who find that secular legislation is allowed to mutilate a rubric without rousing the conscience of churchmen, will certainly not stop there. The precedent will be urged, the wedge will be driven remorselessly. They will pare at the nail till they reach the quick, and will go on paring still. The lectionary, the burial, the baptismal, the communion services, will each in turn be made the subject of a series of experiments on the consciences of the clergy. This is, humanly speaking, as certain, on the hypothesis that the step contemplated by Lord Shaftesbury be not opposed on conscientious grounds, as any forecast of events can be. We only put off the evil day and render any resistance to its evil less effectual when it comes. We shall be in the unheroic condition of the man whose personal treatment, if he had been kicked down one step more, would have 'roused' within him 'the spirit of the British Lion.'

Of course it may be the case that the Archbishop may really intend to resist for conscience' sake, the imposition of parliamentary rubrics, but did not in his place in the House on that occasion think fit to say so. If this was the feeling with which he spoke, we can only say with respectful regret that we consider such reticence to be a mistake. It would be a specimen in fact of undue deference where deference is not due, and the dictatorial tone assumed by Lord Shaftesbury, is a specimen of what we meant by 'being kicked.' Nothing will abate the erastian insolence of these amateur directors of the Church, but the boldness of men who dare all for conscience' sake. It is of no use saying, 'How harsh! how unconstitutional! how 'oppressive to our conscience such a course on the part of Parliament!' To such an ebullition of epithets not the slightest attention will be paid. The only thing that will be listened to for a moment is the strong tone of independence. They who shrink from this had better prepare their backs for the smiter. Nothing else will induce a modern House of Commons even to

pause and give ear to the complaints of the spiritual body. They *must* stop and listen to this. But then those who say it must stick to it. There is no occasion for complaints of being 'dragged through the dirt of Parliament.' By speakers standing in the public eye in the Church's cause, such phrases are better forborne. But the *fortiter in re* is an essential for the absence of which whole honeycombs of the *suaviter in modo* will never atone.

But the decided line once taken up must be adhered to. The clergy must be prepared to take their chance among the 'bulls of Bashan,' and the 'beasts of Ephesus.' It may be tearing and goring will come of it, it may be only bellowing and stamping, and lashing of tails. But whatever comes of it, they must be prepared to go through with it. You cannot show that you have a conscience to those who disbelieve it by anything but by suffering for it. It is no use citing the *Synodalia* and the statutes at large—quite beside the point, in fact. It reminds us of the envoy who

' —quoted Wicquefort
And Puffendorf and Grotius,
And proved from Vattel,
Exceedingly well,
Such a deed would be quite atrocious.'

Let the clergy make it plain to all men that they have a conscience in the matter first; they may, when that is established, perhaps be listened to as an estate of the realm, but not till then.

No Church indeed has any right to expect exemption from persecution, more especially when she has entangled her organization with that of the State, to the extent to which our Church has done. The utmost which the State can now-a-days do is to dis-establish the Church and confiscate her revenues, but the full measure of what it can do it may be expected to do, if resisted, or this at least is the only calculation which it is safe to make. We may perhaps reckon on wholesale spoliation and robbery, desecration and confiscation, as the more probable issue of our counsels. No scruples of justice, save to the life interests of individuals, will impede the movements of the erastian and secularizing party for a moment. The fact that large and costly gifts have been made to the Church by private munificence, which have cost the State nothing, and from which all her citizens have derived nothing but advantage, will not be considered as constituting any bar to the hand of the Parliamentary Doeg. Possibly the Church's fabrics may be left her from the difficulty of putting them to any other purposes, and from the popular feeling which it might be dangerous to arouse by pulling them down. The village

rustics might 'think upon her stones,' and it might 'pity them to see her in the dust.' But that is the uttermost which the Church could reckon upon as likely to survive the looting. This is what we may possibly be called upon to face, and in the determination to face it manfully, and rather go forth to meet it than seek to shrink from it, or stave it off, lies the only chance of escaping it.

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem. The power of inflicting penalties lies entirely on the side of those who commit the injury, the perpetrators for nearly two centuries of a deliberate and calculated wrong; and, as usual, those who commit the outrage are unforgiving. We give our counsel then to the Church of England and her clergy, if the temporal power presume to tamper with the Book of Common Prayer, boldly to resist the law, as the Nonconformists did before them, and leave to her enemies, or rather her false friends and traitorous protectors, the odium, which time will surely bring, of putting it in force by penalties. Let them plead the compact broken, the wrongs and grievances of two centuries unredressed, and the higher law absolving the conscience from obedience to the lower; let them 'constantly 'speak the truth, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake.' But we speak to men whose habits and traditions have been for generations moulded in the groove of compliance, who, with their fathers before them, have for centuries seen the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments set up beneath the gilded pageant of the royal arms, and probably we speak in vain.

As regards any compact or concordat of any kind, none can ever be trusted. It is plain that no truce can bind the faithless tyranny of the civil power. It arrogates everything, and leaves the Church nothing, save the power of resisting and suffering for it. There never was a more glaring case of solemn securities broken, and the faith of treaties blown to the winds, than that manifested in the dealings of the Privy Council office with the Church, and her accredited agent, the National Society. What enhances the shamelessness of the whole proceeding is, it is only with the Church of England that such barefaced violations of pledges are attempted. The same 'management clause,' which was forced upon that Church in 1846-9, was never attempted with the Roman Catholics. They were allowed to place their schools under the sole guardianship of their clergy and yet receive the State's assistance. The same right was denied to promoters of Church of England schools with regard to their legitimate pastors; and a similar double-dealing course is now being pursued with regard to the so-called 'conscience clause.' We cannot construe these instances as accidental.

They represent a studied policy, not only to defraud the Church, but to humiliate and insult her in the face of her enemies; and this too on the part of an office which, in 1839, was only rescued from extinction by the minister of the day, Lord John Russell, solemnly declaring on its behalf, that its grants would be administered in conformity with the rules of the National Society. So far as this 'conscience clause' is enforced, Church of England school promoters are defrauded of their share in a grant out of taxes which they help to pay; but it is as idle to expect, from this office, justice, much less generosity, to the Church, as it would be to expect Malay pirates to show mercy to their prisoners. We dwell the rather upon this, because it will sensitively touch thousands of churchmen who supinely accept the royal supremacy as incapable of doing wrong, over whose heads the argument about their spiritual liberties, and the solemnly guaranteed rights of Convocation explode like blank cartridge fired high in air, or

'Like a tale of little meaning, tho' the words are strong,'

but who still regard the cause of religious education as a sacred thing.

The question of what rights the civil legislature may have in matters of religion, has been much perplexed in recent discussions, but admits of a perfectly simple statement: That legislature may enact anything it pleases. It is absolutely unlimited. There is no reason why it may not, next session, proceed in a root-and-branch method with church-rates, tithes, church fabrics, clerical revenues, and education trust properties; pounce upon and sell off the whole stock and plant of all voluntary religious associations, and apply the proceeds to endow the London University, or the Kensington Museum, or to provide a new International Exhibition. It may pass a short act to suppress the Bible and Prayer-book at once. It may establish, instead of the Church, Quakerism, or Positivism, or Mormonism, or may forbid all devotion of property to any religious uses.

But of spiritual capacity it is utterly void. It can attach penalties to any profession of faith, but it cannot alter one iota of a Creed. It may repeal the Act of Uniformity, and pass another containing a mutilated Prayer-book, and imposing penalties on all who refuse to use it; but it cannot unmake the Book of Common Prayer, nor alter a letter of it. It might as well pass an Act to abolish the axioms of Euclid, and fine or imprison all who ventured to teach them. It might enact that all privy councillors or all members of either House of Parliament be empowered to officiate as priests or deacons, and

prohibit every man, whose name is in the 'Clergy List,' from assuming those functions, and so on through an endless catalogue of possible absurdities. It has just the same power to alter rubrics, collects, articles or creeds. It is equally powerful as regards the sanction of law, equally powerless as regards the spiritual essence of every such matter. That spiritual essence lies as far beyond it as the law of gravitation or the truths of mathematics. The spiritual essence of the Church's Prayer-book is derived from the agreement and consent of her members to use it. If in any case a statute of the realm has presumed to enact that it shall be altered, that statute is, spiritually, null and void, until those same members, at any rate tacitly, agree to use it as so altered. Until the Test Act was repealed, a good deal of such alteration might or may have been tolerated. So long as there was hope in the powers of the Crown, and in the good will of its constitutional advisers towards the Church, a good deal might be tacitly acquiesced in. But that game is played out. Parliament is, spiritually speaking, a miscellaneous Babel of sectaries. The Crown is powerful only as a fulcrum for the lever of parliamentary oppression. Its ministers are the humble servants of the majority; and the Church is called upon by some to allow the enactments of such a body to be her rule and guide! A majority composed of such elements says to her, 'Bow down, that we may go over,' and she is expected 'to lay her body as the ground and as the streets' to them. It is open to Parliament to select committees of either House, from the avowed enemies of the Church among its members, to sit upon the Prayer-book, and to enact off-hand whatever it may seem good to those committees to recommend. There was a time, within recent memory, when the consent of the Crown might have been reckoned on as likely to be refused to such an enactment; but who would value that probability at a feather's weight now? There is no help for the Church 'in princes, or in any child of man.' A spiritual body which should consent to the dictation of such a temporal body, or which should not rather gladly accept persecution as the alternative, would deservedly earn the contempt and aversion of united Christendom.

In the face of these arguments it seems to us comparatively idle to discuss whether any particular edition of the Prayer-book had the authority of Convocation before it received the sanction of the temporal law by parliamentary enactment. The deliberate acquiescent use of the Church is far greater than any special canon of both Convocations. At the same time, from the solemn declarations repeatedly made by the Crown, and concurred in on some occasions by Parliament, the expressed

consent of Convocation ought to be inferred wherever there is not explicit testimony to the contrary. Still if, after enactment by Parliament and both the Convocations, any edition of the Prayer-book had been persistently rejected by the use of the Church, we should hold that it lacked any binding authority on her members. From our point of view the 'hundreds of 'statutes' filling 'nearly three hundred pages' of our law-books, passed during the last three centuries, relating to matters more or less touching the Church or the clergy, are wholly irrelevant to the question. It seems clear that Parliament, as we said before, acknowledged more than once during the period in question that matters relating to faith and worship should be handled by Convocation in the first instance, a view with which many other illustrious precedents concur. Fuller, quoted by Mr. Joyce (*Guardian*, July 3d, p. 716), and before in Convocation, speaks as follows of the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity:—

'Upon serious consideration it will appear that there was nothing done in the reformation of religion, save what was acted by the clergy in Convocation, or grounded upon some act of theirs precedent to it, with the advice, counsel, and consent of the Bishops and most eminent Churchmen, confirmed on the post-fact, and not otherwise, by the civil sanctions according to the usage of the best and happiest times of Christianity.'

Mr. Joyce's industry has, farther, brought to light from the State Paper Office, in the handwriting of its first custodian when established by James I., Sir T. Watson,¹ a document which, after reciting the names of the Elizabethan bishops who returned on the death of Queen Mary, goes on to speak of the alterations made in the first year of Elizabeth's reign in the Book of Common Prayer. It states expressly that they were made 'by the Convocation consisting of the *same* bishops and 'the rest of the clergy.' This is the only Post-Darian Prayer-book—about the authorization of which by Convocation there has recently been a dispute. It is now therefore established that the whole *catena* of legislative acts which issued in the present Charles II.'s Prayer-book was in every stage preceded by a suitable corresponding expression of the judgment of Convocation. The proper records of Convocation were lost in the great fire of 1666, or the entire course of Synodical enactments would have been long ago as clear as daylight. Now the evidence, although attained fragmentarily, is complete. The MS. is that numbered 46, vol. 7, Domest. Eliz. 1559. Mr. Joyce is entitled to the thanks of the Anglican Communion in

¹ For the particulars and references in this paragraph we are indebted to Mr. Joyce himself.

all its branches for this discovery, as well as for the unwavering zeal with which he has maintained in Convocation the claims of the Church of England against the tyrannical encroachments of the State. The testimony to the Elizabethan Prayer-book given by the Caroline statute (13, 14, Car. II. 4), that it was 'compiled by the Rev. the Bishops and clergy,' disputed by Erastians and Romanists hitherto as being not contemporary evidence, is now conclusively established, and that bulwark of the enemy, the supposed Parliamentary origin of the former book, is now demolished. We will merely refer to Mr. Joyce's letter (*Guardian*, July 17, p. 768), as giving the best criticism upon the alleged precedents in favour of parliamentary procedure without consulting Convocation, which we have seen.

Lathbury, quoted or abridged by Mr. Joyce, speaking we believe of the year 1689, further says, 'The dissenters wished 'to settle all matters in Parliament, but the House of Commons 'were of opinion that the Convocation was the proper place 'for the consideration of ecclesiastical affairs.' The Houses accordingly joined in an address to William III. that 'according to the ancient practice and usage of this kingdom 'in time of Parliament,' he 'would be graciously pleased 'to issue forth writs, as soon as conveniently might be, for 'calling a Convocation of the clergy to be advised with in ecclesiastical matters.' In Palin's *History of the Church of England*, 1688—1717, p. 37, this course is ascribed to the House of Commons solely. Tillotson also recommended the same proceeding on the ground that 'the settlement of such matters in 'Parliament would give colour to the Romanist cavil of a Parliamentary Church.' The author of the famous 'Letter to a 'Convocation Man' in 1707, quoted by Professor Burrows, urges the same argument :—

'Besides, the ascribing such a power to either of the two Houses or to both of 'em together, is to confirm the ground of the Papists' cavil at our Reformation, when they say that our religion is merely Parliamentary, and changeable at the will of the Prince and of the majority of the Peers and Commons, an assertion which I believe there is no worthy member of either House but would reject with disdain . . . Convocation is an ecclesiastical court or assembly essential to our Constitution, and established by the law of it, by the same law as the gentleman receives his rent, or the member enjoys his privilege . . . The same arguments used for stated and regular Parliaments exactly apply to Convocation. The king has no right to withhold his summons.'

Speaking of the controversy between Wake and Atterbury on this subject, Professor Burrows says—

'It should be observed that they do not differ so much as is sometimes supposed. The controversy is often spoken of as one of principle. It was only a difference of detail. Wake contended for greater power in the Crown

as to summoning Convocation than Atterbury admitted, and for a greater power of action in the Upper House, but his general conclusions on the claims of the Church are as decided as his opponent's, and his distress at the suppression of Convocation no less pronounced.'

Lathbury, also quoted by the Professor, sums up the matter as follows :—

'The licence to make canons ought, according to the opinion of all the men on both sides, who took part in the controversy in the time of William III., Anne, and George I., to be granted, whenever the bishops and clergy assembled in Convocation, may represent to the Crown that it is required by the circumstances of the Church.'

These authorities make it clear, or rather confirm the view urged above on the ground of nature and reason, that a purely Act of Parliament-altered Prayer-book may be set at nought by the clergy with a clear conscience. We ought also to add that the present constitution of Parliament itself, and the prevailing temper of the times, make it their bounden duty to resist any such law if they would not be stripped not only of doctrine and discipline, but of decency and self-respect, and become such a Church as would be deservedly hissed off the stage of the world. Let not a rubric be touched. The rubric is the smallest matter; but like the small iron tongue which bolts a door, if it be once violated, there is no security anywhere. When once the liberties of the Church have been deliberately menaced, the Prayer-book is vital in all its parts. Deference and vacillation and *ex-post-facto* acquiescence may have been justifiable or tolerable in their day, but they are criminal now; everybody will ascribe them to wish to retain establishment with emoluments and endowments upon any terms of whatever baseness. *Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.* John Bull does not believe that anything is so precious in the clerical eye as this subsistence which the Establishment guarantees. He rather thinks he carries the consciences of the clergy in his breeches' pocket. He expects them, indeed, to keep all their conscience for the Pope, or perhaps allows conscience within narrow limits against any extremely rabid form of dissenter. But as against royal supremacy, privy council judgments, acts of Parliament, and the like, he believes he has bought up all their rights. These things in his eyes are those which claim a 'divine right,' not the spirituality. The popular incapacity for seeing anything essentially sacred in even the most sacred offices is humourously illustrated by a letter of 'S. G. O.' which was published in the *Times*, when Lord Lyttelton's bill for the Increase of the Episcopate was going through its early stages. Clause 13, which had been already struck out of the bill when the letter appeared, pro-

posed 'suffragan bishops.' The writer seems to have been alarmed at the colour which the proposal was likely to derive from his own suggestion of 'gig-bishops' made some ten years ago. He is accordingly in a hurry to explain that the circumstances are changed, and that *nos*, the 'S. G. O.' of the *Times*, accordingly *mutamur in illis*. That any writer in the *Times* should consider it expedient or necessary to retract an argument, or recant a view, is in itself so refreshing a circumstance, that we are not disposed to deny him the *locus pœnitentie* which he seeks.

But in the first place, why, when the clause referred to had been struck out of the bill a week before, there should be any necessity for an elderly clergyman holding up the hands in horror, and shaking the warning head in the columns of our contemporary against its possible dangers and covered designs, is not easy to see. What but a zeal thrice to slay the slain could have prompted such a sentence as the following!—

'I have every reason to believe that the great anxiety expressed to aid aged or incapacitated bishops, to supply help to some whose spheres of labour are too large, covers more than appears. I think it well to warn laity and clergy alike against—at the present moment—any measure whatever, which, under any guise, avers a large increase in the number of bishops, with power, *however guarded*, to act in the United Kingdom.'

What it 'covers' or how much more the thing 'covered' is than the thing which 'appears' is a point on which the writer does not seem to think it worth his while to waste his ink. Yet surely, if there had been anything in the form of an argument which he had to offer, its first requisite was that he should state the danger which he professed to dread. Without such a statement, to write thus is not to argue; it is only to set up a scarecrow. And a mere scarecrow it is which he sets up. He seems to have formed his estimate of the average reader of the *Times*, and to feel assured that argument would not suit the class whom he wishes to work upon, or would not suit the view which he wishes to urge. The 'scarecrow,' it may be observed, is the favourite resource of would-be popular writers on ecclesiastical questions. The safest way is to point out no blemish, to denounce no evil, in any proposed measure which you wish to damage. Merely shake your head, and whisper 'bogie!' shrug the shoulder and point the thumb, and you bid fair to evoke sympathetic prejudices, the force of which would only be weakened by arguing the point, or even stating it.

The passage which we have extracted calls, however, for one remark as to its language. How can 'any measure *aver* a large increase in the number of bishops?' To 'aver' is to state a fact

as existing. A 'measure' merely proposes it as something to be brought about hereafter. A paragraph in the next column speaks of 'colonials' (*i. e.* colonial bishops) falling into deep shadow at *initial* meetings. Pray, what are 'initial' meetings? What do they initiate? and why is the 'shadow' cast on 'colonials' deeper there than at other meetings? Again, the writer, in explaining his two-wheeled views of the episcopal office as once held, writes as follows in the next paragraph to that in which the 'measure avers':—

'I thought it would be a good thing for bishops to be more often rectory guests, without their butler and the emblematical staff.'

What is, or perhaps we should say, who are the emblematical 'staff?' If the pastoral *pedum*, symbolical of the office, be meant, why should it not be made to pack in a gig? If the staff consist of persons, as the co-ordination of the word 'butler' suggests, how is it emblematical? After such specimens as these it would be waste of words to dwell upon 'triangulized hats' and 'walnut confabs.' There was a time when the established correspondents of our contemporary wrote decent English. The language has now sunk to the level of the sophistry which it conveys.

We have been tempted out of course by these impertinencies of diction, illustration, and style; but we return to the main thought itself of the epistle, so far as it can be traced.

The writer then, it seems, had once entertained the hope that greater intimacy and more of personal contact 'between the overseer and overseen' would have done good to both parties. But when he thus hoped, he 'had not anticipated the full power of an evil, at that time hardly developed.' He explains that an attempt has been made which he 'could not then for one moment have conceived,' an 'attempt to exalt the episcopal office to a degree which clothes the bishop with an authority from heaven above.' So long as a bishop is no more than a colonel or a judge, he might be multiplied at discretion without offence to any; but the moment his powers are recognized as derived from the same source as those of the clergy beneath his supervision, 'S. G. O.' is straightway terrified at so portentous a claim. His model bishop would appear to be something like those 'quaker guns' which the Chinese have been known to mount on their ramparts in order to impress the 'outer barbarian' with a notion of their power in artillery. The peaceful awe thus inspired is to serve the Church's turn without the dangers which attend on explosion and recoil. As regards the estimate which 'S. G. O.' may form of the episcopal office, that is a point with

which we are not going to meddle. Any layman who likes may inform himself by reading over the office for 'the consecration of bishops,' and the statement contained in the Thirty-sixth Article of Religion regarding it, whether those who maintain or those who impugn the attempt to 'clothe the bishop with an authority from heaven above,' are nearest the truth even as 'established' by Act of Parliament. We are purposely waiving all other and higher ground. The ordinal was specially enforced by Act of Parliament in 1566, and has been continually in use ever since. As a complete Prayer-book may now be purchased for twopence, nobody need complain that the evidence on the point is hard to come by. We leave, however, 'S. G. O.' and his partizans to the 'non-natural' sense of these documents which their case necessitates. That is their concern. But the fanatical effrontery which resists the increase of the episcopate, precisely because that source of authority is claimed for it which the services for consecration and ordination assume, might be amusing if it were not so mischievous. The question arises—how far is it due to pure ignorance? 'I had made my proposal,' says 'S. G. O.,' probably writing ironically, 'in utter ignorance of what a bishop really was.' This is very likely to be strictly true. Most writers in the *Times* on Church questions have apparently a good deal to learn. Some of them manage to pick up the necessary elements of the 'Institution of a Christian Man' in the course of some controversy into which they have rushed. But 'S. G. O.' does not seem to be of this sort.

His next point is that he should 'regret to see such dignity 'lowered by being brought too frequently in contact with 'ordinary men.' Here is an obvious mistake. If a dignitary derive authority merely from a human source, then, in the perpetual collisions which the discharge of duty brings, his dignity is apt to lose. The man has to support his dignity, and finds it an onerous task. But if the source be superhuman, nothing but unbecoming conduct in the person invested with it can cause its detriment. Whilst his conduct is in harmony with it, the dignity helps to support the man. This is the cause of the whole of that social deference which is generally accorded to the clergy whenever it is not offensively claimed by them. If a bishop be a mere 'whited wall,' then 'contact' will rub off the daubing soon enough. But if he be a block of the true grain, his colour may be warranted fast.

Then follows an expression of dread on behalf of the 'ordinary men,' to contact with whom the bishop is exposed. The writer fears that contact would issue in the 'shaking their faith,' as they must see that, so far as common sense can distinguish, 'they (the bishops) are much like other men.' Why, or in

what respect, they should be *unlike* other men, in order to be consistent with the claims of their office, we are not told.

The earliest exemplars of the episcopal office—claimants as they were of ‘an authority from heaven above,’ took care certainly to be as like other men as possible. ‘S. G. O.’ seems never to have heard of one in particular who, finding some ‘of the same craft, abode with them and wrought, for by their ‘occupation they were tent makers.’ We might probably follow him for a long time before we got to the bottom of his ‘ignorance.’ He does not in particular seem to be aware that dignity is never impaired by the discharge of duty or by any of its consequences. It is only the clergymen who, like ‘S. G. O.’ in this letter set up dignity first and foremost, as the one thing before all others to be cared for, whose dignity is in serious danger.

Again,

‘If rural deans and archdeacons, whose every habit, opinion, and peculiarity we know . . . are to be made bishops, still, as such, to work where they are known, I am satisfied the episcopal office will be sadly lowered. No ells of lawn . . . could make John Shovel of Upton Popes, parish clerk . . . believe the consecration of a new bit of burial ground, or the confirmation of our lads and lasses, was what it used to be, if Septimus Decan, the rector of Sixpence-ton, their neighbour, late rural dean, now came as bishop for the performance.’

Of course, vulgar prejudices have to be taken into account in regard to public offices, and the proverbial saying that ‘no man is a prophet in his own country,’ shows the extent to which they are currently recognized. He, however, of whom the saying is first recorded, did not omit on that account to visit his own countrymen. It will be a matter of prudence to strike a balance between the disadvantage thus accruing, and the advantage derived from local knowledge and official experience on the spot. There is no occasion to trumpet this, which is partly a truism and partly an untruth, as though it were a point to be fenced with overwhelming precaution. The mind of ‘S. G. O.’ has apparently a firm faith in things visible and material. He believes warmly in snug rectory dinners, with dessert following. But he cannot get much beyond this. We have shown reasons for thinking that he has an imperfect faith even in an Act of Parliament. There is too little in it that is material and ponderable, especially if it be three centuries old, for his faith to fasten upon and assimilate. His letters are consequently appeals to whatever is most fleshly in the spiritual antipathies of the general public. He sees that the deference of ages for the Church has hitherto surrounded the highest class of her officers with an amount of worldly apparatus, which makes a place in that class a prize in the secular eye, and on that worldly apparatus he by instinct fastens as the one thing to be

cherished. He is unable to conceive of lofty spiritual functions — 'authority derived from heaven above' — as consistent with a moderate scale of expenditure and retinue. He thinks the dignity depends, not on the former, but on the latter. He sees Colonial bishops less in demand at home, out of their own dioceses, than they probably are in them, and it never occurs to him to consider that what they are *in* their own dioceses is the real test alike of their usefulness and of their dignity. He sees them obliged to importune home audiences for funds to aid their diocesan resources, and he accordingly speaks of them as 'on the tramp,' and as 'acting their own deputations,' and says with amusing frankness, 'a man must be morally blind not to see that they are treated as mere ecclesioplate, not the real mitre-marked metal.' In other words,

'The *rank's* the gold, for a' that.'

'S. G. O.' upholds snug quarters and easy circumstances as being what conciliates deference and carries mankind hat-in-hand. Poor creatures who have to beg are not in his way: Dives, not Lazarus, is obviously his model Churchman. Matthew before, not after, he relinquished the receipt of custom, must, we fancy, be his type of an Evangelist. Keep the bishops few and therefore inefficient, and then, he seems to think, the awe which is traditionally felt for their office, or the 'emblematical staff,' or the 'mitre-marked metal,' will work usefully still. They will be truly the 'angels' of the Churches, when their visits are angelically 'few and far between.' Then they may expect due homage. Make them numerous enough to be efficient, and familiarity will breed contempt! Such are the maxims in which we are invited to confide against the bugbears and bogies which are darkly hinted at in the earlier paragraphs of this remarkable letter. To sum the matter up, then, even on the view and showing of 'S. G. O.' it is for churchmen, nay for all the members of the British public, to consider this grave question of the dignity of the higher clergy, and whether they would prefer efficiency at the alleged risk of the office of bishop losing in dignity. On the question whether dignity is most likely to accompany an inefficient or an efficient episcopate, we will not insult the reader's understanding by offering any remarks.

ART. VI.—*Annales Prioratds de Dunstapliid (Annales Monastici,*
vol. III). ED. H. R. LUARD, M.A. Longmans. 1866.

To those who desire to penetrate beneath the surface of history, and who are not satisfied with the vague and general views of mediæval times usually presented to us by the writers on these periods, the publication of the large number of Monastic Annals which have lately made their appearance must be welcomed with gratitude and pleasure. Bald and rough in their composition as most of them are, they nevertheless supply us with materials genuine and distinctive, if not always accurate, and furnish many special helps towards the understanding of those times still shrouded in so much darkness. The three volumes of '*Annales Monastici*,' edited by Mr. Luard, contain many valuable chronicles, of which none perhaps is more to be prized than the '*Annals of Dunstable Priory*.' We regard these as having a special and peculiar use, not in furnishing any details of the inner life of a religious house, on which they are entirely silent, but as illustrating with great fulness its outer life, and its relations with its neighbours, both ecclesiastical and lay. It must have occurred to most of our readers as a curious problem, how it was that all of the vast number of religious foundations in England, were able to establish, strengthen, and develop themselves, growing year by year in resources and power, until the very fact of their advancement invited and perhaps necessitated the interference of the State. What again, it must often have been inquired, was the relation in which these societies stood to their neighbours? Were they popular, respected, and beloved, the helpers of the weak and suffering, the champions of justice, the asylum of the oppressed? Were their members content to lead a simple and mortified life?—satisfied with the pittance assigned them by their founders, elaborating new forms of asceticism, and new aids to devotion? Or, on the contrary, were they covetous and aggressive upon their neighbours' goods, skilful contrivers of schemes of aggrandizement and profit, living in a constant turmoil of suits and quarrels, and by no means in high regard with the laymen and parish-priests around them? We believe the latter view to be nearer the truth than the former; and certainly the '*Annals of Dunstable*' form a remarkable confirmation of it. The details supplied by them of the transactions in which the Priory was engaged, strikingly illustrate the relations of religious houses and their neighbours.

We shall endeavour to put the reader in possession of some of these, but, before we do so, we must say a word of the order to which the Dunstable Priory belonged, and of which these annals are, to some extent, the history in England. The Dunstable house was of the order of Canons Regular of S. Augustine, or, as they were sometimes called, Black Canons. The institution of Canons Regular is among the most unmeaning and senseless of all the mediæval innovations. The original Benedictines, giving the asylum of peaceful and religious homes in dark and troubled times, affording facilities for study and for the celebration of gorgeous services, were at least in their earlier days, of great and signal value to the progress of society and the preservation of learning. The ascetic orders, as the Cistercians and the Carthusians, were due to that principle of religion, which was so highly prized in the times of defective religious knowledge and imperfect apprehension of the duties of humanity. The Friars sprang from the obligations of Christian charity, and, in their theory at least, are worthy of all honour. But what intelligible principle was represented by the institution of Canons Regular? They were neither monks nor seculars. They were not designed to benefit society at large as the Friars were, nor to exhibit grand pictures of ascetic devotion as the Carthusians. They aimed at occupying a ground of their own, and how did they strive to compass this? By using a somewhat laxer rule than the monk, by allowing the growth of the beard, and wearing caps on their heads. These scarcely seem sufficient grounds for setting themselves up as rivals to the monks, and increasing divisions and quarrels by the propagation of a new order. It should be observed that there is a broad and marked distinction between Secular Canons living the cœnobitic life, and Canons Regular. The first had a meaning and a purpose. It was about the year 760, when Chrodegand, Bishop of Metz, struck by the disorder which prevailed among the secular clergy, and the difficulty of governing several priests living isolated, and each according to his own fashion, undertook to subject those of his episcopal church to a uniform rule, to cause them to dwell and to mess in common. Hence arose the institution of Canons, of which the disorder of the times was the occasion, the monastic order the model. The institution must have answered the requirements of its day, for it was propagated with rapidity. Many bishops imitated Chrodegand. The organization of the episcopal churches in chapters became general. At length, in 826, Louis the Gentle, at a council held at Aix-la-Chapelle, caused the rule of the Canons to be published in 145 chapters, reproducing and enlarging that of Chrodegand, and sent it to all the metropolitans of his

kingdom, that it might be universally applied.¹ This was the institution of Canons Secular—a society of priests, having a bond which united them together, and certain statutes to observe, but who were nevertheless conversant in the world, supported by distinct prebends, and able also to possess private property.² Such an organization had a manifest use in giving order and strength in the troublous times when it arose. These clergymen were bound by no vows, save that of the priesthood; they were very commonly married men, they had a common character, but they had also separate interests, not isolated from the world but taking a useful part in it, and helped to do so by the organization which gave them power and influence. It is evident that the whole history of the Papacy must have been falsely written, if such an institution as this had satisfied the popes when they arrived at their full-blown power and ambition. Accordingly Secular Canons were doomed to be ‘reformed’ and to be converted into Regular. Innocent II. in the Lateran Council, A.D. 1139, ordained that all societies of canons should adopt a rule drawn from the 109th Epistle of S. Augustine, should take irrevocable vows, should be settled and live altogether in monasteries, and assume entirely the status of monks (excepting always the beard and the cap). In all Romish innovations the practice is found in some measure to precede the law, and there were no doubt some societies of Canons which had, previously to this date, begun to adopt a rule which they had extracted, or professed to have extracted³, from the writings of S. Augustine, and to imitate the monastic life. But after their establishment by Pope Innocent as a separate order, houses of canons began to be founded, not with reference to the services of a Cathedral Church, or to the work of parochial clergy, but simply as houses of religion, without any special character to distinguish them from other monastic institutions. Early in the twelfth century the order found its way into England,⁴ and at the time of the Dissolution it possessed not less than one hundred and seventy-five houses in this country.⁵ There were various subdivisions of Augustinian Canons who followed certain modifications of the rule, (as for instance the Premonstratensian,

¹ Guizot, ‘Civilization de France,’ Leçon 26.

² Note to Dugdale, vi. 37.

³ ‘Ex iis vero quæ superius diximus apparet S. Augustinum hanc regulam non scripsisse. Ad hæc Augustinensium monachatus quem hæc regulâ informari gloriantur, nihil habet prorsus commune cum eo vitæ genere, quod D. Augustinus cum doctis et studiosis hominibus ante episcopatum Hipponensem in loco a turbis et frequentia hominum remoto paululum, egit. Quocirca Erasmus, magni iudicii vir, ausus est dicere a primâ regulâ nihil eos habere frontis ac mentis qui tales nenas ascribant tali tantoque viro.’ — Hospinius, *De Progressu Monachatus*, quoted by Dugdale, vi. 49.

⁴ Dunstable was founded in 1131.

⁵ Dugdale, vi. 38.

who adopted S. Norbert's version), and there was also a very singular order of Canons founded by S. Gilbert of Sempringham, whose rule was compounded from those of S. Augustine and S. Benedict, and part of whose system it was to have societies of Canons and Canonesses living in the same institution. This order, which did not bear a very good reputation, is principally famous for its connexion with Robert de Brune, who has left us the 'Chronicle of England' and the 'Handlyng Synne' in the racy English of the fourteenth century. 'The Chronicle of Dunstable' furnishes us with a most interesting history of an important house of the order of Austin Canons in England, and we must express our acknowledgments to the editor for placing it so conveniently within the reach of all those interested in mediæval times. The author of the earlier portion of this Chronicle was Richard de Morins, prior of the house from 1202 to 1242, and from his narrative we gather that he was by no means an unimportant person in his day. He was employed in confidential services, both by King John and the Pope, and acted as a special visitor of religious houses, and as an assessor of the damages brought to the Church by John.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, the writer is narrating the events of his own time, and a stirring time indeed it was both in Church and State. The dread Interdict of Rome had fallen upon the land, and the Chronicle furnishes us with some very valuable information as to what the exact effects of this curse were: 'On the Sunday on which they sing *Isti sunt dies* (Passion Sunday), the whole of England and Wales was interdicted, and even those who had special privileges, had to cease from exercising them, except only the white monks (Cistercians), who, not long after, were forced with much violence to observe the Interdict. Then the bodies of the dead were buried outside the cemetery, and without the presence of the priest. Marriages and churchings were celebrated at the door of the church, and the gospel read to them there. On Lord's Days the sermon was made to the people outside the church, and there the bread which had been blessed and the holy water were given to them. The priests baptized within the churches, and that the chrism might not be lacking, they were allowed by the Pope to mix oil with it. Those who wished to offer were allowed to approach the altars.'¹ This certainly gives a more favourable picture of the effect of an interdict than is sometimes drawn, and helps us to understand how it came to pass that the land could hold out against it for so many years. The reprisals taken by the furious king did not amount to what he had sworn

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. p. 30.

per dentes Dei that he would do. He had threatened to expel the whole clergy of England, and to seize all their goods, to cut off the noses and tear out the eyes of every Roman in the land, and to send them thus mutilated to their patron at Rome, but his fury soon cooled down. 'The king ordered the goods of all the religious and of all clerks to be taken for him, and that every one should be expelled the land who would not sing the service.'¹ But four days afterwards his fury was appeased, and the said goods were placed under the custody of 'the constables.'² Nevertheless very considerable sums were extorted by John from the Church. 'We, among the rest,' says the Dunstable annalist, 'had to pay 20 marks.' The time however soon came when the Church again had the upper hand, and in spite of the king's crafty precaution in making all the religious houses and clergy sign a deed, declaring that what he had received from them had been given freely, a retribution had to be forthcoming. How far John's restoration of ecclesiastical goods corresponded with his robberies is a somewhat curious point of inquiry. The sees of the exiled prelates were first restored to their commissioners, and a sum of eight thousand marks was sent to them in Flanders in preparation for their return. The whole of the plundered property was to be restored before Easter (1213), and before Christmas a certain part. The 'Dunstable Chronicle' would seem to assert that this compact was fulfilled, at least as regards the bishops. 'He paid them as much as forty thousand marks, and for the residue he granted them privileges.'

There is however considerable doubt as to the accuracy of this statement, and the less dependence can be placed on the 'Dunstable Chronicle' here as the whole of the events connected with the restitution are put a year too early, the legate Nicholas having arrived at Michaelmas, 1213, not 1212.³ The confusion is somewhat hard to account for, as the prior of Dunstable was one of the commissioners appointed to assess the amount of damage which had been suffered by ecclesiastical persons, and returned it, for the Diocese of Lincoln, alone at 23,000 marks. But that this, or anything like this, was in reality ever repaid by John, (as the words quoted above would seem to imply) there is no good ground for believing. Roger of Wendover distinctly tells us that after three councils held, at London, Wallingford, and Reading, and after the claims of the clergy had been formally exhibited, the legate allowed the king

¹ Roger de Wendover, iii. 222.

² Annal. de Dunstap. p. 30.

³ Roger de Wendover, iii. 274 (Ed. Coxe); Annales de Waverleia, 277. (Ed. Luard).

to defer payment, and only 15,000 marks were actually paid by him to the bishops. The 'Waverley Chronicle' says, that the king gave the bishops this sum by way of getting them on his side against the inferior clergy, to whom he refused to give anything. There is no doubt that the legate and the pope's party in England were already taking the king's part as against Archbishop Stephen Langton, and those who really cared for the English Church; and the Prior of Dunstable, who was an employé of the Roman see, may very probably have magnified the king's payments, as taking the cue from his patrons. Our notions of Romish morality are not raised when we read that Pandulph, 'repairing to Rome, greatly blackened the reputation of the Archbishop of Canterbury before the Chief Pontiff, and bestowed such mighty praises on the King of England as to assert that he had never seen a king so humble and so modest, so that that king gained wonderful favour in the regard of the Lord Pope.'¹ With the pope thus on his side it was not likely that John would much concern himself about the repayment of the sums robbed from the unfortunate clergy, and it can hardly be imagined that any real restitution was made. But while Rome forgot to protect the interests of those who had been faithful to her, she did not the less wreak her vengeance upon those who had ventured to disregard the Interdict, and to celebrate any of the proscribed services. Some of these were sent to Rome, others were deprived of their benefices in England, and barred from getting any other preferment, while the altars where mass had been celebrated were destroyed, and replaced by new ones.²

Meanwhile Dunstable Priory began that assertion of secular rights, and that grasping after secular power which brought the canons into such violent and bitter quarrels with their neighbours. In the year 1219 the Prior obtained a right to hold his court for the trials of pleas of the Crown, the justices itinerant acting as assessors, and immediately afterwards we read of a suit of the burgesses of Bedford, to claim exemption from paying tolls to Dunstable, which they failed to carry. The establishment of a religious house was by no means an unmixed advantage to a town or neighbourhood. Having access to nobles and kings, whom they were able to influence by the promise of ecclesiastical benefits, the abbots and priors were placed at a great advantage towards the unprotected burgesses and farmers, an advantage which they did not fail to use. It was a tempting thing for a feudal lord to grant a privilege which cost him nothing, in exchange for the promise of masses and church privileges, but

¹ Roger de Wendover, iii. 279.

² Annal. de Dunstap. pp. 40—51.

the tolls or the dues lightly given to the abbey might be the cause of bitter trouble and annoyance to their lay neighbours. Then came in the claim for tithes and offerings, which the people, already having a parish priest to whom these payments were also due, would not welcome very readily, and when 'Richard Prior brought an action against the burgesses of Dunstable, for the tithes of all trade and bargaining wherever exercised, and for the tithe of hay and mills, and for certain oblations,'¹ we may easily suppose that the townsfolk wished the canons had chosen some other spot for their settlement. The claim was allowed by clerical judges, the ancient custom of oblations was to be kept up, and in addition, the people were to give a contribution for building the church. It was doubtless no slight thing for the temporal interests of the Dunstable Priory to have so able and influential a man as Richard de Morens at its head. The 'Chronicle' continues to record the growth of their property, either by lands, fines, tolls, or privileges, and if all the thousand religious houses in England were growing at the same rate we certainly must commiserate the case of the laity. But the Dunstable burgesses were not altogether tolerant of the rapid growth of their influential neighbours. They resisted with zeal and obstinacy, although having to contend against the legal skill and the influence of the prior, they were contending at great disadvantage. The townsfolk preferred a claim that in this court, of which the prior had procured the establishment, he should not have the power of inflicting upon them a higher fine than four marks. They also claimed that if they were to have a court of their own, they should not be compelled to attend the king's courts as well, and that no strangers should be admitted to plead against them in their courts. The prior too, they said, had no right to seize their goods when they were on the public highway, and if he claimed the power to fine and distrain, he was bound to free them from the fines and distraining of others. In fact the citizens very naturally did not like to have a multitude of masters, but were ready to accept the prior as their immediate superior, on the condition of their thus saving themselves all other responsibilities. On this point however they quickly came into sharp collision with the king's courts, and being summoned on a cause to Bedford, and refusing to appear, four-and-twenty of them found their way into prison, and were heavily fined. Nor was this the extent of the mischief which their ill-judged contumacy brought on the Dunstable burghers. The complaisant prior, ready to recognise the royal authority, and the

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 65.

surly citizens who disputed it, stood on very unequal ground before the king, and by a little skilful management, and a present of 100 marks, the convent obtained a royal charter, giving them the suzerainty of the town of Dunstable, 'to have and to hold as well and as fully for all subsidies, fines, court services, and customs, as we and our heirs should hold it, if the said town of Dunstable, and the said burgesses were ours and in our hand.'¹ The most remarkable part of this piece of sharp practice of the prior and canons remains to be told. They had got the gift of the town and citizens for the moderate price of a hundred pounds, but they determined to make the townspeople themselves pay the greater part of this. Accordingly the first 'aid' which they required under their new powers was the 'aid' of 100 marks, to be paid by the town, towards the expense of procuring for themselves new masters. This, says the 'Chronicle,' with somewhat of naïveté, was 'assessed by honest men of the town, but the money was collected by the bailiffs of the prior.' The payment was not made, as we might expect, altogether cheerfully. One Martin Duke, could not see his obligations in the matter quite plainly, whereupon his corn was seized by John Young, acting for the prior. A fight ensued, and many were wounded on both sides, but the skill of John Young triumphed at last, and the unhappy Duke saw his corn conveyed in spite of him into the court of the priory. We have here not a bad illustration of the predominating selfishness which characterizes the whole organization of these religious establishments. They were to settle themselves where they pleased, and as they pleased; and when established, they might disregard everything else but their own interests, and ride roughshod over any that came in their way, in order to further these. The theory was that religion was advanced by the prosperity of the religious house, and thus that the people existed for the convent, not the convent for the people. Having bought the town of Dunstable, and looking upon the burgesses as 'his men,' the prior could exact anything he pleased from them, and if they ventured to refuse, there was the ready weapon of excommunication and all its fearful consequences, which these religious men did not hesitate to use by way of enforcing even the most trivial of their dues. 'A dissension arose between the Prior of Dunstable and ten of his burgesses about the withholding of offerings. For they had made a conspiracy together, that at weddings, churchings, and funerals, only two persons should follow the chief person, and for this, these ten were excommunicated. But the people in spite of this, communicated with

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 106.

‘them, and they were in the constant habit of entering church and the people with them, so that both the convent and the parish priest ceased from celebrating mass in the church, from the kalends of August to the feast of S. Dionysius, still celebrating however in the chapel of the infirmary. Wherefore the Bishop of Lincoln came to the place with a great number of clerks and chaplains, and in the pulpit of the church solemnly excommunicated the said ten, if they should again enter church and disturb the divine office; also all others who should after this communicate with them, and both the aforesaid and all others, if they did not satisfy the church for what they had withheld before the feast of S. Martin, and all others who should venture on any pretence to withhold anything.’¹ The bishop’s threats would seem somewhat empty, as the unfortunate ten were already excommunicated, and could not be made worse in that respect, but they appear to have had the effect of frightening the citizens, who compounded the matter by paying a certain sum to the prior, and making solemn oaths that they would henceforth not indulge in any sharp practice as to oblations. The prior might perhaps plead as a set off against this, that the men who were under the Dunstable jurisdiction might have the privilege of committing murder without paying any fine to the king’s exchequer. ‘We obtained,’ says the ‘Chronicle,’ ‘both for ourselves and for our men the quittance for murder, by the brief which follows.’ But the meaning of this valuable privilege simply was, that the prior’s court would hang the murderer and seize his goods, instead of the king’s court doing this. We cannot perceive that the ungrateful burghers valued at a very high rate the privilege thus conceded to them. On the contrary, the bitter feeling between the priory and the town went on increasing. The prior thought to take advantage of the accidental presence of the king at the priory, and induced him to try his hand at patching up a peace between them, but no sooner was he gone than the burgesses repudiated the arrangement. The prior was therefore obliged to try the effect of the superior courts, and obtained a writ from the court at Westminster, summoning twelve of the chief Dunstable burgesses to hear the confirmation of the settlement made by the king solemnly enunciated. The award had about as much justice in it as we might expect from the very singular notions on that subject entertained by King Henry III. The prior was to have the right to tax Dunstable and the citizens thereof just as often and as much as the king might tax any of his towns—that is to say, as often as he could possibly squeeze anything out of

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 101.

the taxed. If anyone refused admittance to the prior's officers he was to pay the usual fine, and in addition a *misericordia* of four-pence. The prior's court was to be attended by all tenants in chief living within the town, others might be excused unless they had business; all tenants in chief might however be summoned. Those who should venture to sell bread, and ale, without paying the assesment, were to be fined, and if contumacious to be put in the pillory. The citizens were not specially grateful for this power given to the prior to tax them at his good pleasure, and they refused to admit the award without a special order from the king. This was quickly procured by the activity of the prior, and enjoined the sheriff of Bedfordshire to aid and abet him in enforcing the tax on the burgesses. But the citizens were determined to resist this destructive grant to the uttermost. They obtained access to the king, and represented its injustice; and the fickle king immediately addressed another writ to the sheriff, in which the power of *tallagium* is allowed to the prior only over his own tenants. Acquiescing in this, at least for the present, the prior proceeded to make trial of its efficacy. But the citizens, encouraged doubtless by the glimpse of royal favour, now had visions of defeating even this privilege.

The assesment of the tax was made by twelve of 'the more faithful' burgesses, who took oath that they would assess 'in due proportion, not unjustly pressing upon their rivals, or 'deferring to their friends.' But whether or no the fitting proportion was kept, it is certain that the total amount by no means satisfied the canons. Only the sum of sixty-three shillings was produced by the tax, even the richer burgesses having to pay but three shillings apiece. This was not to be endured. The appraisers are charged in the 'Chronicle' with having committed manifest perjury, a much larger amount having been calculated upon. But while the canons were dissatisfied, the people were no less so. This was what they were to pay, and they did not know how often, for the advantage of having a religious house in their town, which had actually bought them of the king to be fleeced and pillaged; and, while it put on these secular taxes at discretion, also enforced, unsparingly, the ecclesiastical taxation of tithes and offerings. Tithes and offerings they would no longer pay to such a pack of avaricious priests as these. 'So great fury seized the people, that, out of hatred to the Church, they withheld the tithes and offerings. So that, on the occasion of a funeral or churching, they would offer only one penny. As to the fabric of the church, though it needed repair much, they would do nothing to it. They hurled blasphemies at the

'canons and their servants, and defamed them throughout the country with false accusations. They also proposed publicly in the church that all should bind themselves under a curse not to grind corn at the prior's mills. They overturned, on the public roads, the corn which the prior took as lord, and shut up the horse in custody, and it required sometimes the bailiffs, sometimes the neighbouring chaplains, sometimes the dean himself, to get him free. They bribed the bailiffs of neighbouring lords to hinder us and our affairs on their lands, which they frequently did.' These vigorous reprisals brought down upon the Dunstable people the reproofs and threats of the king's officers; but as soon as their backs were turned the townspeople were as fierce as ever. When the sheriff attempted to seize goods as a security for the tax which had not been paid, the whole population of the town, men and women, rose in a body and prevented him from distraining. The aid of the Bishop of Lincoln was called in by the prior, and he gave orders that the malefactors should be excommunicated, on all holy days, in all the neighbouring towns and deaneries, but to such a pitch of exasperation were the townspeople worked up, that this terrible weapon had no effect. They declared that they were excommunicated already, and that 'they would rather remain so, and even go to hell sooner than give way in the matter of the taxing.'² They were ready to sacrifice their hopes for the next world, and their ancient abodes and homes in this world before they would allow the hated canons to have their way. They applied to William de Cantilupe, owner of the neighbouring land, to sell them forty acres, where they might build a new town, and leave the prior and canons in deserted Dunstable to get their taxes and tolls the best way they could. An hostility so violent and so determined astonished and paralysed the king's justiciaries. The whole population appeared to be equally guilty, and they did not know whom to punish, or whom to seize. 'Thus,' says the chronicler, 'infinite crimes remained unpunished,' and the law was set at defiance with impunity. At this juncture a moderate and sensible adviser appeared upon the scene, and was able, by his friendly interposition, to still the troubled waters. This was John, archdeacon of Bedford, who, as a secular priest, would not stand in the same offensive attitude towards the lay folk as the regulars did, and, as an ecclesiastic, would have much in common with the canons. The arrangement to which both sides agreed, at his suggestion, was, that the prior should utterly renounce and give up his claim to tax and toll the people

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 121.² *Ibid.* p. 122.

of Dunstable, and to demand 'aid' of them, and that he should not have the power of inflicting a fine upon any who came into his court, beyond four-pence; that the citizens should enjoy their ancient privileges, and the Church as well; any dispute arising out of these to be settled by the courts at Westminster; and that, as an equivalent for the prior's surrender of his seignorial rights, the citizens should pay to him a sum of sixty pounds.¹

Having thus made peace at home, the prior and canons of Dunstable were free to carry on the exercise of their acquisitive powers in the neighbourhood. The history of religious houses is the history of gradual extension and aggrandizement. Very few, if any of them, remained content with the lands with which they were originally endowed, and many were the secret schemes and plots concocted within the walls of the convent for adding to the property and influence of the house, either by claiming rights of pasturage or forest, or by seizing on land with only a colourable title, or by getting rights of presentation to livings, for the exercise of which they did not scruple to make an advantageous compact.² Troublesome neighbours were they to the laymen and parish priests, and troublesome inhabitants of the diocese to the bishop, while they compensated neither one nor the other by any direct services rendered. 'We acquired,' says the Dunstable chronicler, 'a virgate of land in Segenhoe, which was Robert de Wodewelle's, and which was charged with an annual payment of seven shillings.' Having *acquired* the land (it is not said how), one would suppose the canons would have readily paid the rent-charge. Not so, however. 'Upon this there arose a war, and some were wounded; and the buildings were sacked by our people, so that about forty of them were summoned for the robbery, and breach of the peace.'³ Sometimes a wholesome amount of force is used, at others very ingenious policy is displayed. Thus Walter of Kirkeby gives a carucate of land for a life maintenance for himself and his family; and one Paulinus gets, for concessions made, a rental of four and sixpence, and a 'croft which was useless to us.' Under the year 1236 there are no less than four entries in succession of large numbers of the canons being summoned by their neighbours for breaches of the peace, and, although no distinct information is given as to the precise charges, we may not unreasonably gather that they arose out of the over-keen pursuit of the acquisition of property which seems to have possessed the priory. Bishop Grosseteste, the great foe of acquisitiveness and negligence in

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* pp. 123-4.

² *Ibid.* pp. 131, 283.

³ *Ibid.* p. 138.

the monastic bodies, held his famous visitation in 1237, and the 'Chronicle,' in mentioning its destructive effects, incidentally reveals another source of revenue to the Dunstable canons. 'We,' says the prior, 'could scarcely obtain from the bishop the churches which we had taken in farm for three years.' The individual parish priest or chaplain, isolated and separate, could not make so good a bargain with his parishioners as the more powerful religious house. He was therefore tempted to farm his tithes at a certain fixed stipend, leaving to the monastery the work of recovering them, a work which they usually performed without much scrupulous forbearance. It was upon the tithes and revenues of the parish churches that the eyes of the monk were ever eagerly set. The following entries in the 'Chronicle' are suggestive: 'We obtained a writ in the king's court concerning the church of Bradburne and its belongings, as against the heirs of Walter de Catesby.' And again, 'The see being vacant, by the authority of the Legate Otho, and by our privileges, the Archdeacon of Derby put us in possession of the church of Bradburne and its belongings, and we established there three canons, one of whom we presented to the archdeacon to be responsible to the bishop for spiritual things, but to the prior for temporal things.'¹ A perpetual series of law-suits was going on between the priory and their neighbours for lands or rights, in most of which the canons are successful, their own court at Dunstable being no doubt very convenient. Thus, on one occasion we find them trying a cause, with the king's justices as assessors, in which the family claims were ingeniously barred by the plea which they set up, that the writ of *mort d'ancestre* did not run at Dunstable.² There was a bitter dispute raging for a long time between the priory and the farmer at Caddington, about the right of the canons to depasture their pigs on the beech-mast. At length the farmer, getting no redress in the courts, took the law into his own hands, and proceeded to slaughter and wound the conventual pigs. It was decided afterwards that the canons had no right whatever to this pasture; but the instances are rare in which the priory does not get the best of it in the end. They had, indeed, in the year 1247, to make some slight concessions to their ancient enemies, the townsmen of Dunstable, allowing them to hold a court for their tenants in fee, and not to be obliged to come forward to prove their innocence of the crime of having baked or brewed without paying the dues to the prior, it being presumed that the prior's officers were sharp enough to pre-

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. pp. 148, 149.² Ibid. p. 155.

vent this. But they were quickly compensated for this blow, by the lucky chance of getting back again for nothing, lands which they had sold and been paid for,¹ and by a happy stroke of policy, they relieved their revenues from an annual payment of two marks due to one Peter Vitella, a Roman, by presenting him to the church of Steppingley.² This entry in the 'Chronicle' comes in with somewhat of a bad grace, as, a little before, the annalist had represented, apparently with great indignation, the atrocious abuse of Italians being forced into English benefices by the pope. Perhaps it was held that, as this had become such a common practice, it was but fair that the English should at least get some benefit from it. The Italian gentleman, who had been so kindly promoted by the convent, condescended to pay them a visit a few years afterwards, and having made a satisfactory arrangement about his church, that is to say, having let it out to farm for one hundred shillings a-year, he left his patrons and parishioners, and went to join the pope at Lyons. And, doubtless, the canons were very civil to him, and very willing to forward his journey to Lyons. For their dread foe, Robert Grosseteste, had also gone to Lyons, to the pope, full of schemes for reducing to better discipline the monks and canons who were incumbents of churches, and who sheltered themselves from his vigorous supervision under the privileges of their houses. All of them had lately been obliged to exhibit before him their charters, and claims for exempt privileges,³ and he had gone to the pope fully determined to get all obstructions to his visitations removed. But the influence of the Cistercians proved too strong for the bishop there, and this order, which immediately received into its ranks all the regulars of other orders who had been expelled by the bishop,⁴ was able to thwart him at every turn. We can indeed hardly conceive anything more annoying and perplexing than the work of a mediæval bishop, crossed and harassed by these various religious bodies, some of them legally exempt from his authority, all of them claiming or trying to be so. They were all constantly grasping at the advowsons of churches, and when they had obtained them, they cared nothing about the people so long as they could seize the tithes. Compelled by the bishops of the thirteenth century to establish vicarages in their churches, that is, actually to appoint one of their number as incumbent, and to assign him a fixed stipend, they yet were ready to evade this salutary arrangement if possible. No sooner was the great Grosseteste dead, than Dunstable priory was trying to withhold from one of their vicars the stipend which he had obliged

¹ *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 176.

² *Ibid.* p. 176.

³ *Ibid.* 180.

⁴ *Ibid.* pp. 178, 179.

them to assign to him.¹ At another time, when a royal subsidy was demanded, the priory insisted on the vicars paying a proportion of the amount charged on the house, though this had not previously been done. Money, in fact, with scarcely an attempt at the thinnest disguise, was the ruling principle of their conduct. They were ready enough to establish chantries in churches, that is, to find an altar, a priest, and a right of saying mass, where good offerings were likely to come in, but when a considerable endowment has been made in one of their churches, for the purpose of providing a chantry priest, they quietly pocketed the endowment, but withheld the priest, thinking he might be more profitably employed elsewhere. Several times the 'Dunstable Chronicle' records the fact of the men of Tebworth complaining and appealing against the priory, inasmuch as they did not perform the services of the chantry, though they held the land assigned to that purpose.² It is clear that there was a constant plotting going on within monasteries as to the rights of presentation to churches, which, in those days, were often not clearly defined. An ingenious method of gaining an advowson, where the opposing party was not too strong or powerful, was for the religious house to nominate some man of dignity and power not immediately connected with themselves. If he should succeed in forcing his way into the parish and holding his ground, then, as the nominee of the monastery, the right of presentation would thus be acquired. In this way we find the monks of Bardney presenting to Eddlesborough, David, Archdeacon of Derby, and those of Ramsey presenting to Sullington the Archdeacon of Huntingdon. Of these dignitaries one was again ejected by the prompt resistance of Walter de Rudham, but the other was able to hold his own: 'he entered upon his work like a man,' says the chronicler, in admiration, 'seized the benefice and held it in peace.'³ Equally fortunate was Dunstable with regard to the patronage of Harlington. 'Before the justices at Bedford we pleaded for and gained the patronage of the church at Harlington, by twelve men, free and lawful, against Radulf Pyrot, grandson of Richard Pyrot, who resisted us stoutly, but was obliged to succumb for ever with great confusion.'⁴

Some rather startling instances of the way in which tithes and advowsons were assailed by monasteries are supplied by the 'Annals of Tewkesbury Abbey.' Under the year 1231 we read, 'We sent our monks to Fairford, having heard of the death of Master Godfrey, rector of that church, in order to guard and

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. p. 195.

² Ibid. p. 216.

³ Ibid. p. 277—329.

⁴ Ibid. p. 218.

‘protect our right, *if perchance we had any*, in the said church, so that we might be able to retain it for our own uses.’ ** On the morrow, having heard their mass, the said monks went to the Bishop of Worcester, and shewed him their proctorial letters, which he scarce touched but handed them to his clerks, intending to consult with them about them. The monks made a verbal appeal before he heard the letters, and at length he answered them, having taken the advice of his clerks, that Frederick was the parson of that church, and he could not admit them, but condemned all who should venture to enter the church on our part. The monks appealed and retired. ‘Let the appeal stand for what it is worth,’ said the bishop. ‘But on the twelfth of the kalends of March, by the instruction of the said bishop, as it is said, and of others, very early in the morning, came the said Frederick with a multitude of armed men, to the said church of Fairford, and broke open the gates with violence, and assaulted the monks in an atrocious and unheard-of manner with blows in the church, and ejected them from the church, and in the churchyard trode them under foot by his rascally followers, and scarcely allowed them to escape with life, a thing which has been unheard of since the death of the blessed S. Thomas the martyr.’ The violence used can scarcely be justified, but it is clear enough that the monks had no right whatever to the patronage of the living, and a strong admonition that they were to mind their own business, and not to intrude upon other people’s provinces, was certainly not out of place. That Bishop Grosseteste was of this opinion is shown by what is recorded under the year 1241. ‘Having heard of the death of Nicholas, the parson of Marlow, the lord-abbot went to the Bishop of Lincoln, at London, where many of the bishops were assembled, and addressed an argument to him about the said church, and his care for turning it to our peculiar uses, but he *met with a severe rebuff*. Then he consulted the bishop about the presentation of Gilbert de Clare, a minor. But the bishop advised him to present a fit man, and to arrange for the said Gilbert that he should receive from the said church, by the hand of the parson, twenty-six marks as a simple gratuity, until provision should be made for him in some ecclesiastical benefice, either by us or by some one else.’ As a choice of evils this arrangement of Bishop Grosseteste was probably the best that could be made, but the grasping aggressiveness of the monks who wanted to divert the revenues of the church entirely to themselves, and the unscrupulousness which was ready to appoint a mere boy to an important cure, in order to have control over the tithes, cannot be too strongly condemned. One more instance from the history of this abbey. ‘The lord-abbot went

‘ to Llanbethian to receive the cession of that church, according
 ‘ to the command of the Prior of Winchcombe, the sub-delegate
 ‘ of our lord the pope, because Roger Meylok had been deprived
 ‘ by him, on account of his failing to make the payment from the
 ‘ tithes of the said church which he had in farm. The Arch-
 ‘ deacon of Llandaff instituted there a certain vicar, Thomas of
 ‘ Pennarth, by his authority as ordinary during the vacancy of
 ‘ the see, but him the lord-abbot would in no wise admit. Upon
 ‘ which the said Thomas resigned the said vicarage, saying that
 ‘ he was unwilling to contend with the lord-abbot. Then the
 ‘ lord-abbot conferred the vicarage on the said Thomas by the
 ‘ authority of himself and the convent, and the said Thomas
 ‘ promised fealty to the lord-abbot there.’ A payment had after-
 wards to be made to the ill-used Roger, who was ejected from
 his benefice for not satisfying the pope’s greed, but the convent
 thus acquired not only the revenue which they could extract
 from the Vicar Thomas, but also the right of presentation to a
 valuable benefice, of which no doubt they did not fail to make
 good use.¹

It is sometimes supposed that a fondness for going to law and
 trying all the forms of justice is a mark of a state of advanced
 civilization, and that in earlier days the appeal was to might
 rather than right. But the innumerable lawsuits in which
 Dunstable priory was involved with its neighbours, some-
 times for the most trivial matters, would seem to show the
 contrary. The taste for law indeed was general in the
 thirteenth century.² The king’s justices had frequently
 to hold assizes of three or four weeks duration at Bedford or
 Derby, and then sometimes to depart without trying all the
 causes. They made short work with thieves, hang them up at
 once without more ado; but the intricate questions rising
 out of the mediæval law, the rights, privileges, exemptions; the
 cross purposes between lords paramount and inferior lords; all to
 be decided by the testimony of the twelve *jurati*, must have
 exercised the patience and ingenuity of the lawyers in those
 days, even more than similar niceties do in our own. A good
 specimen of a mediæval lawsuit will be found in the ‘Dunstable
 Annals’ (p. 342). We should try the patience of our readers too
 far were we even to attempt to state the case. The jurisdiction

¹ *Annales Monastici*, vol. ii. pp. 82, 122, 125.

² This is fully borne out by the publication of the ‘Year Books’ of K. Edward I. in which a startling amount of lawsuits is detailed, in a great portion of which religious houses bear a part. Mr. Horwood says in his Preface: ‘It is impossible to look at the Plea Rolls of the reign of Edward I. or even of previous reigns, without remarking the great amount of litigation which took place, so much out of proportion to what might be expected from the then comparatively small population of the country.’

of the Dunstable court which had been obtained by the Prior Richard Morins, was not exercised without considerable difficulties and drawbacks. The justiciaries, according to the original arrangement, were to sit as assessors to the prior while he tried the causes relating to Dunstable. The justiciaries had assented to this arrangement, and had frequently acted upon it. But as time advanced and business increased, the judges did not like to be interrupted in their assize by this extra work, which did not specially belong to them, and they either refused to come to Dunstable, to enable the prior to hold his court, or, if they came, they claimed to hear general causes there as well as Dunstable matters. In the year 1286, the prior was called upon to show by what warrant he claimed to have 'inquiry of franc-pledge and weyf in Dunstable, and by what warrant he claimed to have returns of the briefs of our lord the king, and his own coroners, and the goods of felons and fugitives, the power of fining his men, and an acquittance of common fines, and that he and his men should not answer in any matter touching the town of Dunstable, save before our lord the king or his judges in banco; and by what warrant he claimed that the king's judges should go to Dunstable to hold there the pleas of our lord the king, and by what warrant he claimed to have the custody of the prisons in the said town which belong to our lord the king.' The prior, however, was able to parry this violent attack upon the much-prized privileges of his court. He showed the ancient grants of Richard I. and Henry III., and how these rights had been long conceded and acted upon, and his claim was allowed at Westminster. It was then that the judges, indignant at being thus defeated, declared that if they had to come to Dunstable they would take general pleas there and not only special ones. But this was by no means to be endured by the canons, as the expense of entertaining the judges fell upon them, and they did not desire their visit to be prolonged. Accordingly they appealed again to the king's council, and again they were successful. Only Dunstable causes were to be tried at Dunstable. The 'view of franc-pledge,'¹ which was made twice every year in the king's courts, was only to be made once, this being a peculiar court;² but all the fines, taxes, assizes, licence for markets twice a week, and for fairs twice a year,

¹ *Visus franc-plegii*. This curious and most annoying mediæval burden is thus defined by Du Cange: 'Ipsa inquisitio aut examinatio an omnes qui duodecimo annos attigerunt, et ultra, liberum plegium habeant, id est, sponsorem capitalem quod Regis pacem conservabunt, seu in decennâ aliquâ sint. Secundum leges Edvardi Regis omnes debent facere sacramentum in visu franc-plegii, quod nec latro vult esse nec latroni consentire.'—Du Cange, *sub voce*.

² *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 229.

together with the gallows, tumbrel, and pillory, the cherished privileges and possessions of this 'religious' house, were to remain as before. It may have been this disposition on the part of the judges to question and abridge the conventual rights which excited the Dunstable chronicler against them, but, at any rate, he gives us a very sorry account of the judges under Edward (pp. 355-6). All but two, he says, were corrupt, and many of them were discovered in their misdeeds and heavily fined. As to Thomas de Weyland, chief justice of the King's Bench, his story, as told here, has a strangely tragic cast. He was solemnly accused on the oath of twelve men, of having caused a murder to be committed and having afterwards received into his house the murderer. On this he was arrested by the king's officers, but he escaped from them, and reaching the house of the Grey Friars at Bury S. Edmunds, he demanded to be admitted a brother, and to receive asylum. The only way to get possession of him now was to put the convent into a state of siege, and this was done. After forty days, they were cut off from all importation of meat and drink, so that the brethren gradually stole away, leaving only three or four remaining, who still protected their unfortunate guest. Meantime the king sent for the general of the Franciscans, and asked him how his order dared to shelter and to admit as a brother a felon of the king. Of course the general professed to know nothing about the matter. But the unfortunate judge seeing starvation approaching, reassumed his lay dress and surrendered himself. The sentence upon him was not severe, the king being contented with banishing him; but the strange part of the story is, that he himself had made the law under which he suffered, having caused it to be enacted, that in case of an accused person taking sanctuary, if after forty days he did not appear, it should be lawful to keep from him all manner of victuals, that he might be forced to quit his refuge.¹ But incivilities on the part of the judges were not the only rebuffs to which the Dunstable priory was subject. With the various disputed claims and lawsuits which the canons were carrying on, they necessarily came into collision with many of the neighbouring nobles and gentle folks. Thus, Eudo de la Suche, exasperated by some wrong or fancied wrong which he had suffered, broke open the prior's prison and carried off his gallows,² and an internecine and most complicated quarrel was going on between the canons and Isabella, Countess of Albemarle, as well as between them and one David Flitwick, who seems to have been a genuine pig-headed yeoman of the

¹ The account of Thomas de Weyland's misfortunes is also given in Bartholomew de Cotton, but with somewhat less of fulness.—Barthol. de Cotton (Ed. Luard), p. 171.

² *Annal. de Dunstap.* p. 261.

thirteenth century. The most unprovoked outrage which we find to have been committed against the priory was done by a party of the king's falconers who were being entertained in the priory. Evidently, the conventual *cerevisium* had proved too much for their brains, for at night they sallied out, intent on mischief, and meeting with a chaplain of the priory, who in some way provoked them, they set upon the unfortunate clerk and killed him. They then chose to re-enter the convent, and when the porter tried to keep them out, they seized and beat him. The priory was treated by them as a captured city. They walked throughout it, knocking over every one they met, whether clerk or layman; the sleeping canons were awakened, and a scene of great confusion took place. Meantime the townspeople taking a ready part with the canons against these insolent strangers, rang the great bells of the town and rushed to arms, and it needed all the prior's authority and address to appease the tumult. By false oaths and counter-accusations in the king's courts, these malefactors afterwards managed to escape the punishment which was justly due to them.

The house at Dunstable, though it showed a very sharp eye for worldly matters, was very greatly in debt. At the resignation of one of the priors this debt amounted to no less than 400 marks, which, as the yearly income (in money) was calculated at 107*l.*, was a considerable burden.¹ On one occasion they were obliged to sell their wool five years beforehand, which must have entailed a great loss and a considerable crippling of their farming operations in the Peak, where their flocks were chiefly pastured. We learn incidentally from the 'Annals' the price of a *saccus* of wool at different periods, which represents a very high value compared with the price of corn and provisions. In 1242 it was worth 100 shillings and 40 (?4) pence, or nearly 8 marks.² In 1254, a sack is sold at Dunstable for 7 marks, and the remark is appended, *Lana tunc fuit vilis*.³ In 1274, the price had risen considerably, for the priory was able to obtain 9 marks for the five years' wool which they sold beforehand. As to the price of provisions during the same period, wheat in 1253 was sold at 5 shillings the quarter; but in 1258, when a great scarcity of corn had arisen, a quarter of wheat was sold at Northampton for 20 shillings, at Bedford for 17 shillings, and at Dunstable for 13*s.* 4*d.*⁴ Fluctuations of prices unknown to the better-regulated markets of modern days were liable to arise in those times, for in the year 1287 the quarter of wheat was only worth 20 pence;⁵ while again, in 1294, a quarter of wheat in

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. p. 259.

² Ibid. p. 195.

³ Ibid. p. 188.

⁴ Ibid. p. 208.

⁵ Ibid. p. 338.

the Peak was sold at 21 shillings, and in Dunstable at 16s. 8d. In 1363, the quarter of wheat fetched 23 shillings.¹ In the year 1284, a sheep at Dunstable was only valued at a shilling.² The human animal was at a little higher price, a knave and his family having been sold by the priory, about the same time, for the sum of one mark.³

The extraordinary privileges of the Dunstable Priory in its jurisdiction over the town, were fully confirmed by a charter granted by Edward III.; but in the days of his successor, when in unhappy England a Rehoboam had succeeded Solomon, and exactions and tyrannies were multiplied without any set-off in the way of national glory and greatness, the down-trodden commons at last turned upon their oppressors, and the tyrannies of the 'religious' houses received a momentary check. One is reminded by the history of those days of the scenes on the Continent in 1848, when one small German potentate after another was forced by aggrieved artisans to 'grant a constitution.' So it was in the wild days of Wat Tyler. The people of S. Alban's, encouraged by the success of the London rioters, demanded and obtained a *charta libertatis* of the trembling abbot, and some Dunstable traders who witnessed the scene enacted at S. Alban's thought that it furnished a wholesome precedent for their own case at home. Accordingly, Thomas Hobbes, the mayor of Dunstable, sought an interview with the prior, and being civilly greeted by the latter, and asked whether he had any commands to him from the king, answered, 'with a fierce and menacing countenance—The king commands you to give 'a charter of liberty to his burgesses of Dunstable, such as 'they had in the time of Henry I.' At this the prior was completely paralysed with amazement, but afterwards hearing of what had been done at London and S. Alban's, and not wishing to experience the fate of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prior of Clerkenwell, taking advice also with certain fugitive nobles who had sought refuge in the abbey, he proceeded to draw up a charter, granting the liberty which they sought, and sealed it with the priory seal. But it was now, as afterwards in the days of Jack Cade,—when Dick, the butcher of Ashford, arose to cause 'sin to be struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat to be cut like a calf,'—the *butchers* had evidently a leading part in the Dunstable movement. Butchers indeed are naturally opposed to ecclesiastical rule which interferes somewhat arbitrarily with the sale of their goods, and on this occasion their prominence in sedition is shown by the provision contained in the exacted charter, that no butcher or fishmonger

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. pp. 391, 414.² Ibid. p. 308.³ Ibid. p. 297.

not belonging to the town should be allowed to sell his goods in Dunstable. When, however, the slow understandings of that part of the mob which was more consumer than provider, had taken in the full effect of this arrangement, they manifested unmistakeable signs of impatience, and a tumult arose among the champions of liberty. This made them perhaps receive the extorted charter with less careful examination as to its contents than they otherwise would have bestowed, for in it the prior had adroitly inserted the clause that the burgesses should pay all due fidelity to the Prior of Dunstable. It is greatly, however, to the credit of the prior that when soon afterwards the rebellion was put down, and terrible vengeance was taken upon the unhappy commons, he used great pains, and expended much money to shield 'his men' from the severity of the law, and thus his much-hated supremacy proved of at least some value to them.¹ With this episode the 'Dunstable Annals' conclude, and we take leave of these Black Canons and their numerous intrigues and disputes with their neighbours. Before, however, we finally quit the records of their history, we must note the intimations given in the 'Chronicle' of the rise of another power close to them, which eventually proved more influential in the land than their own, and which they evidently regarded with the greatest jealousy. Under the year 1259, it is recorded that 'the Friars' Preachers, after great pains and much craft 'used, succeeded, in spite of us and against our will, in getting 'a footing in the town of Dunstable, and we were obliged to 'consent to their remaining, at the instance of the king and 'queen and certain nobles.'² There are divers indications in the succeeding years of little jealousies between the two bodies, and under the year 1286 we are told that 'in order to hinder 'the machinations and the mischiefs of the Friars' Preachers in 'Dunstable, we made Thomas our porter buy a messuage which 'adjoined the premises of the said Friars, lest in spite of us they 'should attempt to extend their bounds.'³ Those indeed who imagine that repose and contemplation were the characteristics of a mediæval monastery, must have religiously formed their views from an outside view of the case, and not from any real acquaintance with the facts which the annals of these houses reveal. In the 400 pages which record the proceedings of Dunstable we can find but one allusion to the inward religious life of the priory, to their Church services, and devotional exercises. 'In the same year (1273) we first began to say in the 'convent, *Ave Maria, plena gratia, mater misericordie, tu nos ab 'hoste protege; in hora mortis suscipe.*'⁴ The remainder of

¹ Annal. de Dunstap. pp. 417-19. ² Ibid. p. 213. ³ Ibid. p. 336. ⁴ Ibid. p. 258.

the long history either treats of public affairs, or of the never-ending squabbles about presentations and tithes, rights of pasture, rights of taxing, and so on. We entirely agree with Mr. Luard in his preface, when he says, 'As to the historical value of the "Annals of Dunstable," I scarcely think we can estimate it too highly. It is probably the most accurate record extant of the ordinary secular proceedings of a monastery in the thirteenth century; and though quarrels with the neighbouring landholders or the townspeople are things of minor importance, they serve to bring before us in a very vivid manner the every-day life of the time.'¹ The value of these 'Annals' also seems to us very great in another point of view. They serve to bring out into strong relief a characteristic of the monastic system, which has not been sufficiently noted, viz. its essentially aggressive and litigious character—the selfish way in which it dealt with its neighbours, whether lay or ecclesiastical, and the obstacles to all good government, either in Church or State, which were formed by its prevalence.

¹ Preface, p. xxxii.

ART. VII.—*Novum Testamentum Vaticanum post Angeli Mai aliorumque imperfectos labores ex ipso codice edidit* ÆNOÏH. FRID. CONSTANT. TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ, 1867. 4to. pp. 334.

Himself, too, most imperfectly. Thus much, we conceive, in common fairness to others, Dr. Tischendorf might well have stated on the title-page of his elegant and costly volume. And there ought to have been the less hesitation in making such an avowal at the very onset, inasmuch as no one can doubt that he went to Rome early last year with the fixed resolution of publishing a satisfactory edition of Codex Vaticanus (Codex B of our critical books), and was balked of his worthy purpose by obstacles wholly beyond his control, the incurable obstinacy and childish jealousy of those who bear rule in the Papal Court. The account he gives us in his *Prolegomena*, of his bold attempt and the means by which it was in a great degree defeated, would be almost amusing, if it could be read without a certain feeling of honest indignation. A few courteous words from Vercellone, the editor of Cardinal Mai's posthumous labours, a civil message from the Holy Father himself, in acknowledgment of the gift of a copy of Codex Sinaiticus, sufficed to revive the hopes of Tischendorf, that the greatest work yet undone in this department of Biblical criticism might, after all, have been reserved for his happy fortunes. True, he had visited Rome with the same end in view twenty-three years before, and was allowed to see the precious manuscript but for two library days of three hours each, though armed with letters of recommendation from his own prince, the Roman Catholic King of Saxony, from M. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, who afterwards fell so nobly at the barricades, and (*valeant quantum*) from the French Premier, the Protestant Guizot. On that occasion he obtained, besides a general notion of the genius and external appearance of the document, no more than twenty-five readings, available for his Greek Testament of 1849 (3rd edition), to which he added thirty-four others on the authority of Cardinal Mai; for his seventh edition of 1859, he procured from Albert Dressel the true reading in 230 places, where previous collators had differed from each other. This was, up to the spring of last year, the sum of Tischendorf's studies in the Codex Vaticanus.

Others, however, had not been idle since he first saw the manuscript in 1843. The very next year, Edward de Muralt, to whom we are indebted for an exact knowledge of eleven valuable copies of the Greek Testament in the cursive or later character, was permitted to examine it for three whole days, or nine hours, and on the strength of this privilege soon after published a special edition, of no great value we fear, *ad fidem codicis principis Vaticani* (2d edit. 1860). Shortly afterwards the same pilgrimage was undertaken by an Englishman, now most honourably known as a Biblical scholar, Dr. S. P. Tregelles. 'One principal object I had in going abroad [in 1845],' he writes, 'was to endeavour to collate for myself the Vatican MS. (B.) This important document was collated for Bentley by an Italian [Abbate] named Mico [about 1720], and this collation was published in 1799; it was subsequently collated (with the exception of the Gospels of [SS.] Luke and John) by Birch [about 1780]. A third collation (made previously to either of these, in 1669) remains in MS at Paris.¹ As this is the most important of all New Testament MSS. I had compared the two published collations carefully with each other; I found that they differed in nearly *two thousand* places; many of these discrepancies were readings noticed by one and not by the other. I went to Rome, and during the five months that I was there, I sought diligently to obtain permission to collate the MS. accurately, or at least to examine it in the places in which Birch and Bentley [*i.e.* Mico] differ with regard to its readings. All ended in disappointment. I often *saw* the MS., but I was hindered from transcribing any of its readings.'² The means by which he was hindered were as unbecoming as the hindrance itself was unworthy of Christian gentlemen. Two clerics were told off to watch him while the great Codex lay before him. 'They would not let me open it without searching my pockets, and depriving me of pen, ink, and paper.' Failing to engage Tregelles in conversation, they would interrupt him by loud talking with each other, and 'If I looked at a passage too long, the two *prelati* would snatch the book out of my hand.'

Of course, for all this coarse insult of a heretic and a stranger there was a motive, however poor a one. As early as 1828, Cardinal Angelo Mai, of whose learning his Church is so justly proud, had been engaged on an edition of the whole Codex Va-

¹ Imperial Library MSS., Gr. Supp. 53. This collation made by Bartolucci, once Librarian of the Vatican, under an assumed name, was rediscovered by Scholz, at Paris, in 1819, and used by him, in his perfunctory way, for his Greek Testament of 1830-36. It was copied by Tischendorf in 1840, by Tregelles in 1849, but has never been published in full.

² An Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament, 1854, p. 156.

ticanus, the Old Testament as well as the New, which had been repeatedly announced before Tischendorf or Tregelles had seen Rome, but which by that time seemed likely never to appear. And we believe that it never would have been published in Mai's lifetime; for since it had been begun, and to a great extent carried through the press, before he was sufficiently aware of the difficulties of the task he had undertaken, and which it was now too late to face, he was naturally reluctant to risk a high and well-earned reputation by putting forth an ill-designed and ill-executed work, which he had not either patience or special skill to accomplish well, but was scholar enough to be conscious that he had done very badly.

When the Cardinal's long-looked-for volumes were sent forth about the end of 1857, more than three years after his death, no one was any longer at a loss to account either for their delay, or for the anxiety on the part of the Papal officials that the manuscript itself should not be too well known beforehand by foreign and not very partial critics. It is so far satisfactory to know that Mai's representation of Codex Vaticanus is less unfaithful than might be supposed on a first hasty review; that he has made sufficient use of his peculiar advantages to furnish us with a more trustworthy account of its contents than any of his predecessors. Such a result, however inadequate to our wishes, could scarcely have been anticipated from the process which had been adopted in the preparation of his work. The type was set up, not from a careful transcript of the original manuscript, previously made and then scrutinized with all possible care, but from the commonly received or Elzevir text of a printed Greek Testament, the variations from it, *which comprise the whole value of Codex B*, being inserted as corrections, and the press-work revised by means of an assistant, who read the proof-sheets to the Cardinal, while he inspected the manuscript. Well might Tischendorf have felt dismayed, when, on being shown by Mai (a liberal and most estimable prelate) the sheets of the New Testament already printed as early as 1843, he found the remarkable addition of *καὶ ἐσμεν* after *κληθόμεν* in 1 John iii. 1, which even Birch and Griesbach had long since cited from Codex B, omitted in the text, but inserted in the margin, in the Cardinal's own hand (*Tisch. Proleg.* p. vii.). But indeed no one would look for accuracy from a method which could not possibly lead to it.

The principal edition of Mai's work was in five expensive quarto tomes, for which the deep interest they had excited procured a rapid sale. In 1859 was issued a cheap octavo volume, containing the New Testament alone, which must have been long since ready, having been printed under Mai's own eye,

but which had been studiously kept back, for reasons well appreciated by the trade, till the heavier speculation had been got off hand. Both editions were prefaced by short epistles by Charles Vercellone, a Barnabite monk, a person to whom the honour of setting forth a full and satisfactory edition of Codex B seems yet reserved by the fates. The smaller edition being, as Vercellone tells us, the result of a renewed collation of the manuscript by the Cardinal himself, ought to be, and is in some degree, the less faulty of the two. It was soon seen to differ from the larger work in many places, though its credit was not a little impaired by the discovery that the changes made in it were by no means always for the better. In the summer of 1860, for example, Mr. Burgon of Oriel, having been granted access to the Codex for an hour and half, consulted it for sixteen passages out of several hundreds in which Mai's two editions contradict each other. The quarto volume was found to be right in seven of them, the octavo in nine.

If we cannot absolutely agree with Tregelles' assertion that 'this is the most important of all New Testament manuscripts,' we must grant, that in point both of age and of critical value, none can be placed before it, and not more than two or three can enter into competition with it. Hence it is not at all surprising that Tischendorf, so richly furnished by his own energy, and by the industry of others, with materials for the revision of the sacred text, when settled down to the preparation of his new and *eighth* edition of the New Testament, should have brooked but ill the uncertainty that rested on many of the readings of Codex B, and our ignorance of certain peculiar features so necessary to be taken into account in estimating the weight that ought to be assigned to it. He must have been encouraged too by the success which had eventually crowned his renewed efforts to gain possession of the Codex Sinaiticus, the great rival and contemporary of that in the Vatican. And so in February 1866 he sets his face once more towards Rome, certainly on no vain or bootless errand, but at any rate to learn that he had to deal there with persons of a very different calibre from the simple monks of S. Catherine on Mount Sinai. He is received, as we might expect, most graciously by Pius IX.; and in answer to the Pope's common-place question, 'how long he purposed to stay at Rome?' he sought permission to re-edit the New Testament portion alone of the Codex Vaticanus at his own cost, on the model of the splendid edition of the Codex Sinaiticus, a copy of which his Holiness had condescended to accept at Tischendorf's hands. The Supreme Pontiff, it seems, is so little at home in these matters, that he urged Mai's performances as sufficiently worthy of credit to render such a work

as Tischendorf proposed unnecessary; and when the critic, too good a courtier to venture on a direct exposure of the Cardinal's blunders and inconsistencies, suggests that his own projected edition would in that case conciliate for Mai's attempt the confidence which authority could not enforce, the Pope tries to get rid of his petitioner by the abrupt reply, 'But we too can do that,' (Tisch. *Proleg.* p. viii.) The quick-witted German, a full match for the wily Italian, at once catches up the latent hint. Perceiving that it was designed to publish at Rome an *authorized* edition of the world-famed Codex, with which his own scheme would not be allowed to interfere, he now modifies his request, and only asks to be allowed to examine it in all those passages the true reading of which was doubtful. To this the Pope consents, little imagining, we dare say, how much the petition implied; and his assent was formally confirmed to Tischendorf by Cardinal Antonelli, two days later. His Holiness reserved to himself, as the glory of his reign, a complete reproduction of Codex Vaticanus; subject always to this restriction, our critic might use it freely. Accordingly, he commenced his labours upon it on the last day of February 1866.

We can well believe Tischendorf's statement that of the three hours daily, for which miserable space only the Vatican Library is open, he took anxious care not to lose a moment. He had worked on for ten days, or thirty hours, when on the 12th of March, before he had quite finished the three earlier Gospels—how he could have made so much progress is a mystery to us—he was 'thunderstruck' by finding the manuscript withdrawn from his hands. Naturally enough, he had been narrowly watched, and had been seen to transcribe exactly a few pages of the Codex,¹ in different parts of the New Testament; and though, as he tells us, this had not been expressly forbidden, we cannot feel much surprised that it was regarded as a virtual breach of his contract. Perplexed and disappointed beyond expression, he applies to Antonelli for a single fortnight to complete his task so far as it could now be completed, telling him plainly that the editors of the future Roman edition would find their task all the easier for that concession. The same appears to have been the opinion of Charles Vercellone, the writer of those neat little prefaces to Mai's two editions, and who (with the partial exceptions of the Jesuit Alter and of Martin Scholz) would seem to be the only member of his communion who has

¹ He says himself, when writing to Vercellone on the 27th of March, "Tout en collationnant j'avais aussi copié une quinzaine des 1518 pages [including the Old Testament] que contient le Manuscrit : chose qui ne m'était aucunement défendue." His volume contains eighteen such pages, so that Vercellone must have let him transcribe three pages more.

possessed the smallest aptitude for the critical study of the *Greek Bible*. Appointed to the superintendence of the forthcoming papal edition, on that fatal 12th of March which cut short Tischendorf's hopes, he came forward, we are told, *in re incerta amicus certus*. He undertook to be present and in charge of the manuscript, while the German went through the rest of the New Testament, and revised his earlier collations, and was to receive for his rich reward the use of Tischendorf's papers. It must have been an interesting thing indeed for Vercellone to be privileged to witness that marvellous facility, peculiar to Tischendorf among critical collators, whereby at a glance he discerns the original reading of a difficult passage, underlying the several corrections of later hands, by which it has been corrupted and obscured. What others accomplish in this way by painful efforts and after many fruitless trials, seems with him one simple effort of instinctive genius. Like a skilful physician, he has grown familiar with the causes of disease, and with the ever-varying aspect which it wears to common eyes,

‘Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.’

We cannot find (for here Tischendorf is not very explicit) that the time he expended over the manuscript, when it was in Vercellone's custody, exceeded the stipulated fortnight. He cites an extract from a letter addressed by him to Vercellone on the 27th of March, which seems designed to review the whole transaction. He had his audience of leave-taking with the Pope on the 20th of April, in which he proffered to his Holiness his best services in behalf of the future edition of Vercellone; and he has since forwarded to Rome the splendid types used for the larger edition of Codex Sinaiticus, with which the sheets of the Codex Vaticanus began to be set up in February last. (*Tisch. Proleg.* pp. viii.—x.)

Such, in brief, is all that we have to look for from the volume we are reviewing. The editor is not to be censured in the least for its manifold and obvious defects, the causes of which he had in vain striven to remove; yet the fact remains the same. He has enjoyed the full use of the manuscript he professes to edit for only thirty hours; for about the same time he has had hurried access to it, with his attention distracted by the presence of another person. Since he cannot be expected to have done anything like justice to the most difficult and one of the most important documents preserved to us from remote antiquity, we cannot but regret that his book has been ushered into the world with so loud a flourish of trumpets; that he has spread over

an expensive quarto materials that might have been compressed into a full-sized pamphlet; and above all, that he should have paid the University of Oxford the poor compliment of dedicating to her a work whose provisional and imperfect character he does not attempt to conceal.

The Codex Vaticanus, whatever be its earlier history, has probably been in the Vatican ever since Nicholas V. founded the library in 1448. Since the last portions of the New Testament (from Heb. ix. 14 to the end of that book, the four Pastoral Epistles and the Apocalypse) are supplied in a hand of the fifteenth century from a manuscript which once belonged to Cardinal Bessarion, it is possible that this learned Greek brought it with him into the West. It was first distinctly noticed by Sepulveda in 1534, who supplied Erasmus with 365 of its readings, one of which (*καὶ ὅσα*, Acts xxvii. 16) he expressly cites in his Annotations on the Acts, 1535. Erasmus seems also to have heard something about it (in relation to 1 John v. 7, 8) from Paul Bombasius, the Vatican librarian, as early as 1521. Of the 759 leaves which it contains, only 146 belong to the New Testament; the rest are devoted to the Greek Septuagint version of the Old Testament, complete from Gen. xlv. 28, *πολὺν*, where the text begins. All that the ordinary visitor sees of it is its splendid red morocco binding as it stands in its place on the Vatican shelves; it is ten and a half inches high, ten broad, four and a half thick.¹ Codex Sinaiticus, its rival and contemporary, is considerably larger, being even now that the margins are cut, fourteen and seven-eighths inches high and thirteen and a half broad. The vellum of each is excellent, though unequal in quality; that of Codex Vaticanus is perhaps rather the thinner and of the better quality. Codex Sinaiticus contains four columns of forty-eight lines each on every page, eight on each open leaf; Codex Vaticanus three columns of forty-two lines each on every page, six on each open leaf. The breadth of each column in the two manuscripts is about equal; but inasmuch as the letters of the Vatican book are somewhat the smaller, each line contains about sixteen or eighteen letters (written continuously, like all others of that age, without distinction or space between the words), whereas that of Sinai averages but thirteen or fourteen letters in a line. Where the original writing can be seen unaltered in the Vatican copy, the ink resembles that of its sister Codex, being of a yellowish brown shade; but the main difficulty of

¹ We adopt Mr. Burgon's measurement. Tischendorf, who reckons by the sheet or open leaf, makes the size nearly the same: 'latum est 18 pollices mensuræ Gallicæ, altum 10 pollices, ita ut altitudo [meaning, we presume, *latitudo*], pollicibus octo altitudinem exsuperet.' (*Proleg.* p. xvii.)

using Codex Vaticanus arises from the fact that its fading letters were retraced and furnished with breathings and accents by a scribe of the tenth or eleventh century in coarser ink and with no great care; the earlier characters being visible chiefly in those places which the corrector left untouched, either because the first penman had written them in error, or through desire to modernize the spelling by passing over one or more letters in a word. This peculiarity it must principally be which lends to every *fac-simile* of Codex Vaticanus which we have seen a rugged and irregular appearance; the hand seems unsteady and the letters to stand unevenly, unlike those of any document approaching its age and value.¹ We need not add how largely the responsibility of an editor must be increased by the fact that he can seldom discern the original letters beneath the strokes which have been so injudiciously traced over them. In the disposition of the sheets also which compose a quire, Codex Vaticanus, to judge by the primitive numerals yet surviving the scissors which cut off its outer margin, was not arranged in *quaternions* of four sheets or eight leaves each, like Codices Sinaiticus and Bezae, but in *quinions* of five sheets or ten leaves each; though we should not choose to infer, as Tischendorf does, from this unimportant circumstance, that it could not have been (as might the Codex Sinaiticus) one of the fifty copies described by Eusebius (*Vit. Const.* iv. 36, 37) as having been made by the first Christian emperor's order to supply the churches of his new capital, Constantinople.

We have stated (p. 409) that Tischendorf excited the suspicions of the Vatican authorities in March 1866, by copying entire pages of the Codex as it lay before him. We consider the eighteen pages he has thus been enabled to exhibit to us the most instructive portion of his disappointing book; and we will illustrate what we have yet to say on the subject by reference to the page containing the celebrated passage in 1 John v., which we subjoin for the benefit of such of our readers as have not ready access to the volume under review.²

¹ We observe a little of this irregularity even in those two passages untouched by the later hand (Rom. iv. 4; 2 Cor. iii. 15, 16), which Tischendorf had traced in 1843, and now publishes.

² The only other complete page of Codex Vaticanus yet published is the poor *fac-simile* of the first extant leaf of the Old Testament (Gen. xlv. 28, &c.) in the first volume of Mai's larger edition.

ἰωαννου α

[1 John iv. 13—v. 16].

αυτος εν ημιν οτι εκ
του πνευματος αυτου
δεδωκεν ημιν και η
μεις τεθεισμεθα και
μαρτυρουμεν οτι ο
πατηρ απεσταλκεν το
νιον σωτηρα του κοσ
μου· ος εαν ομολογη
ση οτι ις χς εστιν ο υ
ιος του θυ ο θς εν αυτω
μενει και αυτος εν τω
θω· και ημεις εγνωκα
μεν και πεπιστευκα
μεν την αγαπην ην ε
χει ο θς εν ημιν· ο θς α
γαπη εστιν· και ο μενω
εν τη αγαπη εν τω θω
μενει και ο θς εν αυτω
μενει· εν τούτω τετε
λειωται η αγαπη μεθ η
μων ινα παρρησιαν ε
χωμεν εν τη ημερα της
κρισεως οτι καθως ε
κεινος εστιν και ημεις
εσμεν εν τω κοσμω
τούτω· φοβος ουκ ε
στιν εν τη αγαπη· αλλα
η τελεια αγαπη εξω βαλ
λει τον φοβον οτι ο
φοβος κολασιν εχει ο
δε φοβουμενος ου τε
τελειωται εν τη αγαπη·
ημεις αγαπωμεν οτι
αυτος πρωτος ηγαπη
σεν ημας εαν τις ειπη
οτι αγαπω τον θυ και
τον αδελφον αυτου
μειση ψευστης εστι
ο γαρ μη αγαπων τον
αδελφον αυτου ον ε
ορακεν τον θυ ον ου
χ εορακεν ου δυναται

αγαπαν· και ταυτην
την εντολην εχομε
απ αυτου ινα ο αγαπω
τον αδελφον αυτου·
· πας ο πιστευων οτι ις
εστιν ο χς εκ του θυ γε
γεννηται· και πας ο αγα
πων τον γεννησαντα
αγαπα τον γεγεννημε
νον εξ αυτου εν τούτω
γνωσκειμεν οτι αγα
πωμεν τα τεκνα του
θυ οταν τον θυ αγαπω
μεν και τας εντολας
αυτου ποιωμεν· αυτη
γαρ εστιν η αγαπη του
θυ ινα τας εντολας αυ
του τηρωμεν· και αι ε
ταλαι αυτου βαρειαι ου
κ εισιν οτι παν το γεγε
νημενον εκ του θυ νει
κα τον κοσμον και αυ
τη εστιν η νεικη η νει
κησασα τον κοσμον
η πιστις ημων· τις ε
στιν δε ο νικων τον κοσ
μον ει μη ο πιστευω
οτι ις εστιν ο υιος του
θυ ουτος εστιν ο ελθω
δι υδατος και αιματος
ις χς ουκ εν τω υδατι
μονω αλλ εν τω υδατι
και εν τω αιματι· και
το πνευμα τιν το μαρ
τυρουν οτι το πνευμα
εστιν η αληθεια οτι
τρεις εισιν οι ματυρου
τες· το πνευμα και
το υδωρ και το αιμα·
και οι τρεις εισ το εν εισι·
ει την μαρτυριαν τω
ανθρωπων λαμβανομε

η μαρτυρια του θυ μει
ζων εστιν· οτι αυτη ε
στιν η μαρτυρια του
θυ οτι μεμαρτυρηκε
περι του νιου αυτου·
· ο πιστευων εισ τον υ
ιον του θυ εχει την μαρ
τυριαν εν αυτω· ο μη πι
στευων τω θω ψευστη
πεποιηκεν αυτον οτι
ου πεπιστευκεν εισ
την μαρτυριαν ην με
μαρτυρηκεν ο θς περι
του νιου αυτου· και αυ
τη εστιν η μαρτυρια ο
τι ζων αιωνιον εδω
κεν ο θς ημιν και αυτη
η ζωη εν τω νιω αυτου
εστιν· ο εχων τον υιο
εχει την ζωην· ο μη εχω
· τον υιον του θυ την ζω
ην ουκ εχει· ταυτα
εγραψα υμιν ινα ειδη
τε οτι ζων εχετε αιω
ριον τοις πιστευουσιν
εις το ονομα του νιου
του θυ· και αυτη εστιν
η παρρησια ην εχομεν
προς αυτον οτι εαν τι
αιτωμεθα κατα το θε
λημα αυτου ακουει η
μων· και αν οιδαμεν ο
τι ακουει ημων ο αν αι
τωμεθα οιδαμεν οτι ε
χομεν τα αιτηματα α
υτου αμαρτανοντα
αμαρτιαν μη προς θα
νατον αιτησει και δω
σει αυτω ζωην τοις α
μαρτανουσιν μη προς

At the foot of the page Tischendorf records the changes brought into the text by two later hands, which he calls B² and B³, the latter of them being the writer of the breathings and accents. B³, for instance, invariably leaves untouched, and so

rejects, *v* after *ι* at the end of a verb before a consonant beginning the next word; for *εωρακαμεν* (col. 1, ll. 41, 42) spells *εωρακαμεν*; for *γινωσκομεν*, *νεικα*, *νεικη*, *νικησασα*, by leaving *ε* untouched, would read *γινωσκομεν*, *νικα*, *νικη*, *νικησασα*: while B² had previously corrected the worst errors by inserting *το θν αγαπα κ*, after col. 2, l. 3, and *εσ* before *τιν*, col. 2, l. 34. In col. 2, l. 37, *ματυρον* for *μαρτυρον*, looks more like a typographical oversight of Tischendorf's book, than a blunder of the scribe.

From a specimen like the above, even the inexperienced student may form some notion of the genius and general appearance of the oldest Greek manuscripts extant. He must, however, bear in mind that documents of so high antiquity are invariably written, not as we have here represented them, in common type, with spaces between the words, but continuously (*e. g.* col. 1, l. 1. ΑΤΤΟCΕΝΗΜΙΝΟΤΙΕΚ) in *uncial* or capital letters, of the squarest, most simple, yet very graceful forms. So little regard is paid to the division of words, that even the letters of such short particles as *ουχ* (col. 1, l. 41) and *ουκ* (col. 2, l. 19) are separated at the end of a line. The purpose of the scribe was clearly to preserve on the vellum a close resemblance to the more familiar style of writing on the papyrus, a material that compelled men to employ long slips, which never exceeded two and a half or three inches in breadth. The fact that these two documents, the Codices Vaticanus and Sinaiticus (B and S), alone among those which approach to them in date, should be found to exhibit so marked a resemblance to the papyrus rolls buried in the ruins of Herculaneum, A. D. 79, and which there remained undisturbed for seventeen centuries, a resemblance as great in regard to the shapes of the letters as to the general form of the books themselves, suffices to place them in a class by themselves, and persuade us to regard them as prior to any others extant by an interval of full fifty years.

And closer observation discloses other circumstances which would lead us to the same conclusion. If the reader will please to glance once more at our specimen page, he will see that no letter is larger than the rest. The practice of beginning a new sentence, or even a new chapter (col. 2, l. 5), with what is now termed a capital letter, had not yet come into use. It is quite otherwise with the two Biblical manuscripts which approximate closest to the S or B in age, Codex Alexandrinus (A) in the British Museum, Codex Ephraemi (C) at Paris. In these last, which are fairly assigned to the fifth century of our era, letters decidedly larger than the other uncials in which they are written perpetually intrude into the left-hand margin at the commencement of a new sentence: they were not admitted into

the middle of a line in any extant document earlier than Codex Bezae (D) of the beginning of the sixth century, and even then so rarely and timidly that some persons have denied their existence altogether. But, in truth, the only writings which resemble Codd. B and N in this respect are older than Codex D can possibly be, and must, with them, be referred to the fourth century at latest. Such are the Egyptian papyri in the British Museum and elsewhere; the Herculanean rolls named above; the few leaves of the Colbert Pentateuch; four palimpsest leaves in the British Museum (Add. 17,136), containing sixteen verses of S. John; the Vatican fragment of Dio Cassius (but here again the case is not quite clear); to which Tischendorf (*Prol.* p. xix.) now adds 'item fragmenta Euripidis Claromontana et fragmenta Menandri Porfiriana.'

Another considerable note of very great age consists in the scarceness and extreme simplicity of the marks of punctuation. A simple point will be seen to occur about twenty-seven times on our specimen page, and even this is rejected by J. L. Hug (whose treatise *De Antiquitate Vaticani Codicis Commentatio*, first established the right of our manuscript to the paramount consideration now granted to it), for he bluntly declares that it 'manifeste nullam habuit interpunctionem,' the stops we now perceive having been made by a later hand. Now although Hug had facilities for examining the document when it lay in Paris in 1809, the spoil of war, such as have fallen to no more recent critic whose judgment can be relied on, we believe he was mistaken in this instance. The stop we do find is not such as a later pen would have introduced, but one simple dot, (in some rare cases, or at the end of books, *two, e.g.:*) like the Greek colon, abreast of the top of the preceding letter. Such a point even Hug admits to be original in 2 Cor. iii. 15, *καὶ τὰ* (a passage of which Tischendorf gives that interesting *fac-simile* from a tracing made by him in 1843) wherein the clause having been written in error twice over, the modern tracer retouches it but once. Tischendorf (*Proleg.* p. xxi.) records for the benefit of future collectors more than twenty places in the two earlier Gospels in which such original points may even now be detected, and any one at all acquainted with the oldest manuscripts now in England (*e.g.* Codd. A, D) will be aware that these marks of punctuation, the dialysis (.) over I and Y, and the apostrophus ('), are almost illegible in many pages where the letters are yet clear and almost fresh. Now in all these respects the Sinai manuscript is an exact counterpart of that in the Vatican: the dialysis is sometimes written, sometimes not—the apostrophus is common after ξ or φ final—the single point is almost the only sign of punctuation; it occurs far more rarely in some parts of the

copy than at others (*e. g.* less frequently in the Gospels than in the Epistles), and its place is often supplied by a simple blank interval, left often, but by no means invariably, to distinguish one paragraph from another.

The same inference, leading to a conviction of their remote antiquity, may be drawn from marking the abridgments employed in Codd. B and $\aleph$. The most conspicuous on our specimen page is the small horizontal line set over and a little to the right of the last letter in a line to indicate ν ; this occurs about eighteen times on the page, as well when ν is in the middle, (*e. g.* col. 2, l. 18, *εντολαι*) as at the end of a word. A few names also in constant use are frequently (not always) abridged by writing only their first and last letters, and placing over them a horizontal line; such are *θεος*, *ιησους*, *χριστος*, and their oblique cases on this page, and *κυριος* elsewhere. Tischendorf notes, that *πνα*, *ισλ*, *ανοσ*, *δαδ*, for *πνευμα*, *ισραηλ*, *ανθρωπος*, *δανιδ* are also found in Codex B, but more rarely than in Codex $\aleph$, while *πατηρ*, *μητηρ*, *υιος*, *σωτηρ*, *ιερουσαλημ*, *ουρανος*, are seldom if ever shortened in the Vatican New Testament: he cannot answer for the Old Testament. All these words, however, are abridged thus in Codex $\aleph$ (*e. g.* *μητερα* thirteen times out of the twenty-three places in which it is found), so that as far as this test will carry us, Codex B being considerably more free from the *compendia scribendi* of more recent copies, may be regarded as somewhat the older of the pair; an inference which will be confirmed in the sequel by other arguments.

From what we stated respecting the missing portions of Codex Vaticanus (p. 411), the reader may have inferred that the sacred books stand in a different order from that of our modern Bibles. In all our most ancient *Greek* manuscripts except Codex Bezae (which runs SS. Matthew, John, Luke, Mark), the order of the Gospels is the same as ours; but in only a very few do the Pauline Epistles precede the Acts. Such however is the arrangement of Codex Sinaiticus,¹ which in this particular is at variance with Codex Vaticanus, wherein the Acts and seven Catholic Epistles immediately follow S. John's Gospel. In the order of the Pauline Epistles Codd. Vaticanus (with one exception, to be mentioned hereafter), Sinaiticus, Alexandrinus, and Ephraemi, (B, $\aleph$, A, C) agree in setting the Epistle to the Hebrews immediately after 2 Thess. and before the four private or Pastoral Epistles. The Apocalypse invariably stands last,

¹ The only other known Codices which resemble that of Sinai in this respect is the celebrated Leicester MS. (Evan. 69); the Dublin Cod. Montfort (Evan. 61); Faber's of Deventer (Evan. 90, whose Gospels stand SS. John, Luke, Matthew, Mark); and the Bodleian Canonici 34: all very modern MSS.

excepting that in Oxon. Wake 34 it precedes the Pauline Epistles, and in Vatican. 2,080 (Evan. 175) it seems to intervene between the Acts and the Catholic Epistles.

Judging from one other peculiarity of Codex Vaticanus, we might be led to infer that it is prior in date to Codex Sinaiticus. The latter, in common with the Codex Alexandrinus and most other manuscripts, exhibits in its margin, written in their appropriate red ink or paint, the canons of harmony throughout the Gospels, which Eusebius, the Church historian, about A.D. 330, devised, or perhaps only accommodated to the previously existing sections of Ammonius. Now these canons are completely wanting in Codex Vaticanus, which divides the Gospels into 464 chapters, an arrangement long believed to be unique, but which Dr. Tregelles in 1858 detected in a palimpsest fragment of S. Luke, of about the eighth century, the property of the Bible Society, and since published by him under the name of Codex Zacynthius (Ξ) from its having been brought from Zante. In the Acts and Epistles, moreover, Codex Vaticanus contains two sets of chapters, one more ancient, apparently original, in which the Pauline Epistles are treated as one continuous work;¹ the other by a later pen; and from these independent notations we gather two remarkable facts: (1) that in the older *exemplar* from which Codex B was taken the Epistle to the Hebrews, which now follows 2 Thess., *and is on the same leaf with it*, must have been placed after that to the Galatians,² as it is even now in Zoega's Thebaic version; and (2) that there must be some connexion between Codex B and $\aleph$ of a closer nature than exists between other documents, inasmuch as the smaller and more recent chapters of Codex B are placed (with some slight changes) in the margin of Codex $\aleph$, throughout the first half of the Acts, by a hand not much posterior to that of the original scribe: the incomplete notation in Codex $\aleph$ looking older than the complete one in Codex B. We shall hereafter see that the same conclusion with regard to the intimate relation between the two Codices is irresistibly forced upon us by coincidences in their readings too frequent and too remarkable to be imputed to accident.

Yet we must profess ourselves to have been rather startled than persuaded by the arguments alleged by Tischendorf to show

¹ Tischendorf finds the same arrangement in an Arabic MS. of S. Paul's Epistles, dated A.D. 892, which he took to St. Petersburg.

² The proof is simple enough, but quite conclusive. The Epistle to the Galatians in Codex B ends with section 58, that to the Ephesians that follows it begins with section 70, and the notation goes on regularly to section 93, in which 2 Thess. ends: then succeeds the Epistle to the Hebrews, beginning with section 59, and ending abruptly at ch. ix. 12, in the middle of section 64.

that Codices Vaticanus and Sinaiticus are to some extent the work of the same pen (*Proleg.* pp. xxi.—xxiii.) There is certainly no antecedent impossibility in this supposition; nay more, in later times, about the end of the thirteenth century, the same professional writer, Theodore of Hagios Petros, in the Morea (Delitzsch, *Abhandlungen*, pp. 217-9), affixes his name and date to no less than seven known copies of the New Testament or parts of it,¹ each differing from the other not inconsiderably in regard to the text it follows. Yet we must say that the reasons produced so far by Tischendorf seem quite insufficient to prove his point. When he published Codex Sinaiticus in 1862, he declared his opinion that it was written by four several scribes, to one of whom, indicated by D., he refers the books of Tobit, Judith, three and a half leaves of 4 Maccabees, six leaves of the New Testament, and possibly the first thirty-two lines of the Apocalypse. This person he now believes to have transcribed the New Testament in Codex Vaticanus; respecting its Old Testament portion he cannot speak positively, though here, too, he finds traces of two other hands. Now, it must be known to all our readers that few things are harder to decide upon than identity or difference of handwriting—not to mention that the formal style maintained in these old Codices admits of much less individuality of character than the free running hand of common life. Hence we are by no means surprised that other scholars, scarcely less competent than Tischendorf, whom he permitted to examine the manuscript while it was in his possession, have doubted or even rejected his decision in this respect. Since Codex $\aleph$ is now unfortunately at S. Petersburg, a city too remote to be visited by the few who have a right to speak authoritatively on such matters, scholars have been content to let the question rest for the present, the rather as up to this time it has seemed to have no practical bearing whatever on textual criticism. Tischendorf himself could not have seen Codex $\aleph$ for the space of four years or more when he was once more set face to face with its rival in February, 1866; and in nothing surely would the best memory be more likely to deceive us, than in pronouncing, after such an interval, upon the sameness of handwriting between two documents which now, alas! never can be brought together.

We must not, however, imagine that Tischendorf's notion that the penman of the Vatican New Testament also wrote a portion of the Sinai Bible rests only or mainly upon similarity

¹ They are Cod. Havn. 1 (Evan. 234) A.D. 1278; Burney, 21 Brit. Mus. (Evan. r), A.D. 1292; Cod. Fabri (mentioned above, p. 12 note; Evan. 90), A.D. 1293; Biblio. Suseox. (Evan. q), A.D. 1295; Synax. Mosc. Syn. Typ. 26, A.D. 1295; Ven. Nan. (Evan. 412), A.D. 1301; Wake Oxon. (Evan. 74), undated.

of style. Were that the case, under the circumstances we have described, we should attach but little weight to his conjecture. There are people in England who take much interest in studies of this nature, and sincerely admire the German critic's energy, perseverance, sagacity, and skill, but are by no means disposed to regard him as impeccable. By these it was perceived, soon after the publication of Codex Sinaiticus, that the portions of its New Testament referred by him to a separate scribe, do indeed differ from the rest in certain small particulars of internal character, an argument all the more cogent as it had passed unnoticed, or at any rate unmentioned, by Tischendorf. Not only did the six leaves range themselves as they should do into three separate sheets,¹ but the text itself is far more free from *itacisms*, or cases of false spelling from the confusion of vowel sounds in popular discourse, than on the leaves which either precede or follow them. Nay more, such itacisms as do occur on the six leaves in question resemble those found in Codex Vaticanus, much more than we see elsewhere in Codex Sinaiticus. The latter, for example, often has *ι* in the place of the diphthong *ει*, seldom *ει* for *ι*, which variation is common enough in the Vatican manuscript; but the six leaves of the Sinai copy attributed by Tischendorf to the scribe of the other (as any one of the several Collations of Codex Σ that have been published will show for itself) contain *ει* for *ι* no less than forty-six times (*e.g.* *γαλειλαια*, *ηλειας*, *μεικρων*, *πειλατος*, *φαρισαιος*), the converse, *ι* for *ει* (*e.g.* *πελαγι*, *αγγιοις*, *στασι*) thirty-two times.² So too *ιωανησ* for *ιωαννης*, which is not found elsewhere in Codex Σ , but perpetually in Codex B (yet not in Luke i. 13, 60, 63, by the first hand), appears with the single *ν*, Matt. xvi. 14, xvii. 1, 13; Luke i. 13, the only places in which it occurs in the course of the six leaves. It is also met with twice in the few lines which open the Apocalypse (ch. i. 1—5), which for other reasons have been attributed to the same scribe.

To these arguments, which of course derive their chief weight from their very minuteness and absence of design they indicate, Tischendorf adds others, more slight in themselves, though valuable as auxiliaries, so far as they are true in fact. The mark >, for instance, we learn from his evidence to be very frequent in all

¹ Fol. 10 (Matt. xvi. 9—xviii. 12), and fol. 15 (Matt. xxiv. 36—xxvi. 6), form the 2d sheet of quire 74; foll. 28, 29 (Mark xiv. 54—Luke i. 56), the 4th sheet of quire 76; fol. 88 (1 Thess. ii. 14—v. 28), and fol. 91 (Heb. iv. 16—viii. 1), the 3d sheet of quire 84.

² This last fact we should hardly have gathered from Tischendorf's language: 'Ut enim in universum Sinaiticus innumeris locis *ι* pro *ει* præbet, multo rarius *ει* pro *ι*, Vaticanus vero *ει* pro *ι*, innumeris locis habet, multo rarius *ι* pro *ει*, ita scriptura sex foliorum illorum ab omnibus ejus codicis reliquis discedens, ad maximam Vaticani similitudinem accedit.' (*Proleg.* p. xxii.)

parts of Codex Vaticanus, a fact of which we were ignorant before. Now, it had been previously observed that >, though sometimes set in the margin of the New Testament in Codex Sinaiticus to indicate quotations from the Old Testament, and that, too, by the first as well as by later hands, is never employed in the New Testament for the mere purpose of filling up a blank space at the end of a line,¹ except in the six leaves assigned to the writer of Codex Vaticanus, while in them it occurs no less than 219 times, and four times in Rev. i. 1—5. We have taken at random the first eight or nine leaves of the Codex Vaticanus,² which Tischendorf has managed to transcribe (p. 5), and find that in them > is thus used nowhere else except at the end of each Gospel, unless at the beginning of lines to mark quotations, a practice too common in all manuscripts to be insisted on. On the whole, then, it is hard to see how Tischendorf's notion of identity of hand can be helped by trifles like these, and some others on which he dwells (*Proleg.* p. xxii.), unless the resemblance between the two copies be more consistent than any he has yet pointed out.

We must regard, therefore, the sameness of hand between the New Testament portion of Codex B and the six leaves of Codex $\aleph$ as neither proved nor likely to be proved till the two Codices, or good photographs of an adequate number of their pages, be brought together. But supposing the identity established, what would be its influence on our estimate of the critical value of each of them? This point is the more worthy of examination, inasmuch as one of the six leaves of Codex $\aleph$ contains the end of S. Mark's Gospel, for the omission of the twelve last verses of which these two manuscripts are the strongest, indeed the only unequivocal witnesses. In both copies the sacred text ends with ch. xvi. 8, *εφοβουντο γαρ*, followed in Codex $\aleph$ by a single point after *γαρ* on l. 4 of its column above an arabesque ornament;³ then, about one inch lower, by *εναγγελιον κατα μαρκον*, adorned with horizontal lines, and > at the beginning and end of each of the three lines over which it is distributed; five-sixths of the column is then left blank (such is the usual practice of Codex $\aleph$ at the end of a book), and S. Luke's Gospel begins in the next column on the same page. In Codex B thirty-one out of the ordinary forty-two lines

¹ Four places which are apparent exceptions to this statement (Matt. vi. 28, xxii. 9; Luke xi. 36; xii. 58), in Codex $\aleph$ have all suffered correction.

² Five pages of Codex $\aleph$ contain about as much as seven of Codex B: (see p. 411).

³ Such slight ornaments are common to the Codd. Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and probably other manuscripts of early date. Tischendorf had previously given specimens of those in Codex Sinaiticus, and now presents us with several he hurriedly traced from Codex Vaticanus.

of the second column of the page are covered by the text, ending with a double point (:) after *γὰρ*, followed by >>— in the same line, and *κατὰ μαρκον* about two inches lower, with > at the beginning and ending of each of the two lines on which it is written, but without an arabesque or horizontal lines; the small remainder of the second column, and the whole of the third and last column are blank, S. Luke's Gospel commencing on the next page. Both writers (if they be two) may perhaps show their consciousness of some omission in the text; the scribe of Codex B leaves just room enough to supply it in, the other does not. We have been thus minute in describing the condition of the two pages that the reader may draw with us, if he pleases, the conclusion to which we have come, that the external appearance of the passage in each copy, without taking into account the handwriting, about which we have no means of forming a judgment, suggests but does not force us to believe that they are the work of the same scribe.

And if so, it seems too plain to be gainsaid, that all which has been pressed against the last twelve verses of S. Mark, from the remarkable coincidence of the two most ancient Codices in this passage, falls at once to the ground. We have not any longer two independent witnesses for their omission, but one; that one a person very possibly biassed by the opinion of his great contemporary Eusebius, who seems to have been the first to throw a doubt over them, and that chiefly for a reason by no means adverse to their genuineness, the confessed difficulty of making them harmonize with the narrative of the other Evangelists. As we have always held fast our conviction that this last paragraph of his Gospel was certainly written by S. Mark, we must confess to a certain prejudice in favour of Tischendorf's hypothesis which so materially weakens the adverse case, without however being as yet able to regard it as proved.

Yet it does not seem to occur to Tischendorf that the sameness of handwriting impairs the separate evidence of either copy. The text is not the same, he observes, even where the writer is; and this we have seen to hold also of the Codices Theodori (p. 13, note), whereof Evan. q and r differ from each other in the Gospels 183 times. Tischendorf reckons 600 divergencies between the texts of Codd. *Σ* and B, but adds *graviter alterius auctoritatem alterius consensio auget*, inasmuch as in such instances they may be considered to represent a common original, considerably older than either, from which they both sprung, though several transcripts, which have now disappeared, must have intervened between it and them. A very similar state of things is well known to exist in regard to S. Paul's Epistles. There, of the very few uncial Codices which have reached our time,

two cannot be regarded, and are not regarded, as independent authorities. Codex E, at S. Petersburg, has been demonstrated to be only a bad copy of Codex D, now at Paris; and is of no service to criticism except in a humble and very indirect way. Codd. F and G, the Augiensis at Cambridge, and Boernerianus at Dresden, present more difficulty. They were, probably, both written in the same century (the ninth), and in the north of Switzerland, and though there is little resemblance between them in outward form or arrangement, in the text they differ in but 1981 places, whereof not more than 200 are real various readings, the rest consisting of errors of transcription, itacisms, and grammatical or orthographical peculiarities. Where they are discordant, each copy of course keeps its own footing; where they agree (*e.g.* $\overline{OC}$, 1 Tim. iii. 16), no critic, we conceive, has ever regarded them as two witnesses rather than one. Why it should be otherwise with Codd. $\aleph$ and B, especially when they stand absolutely unsupported (as they often do) by other testimony of any kind, we find it very hard to discover.

After this long discussion as to the outward form and separate value of our two great Codices, it is time for us to say what we think has been really accomplished by Tischendorf in the edition before us. The hindrances he has met with excite our vexation and concern, and prepare us for much of the disappointment which a close examination of his volume cannot fail to produce; yet it will be found, we feel assured, that his work, if regarded as imperfect and merely preparatory, has added much to our exact knowledge of the Codex Vaticanus. The great difficulty which besets our endeavours to collate or represent it thoroughly, over and above the foolish jealousy of its present owners, arises, as we have seen (p. 412), from the manner in which it has been treated by former possessors many centuries ago. Besides corrections made by the first scribe in the act of writing, like all other documents of its age and importance, it contains some which must be attributed to a reviser (*ὁ διορθωτής, ὁ δοκιμύζων*), who immediately after the manuscript was written, and before it was issued for use, compared the new transcript with the original, and corrected its errors of the pen. This reviser was sometimes the same person as the scribe himself, and since he wrote at the same period and in the same style, is always hard to be distinguished from him. In Codex B, besides the amendment of transcriptural blunders, we find about seven alternative readings in the margin which are due to this primitive or very early hand. The reviser, in Tischendorf's judgment, did his part of corrector but negligently, and to him rather than to the scribe must be attributed certain other

marginal readings, some of them the reverse of good, which are scattered up and down in the margin throughout the whole book. This person is indicated as B² in our specimen page given above (p. 413).

The changes made by B² were of little moment, comparatively few, and not injurious to the legibility of the Codex. The great mischief was done by the writer indicated above as B³ (p. 413). He seems to have lived in the tenth or eleventh century, full 600 years later than the date of the manuscript, and at a time when its characters would have grown pale, especially if it had been exposed to the damp, or on the rough and outer side of the vellum. This corrector, therefore, undertook to retrace the letters of the older writing, added breathings and accents according to the fashion of his own time, amended the orthography to the practice of his age, and partly by leaving untouched the letters of the text which he rejected, partly by adding others, brought the Codex Vaticanus into its present state. Some few alterations, liturgical notes, &c. must have been made somewhat later, but do not affect the general result.

It is obvious that such a document as we have been describing requires above all others known or extant the application of rare skill, experience, and perseverance for its elucidation. It is not wonderful that the raw 'prentice hands into which it fell on the revival of Biblical studies should have been slow, as they were, to discriminate between its early and later readings, and that such persons failed to observe, as even Mai with all his leisure seems to have done, that the correctors were more than one. Before Tischendorf went last to Rome, he had furnished himself with a full list of the variations between the several collations which had been made before, that he might satisfy himself with his own eyes as to the truth. In laying before the reader a specimen of what he has accomplished in the very limited time he had for studying the manuscript, we will try to save space by using a few obvious abridgments, which have in substance been adopted before us by Philip Buttmann in his edition of the Codex Vaticanus (Berlin, 8vo, 1862), and by Tregelles in the third part of his Greek New Testament (1865). Besides Cardinal Mai's printed volumes, in quarto, 1857 (*Mai* 1), in octavo, 1859 (*Mai* 2), or where they agree simply (*Mai*), we indicate Bartolucci's papers (p. 406 and note) of 1669 by (*Bart.*), Birch's of 1780 (p. 406) by (*Bi.*), Mico's of 1720 for Bentley (p. 406) by (*Bent.*). A second collation, also made for Bentley in 1729, was executed by the Abbate Rulotta (*Rul.*), who was instructed to have Mico's collation before him and to discriminate between the primitive and altered readings, a point little heeded by Mico. Rulotta's collation, having come

to light in 1855 among the Bentley manuscripts in Trinity College Library at Cambridge, was published at the expense of that great College in 1862 (*Bentley Critica Sacra*), by Mr. A. A. Ellis, one of the Fellows. Rulotta's performance has been highly esteemed by some; but Tischendorf, who has, we suppose, the best means for knowing, says curtly enough, 'inter eos quorum studia ad correctiones pertinebant longissimè a vero aberravit Rulotta,' (*Proleg.* p. xv.) Nor is he much better pleased with the labours of Dean Alford (*Alf.*), who in 1861 was enabled to turn over the manuscript and to examine many passages, for the purposes of his own edition of the New Testament. He especially censures them both (with what truth we can hardly say) for imputing to the original scribe (B) the changes introduced by that early pen which went over his whole work as the διορθωτής, or corrector (B²): the manuscript was retraced by B³ (pp. 412, 423). Our specimen shall comprise all the doubtful passages of Codex B. in S. Peter's first epistle, it being remembered that the reading followed by (*Tisch.*) is that given in the volume now under review.

I Pet. i. 1, *και βιθυνιασ* omitted, *Rul. Bi. Mai.* ('additur in margine secunda manu,' *Mai* 1: 'est in margine,' *Mai* 2, *και βυθανιασ*, *Rul.*). *και βιθυνιασ*, B² et B³, *Tisch.*

I. 4 *fin. ημασ*, Lachmann alone, in error.

I. 7. *τειμιωτερον*, *Mai*, ('secunda manus, τιμ.' *Mai* 2). *τειμοτερον*, *Bent. Alf.*, et sic *Tisch.* (τιμοσ. B³.)

I. 8. *ουκ ιδοντες*, *Mai* 1 (sic *Mai* 2, addens in marg. 'prim. manu ουχ'): 'castigatum ουκ a manu prima,' *Rul. ουχ ιδοντες* (ουκ B³), *Tisch.*

I. 10. *εξηραυνησαν*, *Rul. Mai, Tisch.* ('εξευρ. secund. manu,' *Rul. Mai*, B³ *Tisch.*)

I. 11. *εραυνωντες*, *Mai, Tisch.* ('secund. man. ερευ.,' *Mai*, B³ *Tisch.*)

I. 13. *νηφοντες* prim. man. *Mai* 2, *Rul. Tisch.* ('Castigatum νηφοντες a manu prima' *Rul. νηφ.* B³ *Tisch.*)

I. 14. *συσχηματιζομενα*, *Mai* 1. *συσχηματιζομεναι*, Lachmann, *Mai* 2, *Tisch.*

II. 18. *επεικεσι* *αλλα* (*επεικεσιν* 'a manu secunda,' *Rul. B³ Tisch.*)

II. 19. *συνιδησιν* (*συνειδησιν* 'a manu secunda,' *Rul.*; *Tisch.* after overlooking this in his text, assigns -ει- to B³ in his notes).

II. 20. *γαρ* om. after *τουτο*, *Bent. Mai, Tisch.*, though Lachmann and Tischendorf in his 3d and 7th editions had assigned this addition to Codex B as well as to Codex A.

II. 21. *επακολουθησεται*, *Rul. Tisch.*, 'prim. man.' *Mai*; 'castigatum επακολουθησῃτε, a manu prima,' *Rul.*, -σῃτε B³ *Tisch.*

II. 24. *υμων, Mai, Tisch.* expressly.

Ibid. *ιαθηται Rul. Tisch.*; 'castigatum *ιαθητε* a manu prima,' *Rul.*, -τε *B³ Tisch.*

III. 1. Buttmann says that Muralt (p. 406), whose work we have not at hand, omits *ει*: all the rest represent Codex B as reading it, though not the preceding *και*.

Ibid. *κερδηθησονται, Mai*, with the received text; but *κερδηθησονται, Bent. Bi. Alf. Tisch.*

III. 5. *εισ θν, Bent. Mai, Tisch.*, not *εισ τον θν*, as Lachmann had been led to suppose from the silence of *Bi*.

III. 6. *υπηκουσεν, Mai, υπηκουεν, Bart. (Bi. ex silentio), Bent. Alf. Tisch.* We presume that Tischendorf's *αγοθοποιουσαι* in this verse is a misprint, since no one else notices the variation.

III. 7. is a hard passage. In *συν (συνγ 'a manu secunda,' Rul. Mai, B³ Tisch.) κληρονομοις* is no doubt the reading of the retracer *B³*, and is given as that of the manuscript by *Bent. Rul. Mai*, whereas *Bi* rejects the final *ς*. *Tisch.* cannot decide whether *B³* traced over an original small *σ* at the end of the line, or added it himself, but inclines to the former opinion.

III. 10. '*και γλωσσαν, Bart. et Mai, anno 1852, secundum Muralt.*' Buttmann. *την γλωσσαν, Mai, Tisch.*

III. 13. Here again we have a specimen of Muralt's blundering (p. 406). He imputes to *Bart.* the statement that Codex B reads *εαν γενησθε* with the received text. *Bent. Bi. Mai, Alf. Tisch.* all have *ει γενοισθε*.

III. 15. '*αγιασετε B*' Lachmann: *αγιασατε Mai, Tisch.*

Ibid. *δε* after *αει*, om. *Mai, Tisch.* Lachmann had supposed from the silence of previous collators, that Codex B must have read *δε*.

III. 20. '*ωπεξεδεχετο, Bi. Muralt,*' Buttmann. Of course *Mai, Tisch.* have *απεξεδεχετο*.

III. 21. *init. ο και υμας, Mai, Tisch.* Here again Lachmann, depending on the silence of *Bart. Bent. Bi.*, assigns to Codex B the reading *ο και ημας*, and for the same cause attributes to it *εν σαρκι*, ch. iv. 1, as does even Tischendorf in his third edition, though he is usually alive to this fallacy. *Mai, Tisch.* omit *εν*.

IV. 3. *οινοφλυγοις*, prima manu, *Rul. Mai, Tisch.* who thinks that *B²* as well as *B³* corrected -οις into -αις. *Rul.* however, says, 'castigatum *οινοφλυγαις* a manu prima,' which is just the error Tischendorf imputes to him (p. 424).

IV. 4. *βλασφημουντες, Mai 1, Mai 2* text, but *βλασφημοῦνται* in the margin, as the reading of the first hand. *Rul.* has *βλασφημουντας*¹ and the correction -τες, both by the original scribe. *Tisch.* considers *βλασφημουνταις* (an itacism) as from the original scribe, -τες as a correction of *B³*.

¹ Tregelles, New Testament in loco, says of *Rul.* 'ταις pr. man., -τες sec. man.' but we follow Mr. Ellis (p. 424).

IV. 8. Here, as in ch. ii. 20; iii. 21, Lachmann is misled by the negligence of *Bart. Bi.* (not *Bent.*) to represent *προ παντων δε* as the reading of Codex B.; *Mai, Tisch.* omit *δε*.

IV. 13. In *του χριστου*, *Bent.* followed by Lachmann omits *του*. The article is retained in *Mai, Alf. Tisch.*

IV. 18. *ο δε ασεβης* *prima manu*, *Mai, Tisch.* Both B² and B³ of *Tisch.* reject it.

V. 9. *επιτελεισθε* *prima manu* (an itacism), *Rul. Mai, Tisch.* Here *Rul.* and *Tisch.* agree, the former imputing *επιτελεισθαι* to his 'manus secunda,' the latter to B³.

V. 12. *σιλβανου* of *Mai*, queried by Tregelles, is confirmed by *Tisch.* *του πιστου*, *Mai, Tisch.* whereas *Bent.* (by not noticing a peculiarity of the edition he employed for collation, that of Cephalæus, 1524) misleads Lachmann into the notion that Cod. B has not the article.

This continuous review of what has been done for a single Epistle will convey to the reader some notion of how much may be expected from Tischendorf's Codex Vaticanus. No doubt his examination of it was hasty, partial, and in some degree superficial; but from having familiarized himself beforehand with the points most needing observation, he was actually able to do in the space of thirty uninterrupted hours, and in perhaps as many wherein his attention was distracted and his spirits hurried, more than a person of less matured experience would have thought possible. For the resolution of the numerous questions which have been raised rather than solved by Tischendorf's recent investigations we must await, with what faith and patience we may the appearance of Vercellone's promised *opus magnum* (p. 410).

We subjoin, for the student's use, the decisions of Tischendorf on a very few other places, in which the evidence of Codex Vaticanus, as it came from the original scribe, has been variously represented.

The following readings from the first hand are noted by him, though overlooked by his predecessors. Mark xii. 1. *εξεδετο* (but *εξεδοτο*, B³). Luke i. 17. *προσελευσεται* (*προελ.* B² and B³). *Ibid.* 22. *εωρακεν* (*εωρακεν*, B²), and so in John i. 18; vi. 46, twice. Luke ii. 44. *συγγενευσιν* (*συγγενεσ.* B² or B³). V. 29. *μετ αυτου* (*μετ αυτων*, B²). *Ibid.* 30. *εγογγυζαν* (-ζον, B²). IX. 18. *συνηνησαν* (*συνησαν*, B² or B³). X. 6. *επαναπαησεται* (-πανσ-, B³). John xix. 31. *εκεινη* with the Elzévir text and a few copies: *εκεινου* B³, as in Stephens' text, Codd. S, A, and the mass.

Matt. xxiii. 36. *Mai, Alf.*, and after him Mr. Cure of Canterbury, read *εκχυνομενον*. The first hand gave *εκχυννομενον*, but — for *ν* over *υ* at the end of the line has nearly faded, and B³ did not renew it.

Acts xx. 28. *την ἐκκλησίαν του θυ*. This indeed had been regarded as settled by the positive statement of Tregelles, who frankly says that he had expected to read *κ* under *θ* as the reading of the first hand, and did not find it. (*Printed Text*, p. 231, note.)

XXI. 3. *αναφαναντες*, not *αναφανεντες* as *Rul. Bi. Mai. Alf.* suppose. B³ of *Tisch.* first covered *a* of the first hand by *ε*, then feeling doubtful of his own correctness, set *a* above *ε*, 'præter morem.'

XXVII. 14. *ευρακυλων* prim. man. *Alf. Tisch.*, but *ευρυκλυδων*, B³. Here *Tisch.* supports *Bi.* against *Rul.* and Vercellone, both of whom, the latter with great positiveness (*Mai's New Testament*, 1859, *Lectori*, p. v.), assert that the original scribe wrote *ευρακυδων*. Vercellone, however, has been brought to admit (1866) that the horizontal line changing *Δ* into *Δ* is the work of a corrector.

Rom. ix. 8. *τουτεστιν ου τα τεκνα*. The word *οτι* is written over the line between *τιν* and *ου*. *Alf.* thinks this addition original, *Rul.* as later. *Tisch.* imputes it to B², which *Alf.* fails to acknowledge (p. 424). It is remarkable that Codex Sinaiticus contains the same addition, also 'secunda manu.'

Eph. i. 1. Codd. *Σ*. B are known to stand alone in rejecting *εν εφεσω* after *τοις ουσιν*, though in both copies the words were subsequently annexed. Hug thought the addition in Codex B the work of the first scribe, a notion disclaimed by *Tisch.*, who represents the passage in *fac-simile*.

And here we would fain close our notice of a work fraught with deep interest and instruction to the Biblical student, although (through no fault of its author) sadly imperfect and purely transitional. We would heartily condole with his disappointment, and admire the brave soul which has accomplished so much in spite of difficulties that might have deterred most men from the attempt. But Tischendorf has chosen that we cannot part thus. Not for the first time in his literary career, otherwise so full of honour, he has disfigured the pages of a volume he deems of permanent value by fretful complaints against two English authors in his own department of criticism, who have ventured to set him right in some particulars where they thought him mistaken. The few who will care to read at all the closely printed quarto page of small type which faces the first chapter of the Gospels in his volume, will be at once annoyed by the frivolous nature of the subjects of dispute,¹

¹ One point, however, we cannot call frivolous; the question whether in the Sinai manuscript the last verse of S. John's Gospel is written by the original, or (as Tischendorf thinks) by a later hand. Yet it is strange he does not see that this doubt must be decided, not by the *ipse dixit* of anyone, but by renewed consultation of the document itself.

and grieved at the littleness of mind evinced by this illustrious scholar under contradiction. We are not going to enter upon the matters in debate; both the writers we refer to have pens, and can use them when they think it worth while. To one of them, Dr. Tregelles, the displeasure of Tischendorf is nothing new. We were startled some ten years ago by finding a sort of manifesto headed *Ad arcendas calumnias* prefixed to the third number of Tischendorf's seventh edition of the Greek Testament, full of bitter charges against our countrymen, for no particular cause which a dispassionate reader could understand; the summary of the whole diatribe being 'Sed tædet id genus plura videre. Scilicet hominem præ invidia cæcutientem nihil pudere planum est.' It is to the credit of the victim of this unreasoning abuse that he bore the attack with Christian patience, in the silence of one who knew how to respect himself. We are not aware that Tischendorf ever had the grace to withdraw his strictures, but he soon came to be ashamed of them. He offered Tregelles fresh civilities, which were civilly accepted. Especially in June, 1862, when Codex Sinaiticus was at Leipsic, and its transcript was passing through the press, he invited Tregelles to inspect it at his own house, '*animi in eum testificandi causa.*' Of Tischendorf's *animus*, we fear, the least said the better: but those who remember the circumstances of that period, when Constantine Simonides was claiming to be the actual writer of Codex $\aleph$, and Tischendorf's strange silence was lending some plausibility to his pretensions, will be of opinion that he could not well have done a wiser thing than to submit the suspected document to the examination of a most competent judge, who could have no prejudice in favour of its discoverer. In this country, we will engage to say, the positive evidence of Tregelles weighed far more in favour of Codex $\aleph$ than all the Attic epistles Tischendorf could publish against the poor Greek pretender, though they told us of τοῦ ἀνθρωπίσκου τούτου ἡ παράτολμος ἀναλδεία, or assailed him with that argument so admirably adapted to the taste of the English public, Ἴππον γὰρ πνεέστερας ὁ δύστηνος ἦν (Tischend. Cod. Sin. *Proleg.* p. xli. 1863).

We are by no means sure, though, that Tregelles would have undertaken his journey to Leipsic, had he been aware of the implied condition on which he was admitted to a sight of Cod. Sinaiticus. If Tischendorf's present reproaches are not utterly unmeaning, nothing less than this was expected from the English critic,—to see with the editor's eyes, and to take his judgment as the conclusion of the whole matter. That Tregelles has not done so, that he has embodied in his own Greek Testament readings which he believed, and still believes, to be found in Codex $\aleph$, otherwise than Tischendorf has given them,—this is

the head and front of his offending, and for this he must pay the penalty.

Does the German professor deem himself infallible? Or have the flatterers who ever dodge successful merit, and the splendour of his thirty titles or more—from that of privy councillor to his sovereign the King of Saxony, down to the more moderate distinction of Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in London—so bewildered his imagination, that he resents the simple correction of his venial errors as an act of intolerable presumption? To take one example out of twenty which crowd upon us—when, in his edition of 1863, he tells us that the subscription of the Epistle to the Colossians in Codex Sinaiticus is ΠΡΟΚΟΛΑCCAEIC, while in that of 1865 he represents it as ΠΡΟΚΟΛΟCCAEIC, would he have us receive *both* readings as true? We know not whether our pages are likely to fall under the notice of Professor Tischendorf, but surely he is not too great a person to have friends who will tell him what others think and speak, but may not always care to write. *Equal he has none among living scholars in his own department of Biblical criticism.* Those whose labours have in extent most nearly approached his own, are his truest as well as his most intelligent admirers. They best can appreciate his noble zeal, his iron industry, his obstinate perseverance, his almost miraculous quickness and sagacity. And they who most fully comprehend his strength, know and mourn for his weakness too. He spreads his energies over too wide a field to be always master where others are but learners; he publishes too much on too many topics, sometimes more in the spirit of a book-maker than of a scholar. Again, all accuracy is comparative; the most careful collator, like the most experienced printer, will trip at times. Tischendorf's correctness is not up to the average attained by many who, in every other respect, are much below him. It is not every Greek Testament which, like his eighth edition now in course of publication, contains a gross blunder in the third line;¹ the *Prolegomena* and notes to his great edition of Codex Sinaiticus itself, exhibit quite a forest of *errata*.

Pity that those whose daily occupations lead them to search into the unfathomed depths of Scriptural learning should not be raised by that divine employment above the miserable pettiness of literary strife; that they should not discover that peace and happiness are not the rewards of fame or worldly success, but rather of that meek and quiet spirit which, in the Lord's sight, is of great price.

¹ Ἰακώβ δὲ ἐγέννησεν τὸν Φαρίσ, Matt. i. 2, Φαρίσ for Ἰουδαίαν.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Popol Vuh: le Livre sacré et les Mythes de l'Antiquité américaine, avec les Livres héroïques des Quichés.* Par L'ABBÉ BRASSEUR DE BOURBOURG. Paris, 1861. 8vo.
2. *Histoire des Nations civilisées du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale, durant les Siècles antérieurs à Christophe Colomb, écrite sur les Documents originaux.* 4 vols. Paris, 1857-59. 8vo.
3. *Mexicos og Central Americas ældre historie, in Antiquarisk Tidsskrift af der Nordiske Oldskrift-selskab.* Kjøbenhavn, 1858. 8vo.
4. *Du Mexique et de l'Amérique Centrale.* Par M. H. DE CHARENCY. Paris, 1859. 8vo.
5. *Geschichte des Amerikanischen Urreligionen.* Von J. O. MÜLLER. Basel, 1855. 12mo.

ONE of the highly-civilized nations of America discovered by the Spaniards was that of the Quiches, a race united by language and religion to the more widely-spread and better-known people of Mexico. The Quiches occupied the present Chiapas and Guatemala, and the tribe itself, or one closely related to it, was settled on the promontory of Yucatan.

The whole of this region, to the present day, is strewn with ruins. These have been examined by Mr. Stephens, and more recently by the celebrated French architect, M. Viollet le Duc, and exhibit a proficiency in the arts of a very high order. In the midst of dense forests, the traveller comes upon mighty images, with the heads boldly sculptured, and the bodies covered with inscriptions in peculiar hieroglyphic characters, which have as yet baffled antiquarians. High above the trees soar vast pyramids, surmounted by crumbling yet gorgeous ruins, and the explorer finds the inner cells bearing traces of painting, enriched with stucco ornaments, and stamped with the sacred and mysterious symbol, still fresh on the plaster, of the Bloody Hand. Great palaces, vast temples, far from present habitations, moulder in the jungle, the haunt of the bat, the jackal, and the serpent. The idols in the temples are fallen, the altars are broken, and the mysteries of the ancient faith of which these idols were the symbols, and which these altars commemorated, have passed from the remembrance of man.

At Palenque, shut in by dense forests, through which the explorer has to laboriously cut his way with an axe, on a lofty terrace, a magnificent palace, 228 feet long by 180 feet broad,

rising 40 feet from the platform, decays forgotten. It contains halls, shrines with altars to unknown gods, and ranges of elaborate sculpture. At Uxmal are the remains of a great and royal city, with temples, pyramids and palaces. The beautiful ruin of Mitlan is adorned with graceful pillars. Terraced palaces exist at Chichenitza. A very remarkable pyramid, hewn out of the living rock, and surmounted by a temple, is to be seen at Tehuantepec. The remains of the great seminary, wherein 6,000 youths were instructed by sixty teachers, exists at Utatlan. Santa Cruz del Quiche retains its old terraces and fortifications. At Copan are numerous mounds. On the west coast, between the rivers Nil and Veuz, are such numerous ruins of pyramids, that they have been supposed to be as many as four hundred. Other relics of a lost civilization are found at Bacalar, Iximche, Atitlan, &c.

Who were these people who have left such extensive traces of their advance in the arts? This is a question exceedingly difficult to answer.

In ancient Central America were many languages, but all, for the most part, radically united. Such were those of the Totonacs, Otomies, Huasteks, Macahuaks, and the race occupying Yucatan. These may be called the Maja family or group. The speech was soft and musical.

The Nahual group included Azteks, Tolteks, and Olmeks. The Nahual speech was guttural and harsh. But the Maja and the Nahual groups belonged to one primordial race.

The Maja people was subdivided into two portions—the northern occupying Mexico proper, which was subjugated by the Azteks, and the southern occupying Guatemala and Yucatan, which was not altogether conquered, but only partially brought under the sway of the Tolteks. It is difficult to decide whether civilization originated among the Majas or among the Azteks and Tolteks, but the greatest amount of evidence is in favour of the Majas. The conquerors adopted the civilization they found, and blended their religion with that of the conquered, with which it was radically identical.

Into the history of these races before the arrival of the Spaniards we shall not enter, although M. Brasseur de Bourbourg has written on the subject four huge tomes of some 800 pages each, for reasons which shall be given after we have reviewed the mythology and sacred book of the Quiches. Attempts have been made to trace the language of the civilized family of ancient America to Aryan and Semitic roots, but though curious coincidences have been detected, such attempts have invariably failed.

It is curious, but nothing more, that *vuh* should be the Quiche word for *book*; that *alah* should signify to engender, whilst *ala* has the same signification in old Norse; *bei*, a road, resembles

our *way* and the Danish *vei*; *bol* is a bowl; *eck*, a possession, like the Norse *eiga*; *hul* is a hole; *hach* is to split—from a similar root comes our *hatchet*; *much* is moss; *nut* has the same signification in Nahuatl as in English; *ruc* is to rock; a *thah* is a *thane*; and *tziban* is like the German *schreiben*; a *vach* is a night watch; and *zanay* is sand. But these resemblances are accidental. The construction and grammatical forms of the language are so entirely remote from that of the Indo-Germanic languages, that we should be led into grievous error if we allowed ourselves to suppose a radical identity where there is an occasional similarity of terminology.

Among this ancient, highly-civilized people, a designation of the Godhead was Teotl, or rather, if we omit the Nahuatl *I*, Teot—a name singularly resembling the Indo-Germanic Theos, Deus, Deva, and Dew. This name entered into numerous combinations—Teocalli, a God's-house; Teoquixqui, a priest; Teonenemi, a sacred procession. Teot was supposed by Acosta to be the supreme, unseen God, because to Him were given the attributes of Ipalnemoan, Him by whom we exist, and Tloquenahuaque, the Self-containing; but there can be little question that Acosta was wrong in supposing the ancient Maja race to have been monotheists. Teot had no individual existence; all the gods were Teoti, though among the Mexicans this title was specially given to the ancient solar deity Tonatriki—the Tona of the Antilles, and the Aztek Tonatiuh.

Among the Quiches, there seems to have been a trinity of superior gods, but not one strongly emphasized; and it is not always clear which name belongs to a separate god and which is a mere title. The three most prominent deities are Gucumat, the great serpent; Tepeu, the lord; and Cux-cah, the heart of the sky, otherwise called Hurakan, whose manifestations were the rushing blast, the lightning flash, and the thunderclaps.

Gucumat was the Aztek Quetzalcoatl, and resembled the Latin Saturn. His reign was an age of plenty and peace, but when he left earth to wander into unknown regions, trouble and sorrow arose. He was a winged and feathered serpent of azure and green, and was in all probability the god of the firmament. He was represented with the head of a sparrow and the body of a serpent. In his hand was a shield—symbol of cloud, and a sickle—in token of his being god of harvests; as being also a rain-god, his mantle was adorned with crosses. He suffered anthropomorphosis, and, under the name of Votan, acquired immense popularity. When Cortez appeared, the natives took him for the returning Quetzalcoatl, and sacrificed a human being to him, and sprinkled him with the blood.

The earth goddess, the Demeter of the Maja race, was Centeotl. Her festival was held in spring. Priests, nobles, and people pre-

pared themselves for it by long fasting and blood-letting. The doorposts of her temple were adorned with leaves dipped in blood, and maidens offered upon her altar ears of maize. Alas! it reeked as well with the gore of human sacrifices. She does not appear under this Nahual name among the Quiches, but as Xcacon—the giver of crops.

The Mexican huntress, or Artemis, was Mixcoatl, a serpent-goddess, not apparently represented in the Quiche Pantheon.

The water-god, whose symbol was the cross, was named Quiateot.

The Spanish invaders, when they beheld stone and wooden crosses in Yucatan and Guatemala, concluded that S. Thomas had preached the Gospel in America, and had taught the people to venerate the sacred sign, to which they had clung, whilst entirely forgetting the spirit of his teaching. A cross stands above an altar in the old temple at Palenque with figures on either side extending their hands toward it. Siquenza mentions Indian crosses discovered in the caves of Mixteca Baja, and in the ruins on the island of Zaphtero, in the Lake Nicaragua, were found the same symbols. Wooden crosses were adored by the natives at Oaxaca and in Guatuleo. The Toltecs identified the worship of the cross with that of rain, and, in order to obtain abundant showers, they sacrificed before it little boys and girls.

The god Tlaloc belonged also to the waters; but, whereas the cross-god reigned over those above the firmament, he ruled those gathered into seas and floods.

Lastly, the Quiches worshipped a fire-giving god, Tohil, and endeavoured to force his worship, with human sacrifices, on the reluctant primæval inhabitants of the lands they conquered.

Such is a brief outline of the mythogeny of the Mexican people. Of the legends connected with these gods, little was known, except from a few scattered allusions in the early Spanish writers on Mexico and Yucatan.

The sacred myths of the Toltec race were contained in a sacred book called the *Teo-Amoxtli*, to which references are continually made in Mexican traditions. Las Casas says that among these people were chroniclers 'Who kept count of the days, months, and years; and although they did not use characters like ours, they had, nevertheless, their own figures and symbols, by means of which they expressed what they wished, and by this means they composed great books, with such skill and ingenuity, that we may say that our letters will be of no great advantage to them.' Of these MSS. there are remains in the different libraries of Europe, but they are unintelligible, as the key to the characters is lost. One work of great interest was, however, written after the Spanish conquest, in Latin characters. This was a copy of the sacred book of the Quiches, the '*Popol Vuh*,' con-

taining their sacred myths, and some historical and genealogical matter of interest beside. The book was discovered by the Père Francisco Ximenes, of the order of S. Dominic, at the end of last century, in the little town of S. Thomas Chichicastenango, of which he was then priest in charge. He was not a man sufficiently versed in Mexican antiquities to be able to appreciate its character, and he regarded it, as he himself allows in his 'Scolies,' as a work of the devil, parodying the sacred narrative of the creation in Holy Scripture. In the symbolic titles, such as Great Serpent, given to the Creator, he saw the handiwork of the Evil One assuming to himself the mighty work of the formation of this earth. The worthy priest accordingly made small use of the work. He translated it, but without understanding it, as the dialects then spoken in Quiche and Guatemala were very different from the ancient language in which the sacred work was composed. His Spanish translation, published in Vienna by Dr. Scherzer, was almost unintelligible. Yet Ximenes was a man of ability. He composed a complete vocabulary of the dialects of Guatemala, 'Tesoro de las lenguas Quiche, Catechiquel, y Tzutuhil,' still in manuscript, as is also his 'General History of Guatemala,' in four vols., folio, of which two copies existed in the archives of his monastery, but passed, at the suppression of the religious houses in 1830, into the University library, where, according to M. Brasseur de Bourbourg, they are not very carefully preserved.

Don Ramon de Ordoñez y Aquiar, canon of Ciudad-Real, or S. Cristobal de Chiapas, seems to have been the first to have taken cognizance of the historical labours of Ximenez, and he made use of his translation of the Quiche MS., copying and altering it to suit a theory he held—namely, that the Votan of Toltec mythology, the third sign of the Mexican calendar, was a Hivite prince driven from Palestine by Joshua, who emigrated to the Canary Islands, and thence passed by the Antilles to Central America. Quetzalcoatl, with a little adaptation, he transformed into S. Thomas, passing in a miraculous manner from India to America, to preach there the Gospel. The work of Ordoñez, partly copied by Don Felix Cabrera, was lost in the pillage of the library of Guatemala; but the rough copy of the first volume, and fragments of the second, have been recovered, and are now in the National Library of Mexico.

The translation of the 'Popol Vuh' by Ximenez, was copied by Dr. Scherzer in Guatemala, and published at Vienna in 1856. For the reasons already mentioned, it is not as important a contribution to mythology as might have been anticipated. The Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, late ecclesiastical administrator to the Quiches of Rabinal, of the Cakchiguels of San-Juanzocatepec, &c., a gentleman with a perfect knowledge of the languages of

Central America, next undertook the task; and the result has been an exact edition of the original text, accompanied by a literal French translation.

Unfortunately, M. de Bourbourg labours under a theory that beneath religious myths are to be discovered historic traditions—a theory which has misled many students of classic mythology. This interferes considerably with the value of the introduction, and it is a theory which will not for a moment stand the test of comparative mythology.

The 'Popol Vuh' is divided into four distinct portions, whereof the first two are a transcript of the sacred book of the ancient Quiches; whilst the two last are rather a collection of historical legends.

We shall present an abstract of the two former, and mention only the most remarkable features of the latter books.

The first book opens with an enumeration of the Divine attributes:—

'Behold us bringing to light the discovery and the appearance of that which was in obscurity, the work of its dawn, by the will of the Creator and the Former, of Him who engenders, Him who gives birth, whose names are the Blower on the Sarbacane (tube through which pellets are shot), the Great White Porcupine, the Dominator, the Serpent covered with plumes, the Heart of the Lake, the Heart of the Sea, the Master of the green planisphere, the Master of the azure surface.'—P. 4.

Chapters 1—3 contain an account of the creation, which is exceedingly involved and puzzling, from the confusion of deities, and the number of titles given to them.

'All was calm and silent, all was motionless, all was peace, and the immensity of the heavens was void. Then came the first word and first speech. There was not then a man, nor a beast, nor birds, nor fishes, nor wood, nor stone, nor swamps, nor glen, nor herb, nor copse: only the sky was. The face of earth did not show: only the calm sea was, and the extent of sky. There was nothing which had substance, which cohered; nothing which balanced itself, and which touched; no sound in heaven. . . . There was but immobility and silence in the darkness, in the night. Alone were the Creator, the Former, the Lord, the Serpent covered with plumes, those who engender, those who give being; alone were they on the water as a spreading light enveloped in green and blue.'—P. 7.

The gods then consulted together, and as they spoke, light spread.

'"Be it done," said they. "Fill you! Let the water retire and cease to trouble, that the earth may exist, and consolidate, and be covered with seeds; and let day lighten in heaven and earth; for we receive no glory and honour from all we make till man is created with reason.

"Earth!" said they. And at once it was formed.'—P. 9.

They next cover it with plants, and gather the waters together into seas and lakes and rivers. Next with a word they form the beasts and birds; and, rejoicing in their work, they bid the things created praise and glorify them. But the beasts and birds

give forth inarticulate sounds, and the gods, dissatisfied with their work, attempt to make man. They mould him out of clay; but, finding him incapable of praising his makers, they shatter their work.

Having learned that clay is an unsuitable material for the composition of men, the creators cut them out of hard wood, and then endow them with life. But this creation is also a failure, for their head is too thick to entertain ideas above their animal wants; whereupon the gods drive them into the woods from whence they were carved, and they are the protoparents of the monkey race.

'Thus was the end of these men, their ruin and their destruction,—the end of these manikins made of wood, who were put to death. The waters were swelled by the will of the Heart of the Sky, and there was a mighty flood which reached above the heads of these manikins made of wood.

'Thus were they destroyed: they were flooded, and a thick resin fell out of heaven. The bird Xecotcavach plucked out their eyes; the Camalotz cut off their heads; the Cotzbalam devoured their flesh; the Tecumbalam broke and brayed their bones and muscles, and scattered their dust, as a punishment, because they thought not of their father and mother, of him who is the Heart of the Sky, whose name is Hurakan; therefore the face of the earth was covered, and a black rain fell, rain by day, rain by night.'—P. 27.

The Popol Vuh at this point leaves the history of creation to relate the wars of the demigods with the giants.

Vukub-Cakix was an old Titan with two monstrous sons, Zipacna and Cabulkan. The great giant, filled with pride, exalts himself over creatures, and regards himself as the source of light. (Cf. Isaiah xiv. 11—14.)

'I shall be great above all created things. I am their sun, I am their dawn and their moon. Great is my splendour; it is I whom men see walking above. For silver is the globe of my eyes, which sparkle with precious stones, and my teeth in their enamel shine as the face of heaven. My nostrils gleam as the moon: for silver is my throne; and as I advance before my throne, earth is filled with life.'—P. 33.

Then two demigods, Hunahpu and Xbalanque, go against him. They hide in a tree till the giant approaches, when Hunahpu shoots a pellet from his cane at Vukub-Cakix, and breaks his jawbone. The giant seeing the arm of Hunahpu protruding from the foliage, tears it off, and runs home howling with pain. The two gods then betake themselves to the ancestors of sun and moon, the Great White Bear and the Great White Porcupine, and ask their advice. These bid them follow them in disguise to the house of the giant. The old couple give themselves out to the suffering monster as dentists, and they draw his teeth, and in place of them insert grains of rice. Then the youths fall on him and slay him, and Hunahpu recovers his arm. Zipacna, son of Vukub-Cakix, next exalts himself. Then four hundred heavenly youths march against him, but he kills

them. Curiously enough, their attempt to destroy him resembles that of our 'Jack the Giant-killer.' They dig a pit-fall, and allure him into it; but he rises through the ground, and destroys the four hundred.

Then the heavenly twins, Hunahpu and Xblanque, attempt to overcome him. As force is unavailing, they attempt craft. They fashion a wooden crab, and hide it under a mountain. The giant is fond of shell-fish, and when they tell him of the crab, he crawls after it; whereupon the youths pull the mountain down on him, and bury him beneath its ruins. The next to exalt himself is Cabakan, and him the two destroy by poison.

The second book opens with a different myth, and brings fresh demigods on the stage. These are Hunhun-ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu, sons of the great ancestors of the dawn and sun, Xpiyacoc and Xmucane. Hunhun-ahpu and Vukub-Hunahpu were one day playing at ball in their mother's house, when the King of Xibalba, the Quiche Hell, heard the sound of their laughter, and sent a message summoning them below. They hung the ball in the rafters of their mother's house, and descended to the land of the Shadow of Death. After having traversed a river of gurgling blood, they came to four cross-roads, whereof one was black. They followed that road, and it led them to the monarch's hall. There, on a throne, were seated two wooden men. The brothers, supposing them to be the kings of Xibalba, worshipped them; whereon a shout of derision arose from the inhabitants of the dark land. Then they were shown to two seats, and, sitting incautiously upon them, found them to be of glowing iron. They were next given cigars and torches, and showed into the mansion of perpetual darkness, and bidden bring cigars and torches unconsumed to the king next morning. Failing to accomplish this, they were executed, and the head of Hunhun-ahpu was suspended in a tree, which at once produced an abundance of calabashes.

In the land of Xibalba lived a virgin named Xquiq, daughter of one of the chief princes. The maiden, impelled by curiosity, walked alone to the calabash-tree, and stood admiring the fruit. Suddenly the eyes and mouth of the dead head of Hunhun-ahpu opened, and the lips spat at her. She retired to her house, and soon became aware that she was pregnant. Her father, discovering her case, sent soldiers with her to a distant forest, with orders to slay her, and bring him a vessel full of her blood. Her entreaties to be spared moved the hearts of the servants, and, instead of killing her, they brought the father the blood of the dragon-tree, which satisfied him. The maiden fled to earth, and sought refuge with the mother of Hunhun-ahpu, who, however, refused to believe her story. Xmucane, before driving her away, set her a task to perform: this was to go to a field of maize, and

fill her apron. In this field there was, however, but a single plant. The girl accomplished the task, and was sulkily permitted by the aged mother of Hunhun-ahpu to lodge in her house. In course of time she gave birth to the illustrious twins, Hunahpu and Xbalanque, of whom we have already heard as conquerors of Vukub-Cakix and his sons.

In the house of Xmucane were two brothers, Hunbatz and Hunchouen, cousins of the new arrivals, and they looked with no favour on the twins. As soon as the children of Xquiq had reached years of discretion, they persuaded their cousins to ascend a tree, and then they transformed them into apes.

One day the twins discovered in the rafters of the house the ball of their father, and, taking it down, they began to play with it; but no sooner had the ball begun to fly, than the King of Xibalba heard it, and sent a messenger for them. Before descending to the realm of darkness, the boys planted two canes at their grandmother's door, which would flourish when they were in health, and wither in the event of their death. Then they descended to Xibalba; but when they came to the cross-road, they sent the little stinging insect, Xan, along the roads to discover which was the right one, and then to find out who were the kings they were to adore. The Xan found the wooden men enthroned, and all the princes of Xibalba seated near. The insect stung the men of wood, and they evinced no sign of feeling. Then it stung him who sat next, and he cried out. This was the true king, and his name was Hun-Came. "What is the matter, Hun-Came?" asked he who was on the right. Then the insect stung him who was next to Hun-Came, and he cried out. Then he on the right asked, "What is the matter, Vukub-Came?" And when the Xan had stung all the princes, it had learned their names, and, hurrying back to Hunahpu and Xbalanque, related to them the order in which the princes sat. So the brothers came to the court, and passed the men of wood without a sign of respect; but they bowed to the real king, and said, "Hail, Hun-Came!" and they bowed and greeted by name the lords of Xibalba—Decay, Corruption, Disease, Curdled Blood, Stench, and their fellows.

Then they were sent with the cigars and torches to the hall of gloom; and the brothers put fireflies on their cigars and red feathers on their torches, and so these seemed to the men of Xibalba to be burning all night, yet in the morning they were unconsumed. Their next task was to collect four vessels full of flowers, without stirring out of prison; and these flowers only grew in the royal garden, which was closely watched. But the ants assisted them, and during the night collected the blossoms, and arranged them in the vases. Other tasks were surmounted by the brothers; but they failed at last, and the head of Hunahpu

was cut off. The princes of Xibalba hung it up in the hall where they played the game of ball. Xbalanque secretly carved a head resembling that of his brother, out of a tortoise, and, when the princes were not attending, substituted it for the real head of Hunahpu; who, on recovering his head, was restored to life. The brothers then came in the disguise of jugglers to the hall of the king, and burned one another to ashes, and then revived one another. This so charmed the monarch, that he requested to have the same operation performed on him. The brothers readily agreed to burn, and as readily forgot to revive him.

This fable concludes the second book. Wild and grotesque as these myths may appear, they bear a strong family likeness to myths long current in the Old World. The twins, Hunahpu and Xbalanque, who descend to the nether world, are the offspring of a mother who has become pregnant in a mysterious manner, and strongly resemble the Dioscuri, sons of Leda. In the classic fable, one of the twins is slain, but is revived by his brother. The Dioscuri are the morning and evening twilights, and are identical with the Sanskrit Acvins, and it is possible that Hunahpu and Xbalanque may be impersonifications of the same phenomena; in which case, their ball-playing is the casting of the sun across the sky from the one to the other. The canes which flourish when they live, and languish when they die, resemble the lilies of life of the twin brothers of German fable, which also give token of the well-being of the lads. In the Kalmuk collection of tales, *Siddhi-kûr*, which is a translation from the Sanskrit, six friends start on their journey; but, before leaving home, each plants a tree, which will flourish when all is well, and shed its leaves and die in the event of his death.

The miraculous pregnancy of Xquiq is exceedingly curious. According to Pausanias, Atys was the son of a daughter of the Sangar, who became a mother by putting the bow of an almond-tree in her bosom.

In Keltic mythology, Ceridwen became a mother by eating a grain of wheat, which, ripening in the womb, became the lovely babe Taliesin.

In the Sanskrit '*Katha Sarit Sagara*' (Book iv. c. 22), a queen dreams that she eats a fruit, and thereby became pregnant. In another story from the same collection (Bk. vii. c. 42), a queen eats two apples, and in consequence gives birth to twins. Still more remarkable is the story in the last canto of the Finn epic '*Kalewala*.' A maiden goes into a wood, and seeing a red berry on a tree, sings to it; whereupon the berry falls into her bosom, and she thereupon becomes pregnant. The virgin's name is Maria, and the son she bears is our Blessed Lord. At His birth the ancient Finn deity Wainamoinen, enters his boat and rows north, knowing that his reign is ended. Connected with some

similar tradition may possibly be our Christmas carol of the Cherry Tree :—

‘As Joseph was a walking
 In the garden so green,
 He spied some ripe cherries
 Hanging over yon treen.
 Said Mary to Saint Joseph
 With her sweet lips, and smiled,
 “Go pluck some ripe cherries off,
 For to give to my child.”
 Said Joseph to the cherry-tree
 “Bow down to my knee,
 That I may pluck thy cherries off
 By one, two, and three,”’

a carol which is certainly founded on a wide-spread tradition, probably related to those referred to but modified, for Raphael has a painting of the Holy Child with a bunch of cherries. A somewhat similar legend to that of Xquiq, was told in Mexico proper of the birth of Huitzilopochtli. His mother Cohuatlicue was sweeping the temple when a ball of feathers dropped out of the sky. She hid it in her bosom till the sweeping was done, but when she put her hand into her bosom, the feather ball had disappeared, and she soon after perceived that she was pregnant.

These curious myths are perhaps dim reminiscences of the forbidden fruit, with the result of the first transgression united to its remedy. There may have been a lingering tradition of the fall through the apple, and of the promise that the seed of the woman should come to reverse the work of ruin, and perhaps, though unrecorded by Moses, the original promise was, that the Messiah's birth should be of a virgin mother. This is rendered not improbable from the prevalence of myths uniting the fruit-eating with virginal conception.

In the *Popol Vuh* the traditions of the Flood are faint and uncertain. The book does not, however, appear to be complete. There is certainly a hiatus after the account of the destruction of the wooden men, and the genesis of earth is interrupted by the story of the wars of the heavenly twins with the race of the giants; nor is it again resumed, consequently we are left in ignorance as to the creation of men. It is not improbable that the transcriber of the *Popol Vuh* purposely omitted a large portion of the sacred book relating to the formation of man, the Deluge, and the dispersion of races, as the myths in the Quiche work clashed with the narrative in the Holy Scriptures, and, as a Christian, he may have felt it unlawful to reproduce these fables—a feeling which, to some extent, influenced Ximenes, the translator. The *Popol Vuh*, abruptly leaving the cosmogony and genesis of earth, turns to heroic legends. The Mexican

reminiscences of the creation of man, the flood, and the confusion of tongues, are known to us, and fill this gap.

According to the generally-received myth, there were four or five ages of the world. Among the Hindus and Zends the number was four; but Hesiod reckons five. The first age was that of earth, or of giants. In this age took place the great struggle between the demigods and the race of Vukub-Cahix. The age came to an end through a general famine. An evil spirit blighted the herbage, and the beasts fell upon men and devoured them. With this agrees an account in the *Popol Vuh* of the revolt of the beasts against the dominion of the wooden manikins. The second age was that of fire, so called because it ended in a general conflagration, from which the birds alone of the dumb animals escaped. One family of men sought refuge in a deep cave, and thereby escaped destruction.

The third age was that of storm. It was wrecked in a violent outburst of the wrath of Hurakan, when before his breath the earth was swept of all thereon,—houses, men, beasts, birds. The men took refuge in the forms of apes, and have never left these shapes since. But one pair, with greater discretion, concealed themselves in a cavern, and of them the next age, that of water, was peopled. The age of water was so called because it came to an end in an overwhelming deluge. One pair alone escaped, the name of the man was Coxcox, the name of the woman Xochiquetzal, who took refuge on a cypress trunk, and were stranded on Mount Colhuacan. As this Coxcox is also called by the unpronounceable name Huehuetonacateocipatl, *i.e.* Fish-god-of-our-Flesh, he reminds one of the Indian Avatar, in which Vishnu assumes the fish form, and the Chaldee Oannes or Dag-on. According to another variety of the story, Coxcox and his wife escaped in a boat with several animals, and as the water began to decrease, they sent forth a vulture, which did not return; then they sent forth a kolibri, which came back with a twig in its beak. The fifth age is the present.

After the drying up of the earth, Coxcox became the father of fifteen sons, who were all dumb. Then a dove gave them fifteen tongues, and thence originated that number of languages, with which the Mexicans were acquainted. In the old hieroglyphs representing the Flood, is a representation of this dove with its numerous tongues.

The second part of the *Popol Vuh* contains a painful account of the origin of human sacrifices, veiled in legend. The first inhabitants of Central America were unacquainted with the means of producing fire, and when the Quiche race came among them, they greatly desired its acquisition. Tohil was the fire-god of the Quiches.

‘The tribes were comfortless because of the cold and the frost, trem-

bling, and with their teeth chattering, almost lifeless, their hands and feet stiff, so that they could hold nothing when they came. "Do not insult us," they said, "now that we have come to you asking a little of your fire." But they were not well received, and the hearts of the tribes were very sad.—P. 221.

Then there appeared a messenger of Xibalba, who gave the following advice:—

"In truth, there is your god, him whom you hold up, who is the symbol of the shadow of your Creator and Maker. Give not of your fire to these tribes, till they have given themselves to your god Tohil. Ask then of Tohil what recompense they shall make for the fire you give them," spake the messenger of Xibalba, whose shape was that of a bat. "I have been sent by your Creator and Maker," he said.

Then they were filled with joy. The heart of Tohil was lifted up whilst spake the messenger of Xibalba. And when he had spoken, he vanished without ceasing to exist.

Then arrived other tribes perishing from cold; for there had been great frost and a frozen rain, a piercing chill. And all the tribes were gathered shivering and quaking with cold, when they came before (the leaders) Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqui-Balam. Great was their misery. Their mouths, their faces were full of sorrow. "Will you not compassionate us?" they asked. "We only entreat a little fire. Were we not all one, and with one country, when we were first created? Have pity upon us!" they again exclaimed.

"What will you give us that we should compassionate you?" was the answer made to them.

"We will give silver," answered the tribes.

"We will not have silver," said Balam-Quitze and Balam-Agab.

"What do you require then?" they asked. It was answered, "We will inquire of Tohil." The tribes replied, "It is well."

"What shall the tribes give thee, O Tohil, in return for a little fire?" asked then Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqui-Balam.

"Let them be united to me betwixt the armpit and the belt. Will their hearts agree to embrace me, Tohil? If not, let them have no fire." Thus spake the good Tohil; and he added, "Tell them that this shall be little by little, and that it will not be the union of themselves between the armpit and the belt." And thus he spake to Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqui-Balam.

Then they repeated the message of Tohil. "It is well," they said, on hearing the words of Tohil, "We will embrace him." They were not long. They received the fire and they warmed themselves.

But one tribe stole the fire in smoke, the house of Zotzel. . . . When they passed in the smoke, they passed gently, coming and stealing fire, and the Cakchiquels did not ask for fire and yield up themselves. But all the other tribes were taken in the snare, for when they yielded from the armpit to the belt, it was for the cutting open of the breast that Tohil spake, when the tribes are sacrificed before his face, and when they tear the hearts out of the breast.

This rite had not been practised, till death was enigmatically proposed by Tohil in horror and majesty by the hand of Balam-Quitze, Balam-Agab, Mahucutah, and Iqui-Balam.—P. 223—227.

The name of the tribe which did not submit, but stole the fire, explains that portion of the fable. Cakchiquel is derived from Cag-che-qui-el, which is literally, 'fire produced from wood;' that is, they were acquainted with the method of

obtaining fire by friction, and had not, therefore, to submit to be sacrificed in order to obtain it. This resembles the myth of Prometheus stealing fire, the name Prometheus being the Sanskrit *pramantha*, the stick which, rubbed in a socket, elicits fire.

Little by little, as Tohil promised, this horrible sacrifice prevailed, till, when the Spaniards discovered Central America, every altar was reeking with human gore, and in the temples the accumulations of human hearts, which had been torn from still palpitating bodies, filled the invaders with horror. Along with cruelty as part of worship prevailed the most horrible vices which had polluted the nations cast forth from Canaan, and destroyed by the people of God; and if we sometimes feel regret at the extermination of a high civilization and proficiency in arts which existed in that central region betwixt North and South America, we cannot but feel that such an extermination was called for by a creed which outraged every noble feeling of human nature.

Having given an outline of the contents of the *Popol Vuh*, let us consider the result of M. Brasseur de Bourbourg's labours in the field of Quiche historical antiquities.

Our thanks are due to him for having given us the original text and a faithful translation of the curious book of Quiche mythology; but for his Commentary on the same, and for his voluminous 'Early History of Central America,' less thanks are deserved. The latter work, when it appeared, was calculated to arouse considerable interest. It professed to give the history of the Maja and Nahual races, from their migration into America to the Spanish conquest. The heroic ages of the Toltecs, the middle ages of the Aztek monarchy, and the foundation of the Mexican empire, were related on the authority of 'original and unpublished documents found in the ancient native archives.' As these sources of information were beyond the reach of the learned, it was impossible for them to form a just appreciation of the historical value of the work, and they waited with anxiety for the promised publication of the texts. The *Popol Vuh* is the first instalment, and as that and the *Cakchiquel MS.* are the main authorities quoted for the early history of the races of Central America, and as the *Cakchiquel MS.*, from the fragments published, seems to be of a similar character to the *Popol Vuh*, we are able to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion as to the historical worth of the authorities, and the critical appreciation of the commentator.

Unfortunately, the Abbé has set to work with strong bias in his mind, and has viewed his texts from an entirely false position. What are clearly mythological he has regarded as historical, and, failing to perceive this, he has raised a vast

superstructure on the slenderest of foundations. His history has about as much historical value, as would have a chronicle of the affairs of Greece drawn exclusively from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid. Under every legend lurks a chronological fact; every myth contains historical truth. Such is his theory. According to him :—

‘The arrival of the Nahuas in Tamoanchan, their attempts to civilize the people and to form them after the image of their own institutions, the destruction of their colony by a hurricane and inundation, the discovery of maize by Pau Paxil, their establishment in the land, their struggles, alight at first, then their open revolt against Xibalba, their perils, their trials, and their final triumph, terminating in the apotheosis of the heroes who died in this formidable conflict, such is the outline of the historical account contained in the two first parts of the sacred book, and which is found to underlie the Mexican ritual, whose mysteries are singularly elucidated thereby.’

This idea he developes. The creation described in the *Popol Vuh*, is an account of the origin of castes. The fight with Vukub-Cakix and his sons, is the history of the invasion of America by the Mexican races, and their conflicts with the ancient inhabitants of the land.

The ball-playing of the heavenly twins is the murmuring of the discontents against Xibalba. M. de Bourbourg is sadly perplexed, because there was no such a place as Xibalba in ancient America, and he supposes it to be Palenque; why—except that there is a red river flowing somewhere near it, and which he considers to be the river of gore passed by Hunahpu and Xbalanque—is not clear. The Abbé holds the Spanish writers to scorn because they told how that the natives called, in their language, hell, Xibalba. After relating the legend of the descent of Hunhunahpu into Xibalba, his death, the conception of Xquiq by the calabash, the birth of Hun-ahpu and Xbalanque, and the transformation of Hun Batz and Hun Chouen into monkeys, he observes :—

‘It demands no great amount of perspicuity to discover the reality beneath the allegory. In the clandestine union of Xquiq with Hunhunahpu we have an account of the union of the Nahuas with the women of the country, whom they gain by their superiority. Hun-ahpu and Xbalanque represent the fruit of their loves, no less odious to those of the foreign race, which was pure of all admixture, figured by Hun Batz and Hun Chouen, than to the ancient aborigines.’

But if the system of interpretation adopted by the Abbé is wholly worthless, the documents on which he founds it remain of interest, not historically, but mythologically; and it is interesting to find the familiar myths of an Oannes, of a descent into Tartarus, a Titan war, a pregnancy through fruit-eating, as prevalent in ancient America as they were in Europe and in Asia in remote antiquity.

ART. IX.—*First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Rubrics, Orders, and Directions for regulating the Course and Conduct of Public Worship, &c., according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland; with Minutes of Evidence and Appendices. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* London: Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's most excellent Majesty. For Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1867. Folio, pp. 162.

It will scarcely be denied by any thoughtful person that the Church of England is on the verge of a great crisis—a crisis which will demand the utmost sagacity on the part of the Government for the time being, a discretion amongst her bishops greater than they have of late years displayed, and a more forbearing spirit amongst the clergy than perhaps we have much reason to calculate upon. This crisis has been brought about mainly by the influence of a school which has been gradually forcing itself into public notice—a school commonly, though very unfortunately, designated as 'Ritualistic,' because to persons who view things *ab extra* they appear to insist much upon external rites and ceremonies. The school has taken its rise out of the opinions which thirty years ago were advocated in the 'Tracts for the Times.' The 'Tractarian' school, as it has been commonly designated, dates from that period, and may be considered to have been the regenerator of the Church of England. Those who would demur to giving it this title will, at least, admit that it has entirely leavened the Church; that from the remotest district of Northumberland to the extreme west of Cornwall, there is scarcely a parish which has not felt its influence. Not only has this influence extended amongst those who would be spoken of by the external world as belonging to the school, but its most violent opponents have been obliged to advance from their old position, and take up higher ground than they like, in order to have any chance of success in a pitched battle with it. The battle ground has been perpetually shifting, and the place which at the commencement of hostilities was occupied by the Tractarian party is now pretty much the territory occupied by its more intelligent antagonists; and the first volume of the 'Tracts for the Times,' which sounded the war-note, would probably now be spoken of on the one side as representing ultra-Protestant opinions, whilst on the other it would be thought to represent moderate teaching, in which the whole Church might easily

acquiesce as in a convenient compromise. Thus those who should describe the parties as at present existing in the Church would probably speak of this school as now embracing more than a third of the number of the clergy. But such a division would be doing but scanty justice to the success of this party, which is much more to be measured by the change that it has brought over the whole face of affairs than by the number of its adherents as compared with the two other schools which are still contending for the mastery. We do not say that the party itself has remained wholly stationary. In its beginnings its efforts looked much more conservative than it can appear in its present aspect. The so-called 'Tractarian' movement commenced in an antagonism to that liberal spirit which threatened to lay its hand on the English Church in somewhat the same way as it had spoiled the Irish bishoprics. Its views were to preserve what we had got, and having succeeded beyond all expectation in that, it may perhaps be thought to have somewhat changed its character, to have become somewhat aggressive, democratic, and reforming. But whatever changes it may itself have undergone, certain it is that it has left no other school what it found it. It has infused life into all parties. It has taught even Evangelicals to think, whilst, by the very definiteness of its own assertions, it has drawn out the energies of the party who are opposed to all definiteness of religious dogma. All this has been the silent growth of thirty or forty years, and the result of the whole is an appearance of things which represents a far greater improvement in the tone of clergy and laity in the Church than its most sanguine well-wishers would have thought possible. Place your observer in whatever centre you please, and within a radius of a few miles, a church would be found restored from the miserable state of decay into which it had fallen, or a parish would be seen where celebration of Holy Communion and other services have been greatly increased, or where new schools have been built, or where the wealthier residents have been induced to take part in assisting their poorer neighbours; whilst guilds, fraternities, societies of all kinds have sprung up, testifying to the immense development of religious life which has resulted from the movement. There exist associations for promoting the union of the English with the Eastern Church, for restoring unity to the Western Church, and for maintaining the rights and privileges of the English Church. And the English Church Union presents an imposing and somewhat defiant front, which would scare some of the bishops of the northern province if they could once be brought to understand the widespread influence of its organization. For good or for evil this society is steadily and slowly operating in the way of

transferring power, influence, authority, weight—call it by what name we may—from the hands of bishops into those of the more earnest among the clergy and laity of the Church. And herein consists one of the most remarkable changes that have come over the face of this party. Deference to episcopal authority was almost their watchword, and indirectly contributed much to their success. Not only was it a genuine feeling of loyalty to superiors, but it was regarded as a strong point to make against Roman novelties and the development of the papal power, if each bishop and his church could be regarded as a miniature representative of the whole Church as governed by its chief Bishop and pastor; and the tone of the African Church in the age of S. Cyprian was thought to have been in a degree reproduced by Anglicanism in the nineteenth century. This view was promoted, also, by the tacit acquiescence, if not by the active support, of the bishops themselves, who seemed to have no objection to accept, in addition to the honour and rank which the world concedes to them, the homage and submission of the foremost men of the age. The movement spread rapidly under all these fostering influences. But strange to say, it has spread far more rapidly under the most unfavourable circumstances which followed. It seemed as if such a movement could not have survived the secession of its great leader—if, indeed, he may not more justly be called its originator. But all the adverse influences that have affected it have not retarded its advance. Its opponents said that its tendency was towards Rome, whatever its abettors might say or believe to the contrary; and the facts of the case seemed to be on their side, for converts dropped off from the school in considerable numbers. How many have dropped off from other schools into utter infidelity it is not our business nor desire to inquire. There was enough of secession to Rome from the Tractarians to make both friends and foes anxious. It was of no use to urge that those who went to Rome had come originally from the ranks of the Evangelical party. It was manifest that this was in itself no sufficient answer, inasmuch as the success of the school itself must in the first generation depend mainly upon converts from this school, or else upon those who had been brought up under no religious influences; and it was very damaging to its pretensions to find, that though it could offer a shelter for a time, it could not provide a permanent asylum for those who were in search for the best method of leading a holy life. Yet after all the instances of secessions to Rome on the one side, and of shattered faith on the other, the school thrived and propagated itself, till at the present moment it is the dominant school of thought within the pale of the Church of England. In making this estimate, we do not count only by

mere heads. We take into consideration the work that it has done and is doing, not to say the work that it can do, the influence it exerts on the different strata of society, the compactness and unity of belief among its members, the learning of its leaders, the tone of mind of its adherents. No other school makes its appeal to those who are at once refined and devotional. No other school can point to so many or so remarkable instances of self-sacrifice. No other school gives scope to the development of the fine arts. None other, except as the merest accident, cares for Church architecture or Church music, and none has produced proficients in any of the fine arts as used in subservience to religious purposes; and finally, this school alone has produced any sample of oratory which will bear comparison with the sermons and the addresses of the rest of western Christendom. The progress this school has made is so remarkable, that it might almost reasonably seem like a 'Jesuitical conspiracy.' The chief actors in bringing about the existent state of things have been working secretly. They have been content to forego the advantages of wealth and station. They have, as it were, sacrificed the appearance of influence and power to its reality. It is as if they did not care who were thought the authors of the result, so long as that result was brought about. So far from there having been any parade about the movement, it has courted the utmost privacy. So far from being noisy, it has seemed as if the school ran some risk of becoming extinct from its excessive shrinking from publicity. The names of persons of influence who belong to it, and who are doing its work, are scarcely known beyond a cherished circle of friends. They began by advocating the doctrine of reserve, and they have all along consistently carried out their principles. They would not cast pearls before swine. They have never seemed to be proselytizing, but the quiet confidence of strength has ever been making proselytes. They have never frightened people who differed from them by a rash exposition of unwelcome truths. Evangelicals and old-fashioned churchmen have talked with them, and believed that they upon the whole agreed with them, whereas the agreement was bounded within narrow limits—though the intercourse itself was gradually widening those limits. It has been indirect and moral influence that has been brought to bear upon the world, and the success that these tactics—if tactics they are to be called—have achieved, is one of the wonderful phenomena of the day. We speak of it, indeed, as a phenomenon, but it is hardly such in the etymological sense of the word. It is one of those things that are said by the poet to be

‘φωνᾶντα συνέτισιν,’

that have a voice for those who can hear it, but which does not

make its appeal to the vulgar. Much is esoteric, and it is difficult to say which is most wonderful, the real strength of the party, or the entire absence of a true estimate of its strength amongst those who are its opponents and those of the two schools we have mentioned who fancy themselves its adherents.

We have already implied that there is nothing at all approaching to an organised conspiracy to convert men to their opinions which characterises this school. It is only that people who do not understand it might be driven to this supposition to account for a result which, when they begin to take it in, they consider inexplicable. This is the school which upon the whole, whether truly or falsely, is supposed to be represented by the *Christian Remembrancer*.

But springing up from this school, arising out of it, forming part of it, as some would say, or separating from it, as some would perhaps think, is another school which has of late years made considerable progress, and has adopted tactics in many respects the very opposite to these which we have been describing. It seems to have forgotten all the lessons of economy and reserve in which its teachers had been educated. It is plain spoken, and it is not content with plain speaking; but its very characteristic is that it flaunts its colours in the face of friend and foe. The party so foolishly called 'Ritualistic' are thought to lay an undue stress upon ceremonial. The world at large considers that they sacrifice the essential to the accidental, that they subordinate real piety to external observances, that they are fond of unmeaning display. And the party itself, small as it is, is already far better known than, though perhaps as little understood as, the great Church party of which it really forms an integral portion. We have already implied that this party is much misunderstood. It could hardly be otherwise. People may not be able to understand the recondite doctrines of this faith, but all have senses, and can tell whether they dislike or like that which is proposed as an object to their senses. Nay, the very novelty of the observances involved in a gorgeous ceremonial forces people not only to form an opinion, but to express their opinion when formed, whether favourable or unfavourable. It would be difficult at the present moment to predict whether this exhibitions of Ritualism will be more popular or unpopular, regarded as mere external observances. On the one side we have the almost universal feeling of dislike to Romanism—a feeling, however, which is gradually diminishing, partly owing to the increase of the number of those who do not care enough about any form of religion to offer any active opposition even to the Papacy, and partly owing to the growing intelligence of the masses who are beginning to see that Roman Catholics can be

as good citizens as other people. On the other side there is the fact that the popularising of art has begun to tell upon the minds of all classes, from the lower middle class to nearly the lowest stratum of society. One effect of the Great Exhibitions has been to extend an appreciation of art to classes who knew nothing about it, and to improve the taste of those who possessed some acquaintance with it. The effect is apparent in nearly all the new conventicles that are being set up in towns; and, when a love for music has penetrated into the stronghold of Presbyterianism, we may be sure that no other form of Protestantism will long continue to struggle against the revival of the influence of art—

‘*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurrat.*’

And the love of secular and ecclesiastical art, which has begun to recover after standing in abeyance for nearly three centuries in England, is spreading beyond the confines of the established Church into the dwellings and the meeting-houses of dissenters. We do not then venture upon any prophecy as to the probable amount of popularity of this school. If we were taking upon ourselves its defence, which we are not, we should urge that its adherents are increasing with an astonishing rapidity; that the clergy who adopt these observances are, most of them, zealous and self-denying; that they have penetrated and influenced the lowest grades of society; that they have already attached to them much of the religious feeling amongst the aristocracy and gentry; and that they have made a sensible impression on that portion of the middle class in England represented by the shopkeepers, including within this denomination the small huckster of the country town, on the one side, and on the other, the wealthy tradesmen of cities such as Manchester or Bristol. This party has had an existence of about twenty years, or perhaps somewhat less. It is difficult to say of a party that has sprung out of another party, as the Ritual party has sprung out of what we may call the Church party, at what precise point of time it began to have a substantive existence; but we may at least say that it had begun to attract notice before the spring of 1851, for in the March of that year one of those manifestoes which we have of late seen issuing from the bench of bishops was promulgated. Many of our older readers will recollect the address signed by twenty-four archbishops and bishops, dated March 29th of that year, the Bishop of Exeter's name being conspicuously absent, in which they remonstrate against ‘any change of usages with which the religious feelings of a congregation have become associated, as being likely to do harm,’ and further give their opinion against introducing such change without the greatest

caution. In this document, which is really very well expressed, they seem wisely to recommend the clergy to avoid what would make it difficult for the congregation at large to join in, to abstain from such changes as would be likely to engender suspicions of further changes, and they add a recommendation of resort to the bishop of the diocese in cases of doubt, how to act with reference to following out the directions of the Prayer-book. Now several of these bishops still survive, and to them we make our appeal to tell us what has been the result of their unfortunate manifesto. They must be the best judges how many cases of doubt have arisen amongst the Ritualistic party, in which reference has been made to themselves as arbiters. That is a question which we have no means of answering; but, if the Ritual practices of 1851 and 1867 be compared, we think it must be admitted that the influence of the manifesto has not been great in stopping those who had already entered upon these innovations, or in preventing others from following in their wake.

It is not to our purpose here to notice how every document that has sprung from the united episcopate has been a signal failure, neither need we enter into the causes of this, which friends and foes alike will admit to be an undoubted fact. Of course, it is not pretended that such a document has any authority in law, and unquestionably neither the Ritualistic clergy, nor any others, would consent to be governed by the opinion of the Upper House of Convocation were it ever so unanimous. The influence which a bishop may exercise in his own diocese, if only he will be considerate and kind, and if he will take the trouble to make himself master of the situation by taking his clergy into his confidence, and consulting them on points where, from whatever cause, whether learning, acuteness, or mere circumstance, they are superior to himself, is immense, and, perhaps, could not easily be overrated. But all this is lost the moment he is merged in the United Episcopate. However, we have nothing here to do with the fact or its reasons. It is another fact that we want to impress upon our readers, viz. this, that the growth of the Ritualistic party has been far greater and more rapid than any one at the date of March 29th, 1851, would have thought conceivable. Debates about floral decorations and candlesticks and crosses, the prayer for the Church Militant, and preaching in the surplice, have been almost lost sight of in the more comprehensive question of Ritual and ceremonial generally. Ecclesiastical art forms a portion of most modern exhibitions, and the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition actually dogs the footsteps of the Church Congress, and seems to follow it like its shadow. Church newspapers are full of advertisements about

cofes, chasubles, stoles, dalmatics, tunicles, and a hundred other things, the very names of which were unknown, for the most part, in 1851; and the cheap papers which circulate intelligence about these things have penetrated to the remotest corners of the country. The very fear of interference is propagating these observances; the idea of persecution is giving them a positive vantage ground. If the legislature had interfered in 1851, they might easily have laid their prohibition on most of the practices which are now the subject of debate. But 1868 is the earliest date at which parliamentary agitation against the Ritualists can be renewed, and it is certain that it will be even more difficult then to interfere with them than it is now.

There is a certain section in the Church with whom external observances are eminently popular. No one will accuse the writers of this Review of any undue partiality for external ornament, any special admiration for artistic display. It does not fall in our way to give accounts of harvest festivals, or to dilate upon the mode in which divine service is performed in this or that village church. We, so to say, know nothing about banners and processions; we leave to others the discussions about Anglicans and Gregorians: but we have our eyes open, and we see that these things have become too common to be put down. We think he will be a rash statesman who attempts next year to put down the Ritual party, even were that party to stand alone. But, as we have said, they have sprung out of an older, and a more sober, and, to politicians, a more formidable party; and perhaps some might think that the border-line which separates the two parties is somewhat difficult to discover. The party of Lord Shaftesbury may, perhaps, already be exulting in the expectation of a triumph which shall bring the more sober-minded of the Ritualists into the old groove of ceremonial or want of ceremonial, and they may be preparing to sing their *Te Deum* over the many who will be drawn from the English into the Roman Communion. But graver politicians will, perhaps, pause and inquire into the relations between this supposed insignificant offshoot and that large body of men which, beyond all question, is the dominant party in the Church of England; and the relation in which these two parties, the great one and the little one, stand to each other. Is it possible to detach the Ritualists from the Church party? Is the battle that is being waged a strife in which the little band will easily be overcome by numbers and extinguished? In all probability this is the issue that appears to Lord Shaftesbury and his short-sighted friends. Whereas, on the contrary, the real battle is between the whole of the Church party, including the Ritualists, against those, whoever they

may be, who choose to run their heads against so formidable a body.

There are many people who may perhaps understand that Mr. Bennett of Frome may be taken as a representative of either party, according to the view that may be taken of his position. But it would be ridiculous to say that he, and others like him who might be named, are the persons that bridge over the interval between the two sections. And herein lies the mistake that people who might have been expected to know better are making. Such men are not waverers between the two, but they are the stout adherents of both; and the inference to be drawn from the existence of such men shows, not that the sections are nearly allied, but that they are substantially identical. Mr. Bennett is both the theologian and the parish-priest, and he is carrying out, in the way he considers most practical, the doctrines which he himself learned from the 'Tracts for the Times.' We are not expressing our approval, nor indeed giving any opinion at all as to the desirableness of this or that form of ceremonial. Indeed we must confess great ignorance as to the particular forms adopted in different churches. But it will be fresh in the recollection of our readers how pointedly Dr. Pusey explained in his speech at the last general meeting of the English Church Union that the Ritualists were carrying out, by their appeal to the sense of sight and other senses, the teaching which he and his friends had been labouring to inculcate by their writings.

Let no one suppose, therefore, that the real issue is as to what amount of Ritual shall be observed. Ritual is only the ground upon which the battle is to be fought. The real thing at stake is the doctrine of the Real Objective Presence, and the concomitant doctrine of the Commemorative Sacrifice,—the doctrine of Thorndike and of the author of 'The Unbloody Sacrifice.' It is not, be it recollected always, whether this is exclusively the doctrine of the Church of England: no one wishes to exclude from the Church those who are unable to accept the whole teaching of Johnson and Thorndike: but it is a question whether those who in this day hold with those divines shall be shut out from a Church which has been unable to exclude the teaching of those who deny the regenerating grace of baptism.

And here we must recur for a moment to the circumstances of 1851. We have said that the name of the venerable Bishop of Exeter was absent from the episcopal manifesto of the spring of that year against Ritual. Neither are we left to conjecture as to the meaning of that absence. In an elaborate Pastoral Letter issued very soon afterwards the Bishop explained, in language

the wisdom of which has been proved by the experience of every subsequent year, that the matters alluded to in the manifesto 'ought to be dealt with by every bishop in his own diocese; for,' he says, 'they cannot be dealt with justly or effectively without 'looking to the specialities of every particular case.'

The Bishop continues in a strain, to appreciate the exquisite sarcasm of which it is necessary to bear in mind that Sumner and Musgrave were the names of the two archbishops who headed the manifesto: 'When, therefore, zeal for the faith once delivered to the saints was insufficient to draw from us a declaration of our adherence to Catholic truth in the great article of one baptism for the remission of sins, and of our determination to stand by the plain dogmatic teaching of our Church, that the inward and spiritual grace of that sacrament is a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, I deemed it little short of mockery to put forth an united address to our clergy, praying them to submit to us as doubts these small matters, many of which do not seem to them to be doubtful at all. Neither could I join in entering a clear and unhesitating protest against the principle, that as the Church of England is the ancient Catholic Church settled in this land before the Reformation, and was then reformed only by the casting away of certain strictly-defined corruptions, therefore, whatever form or usage existed in the Church before its reformation may now be freely introduced and observed, unless there can be alleged against it the distinct letter of some formal prohibition.'

We wish it were consistent with the limits usually prescribed in such an article as this to transcribe several whole pages of this admirable Pastoral of the Bishop of Exeter's. We fear in these days when events pass so rapidly that the past is almost forgotten in the excitement of the present,—that it is much less remembered than it deserves to be. It is the warning voice of one whose words were disregarded sixteen years ago, and we have seen with what results; and his words will apply with scarcely any alteration to the present crisis of affairs. It goes on to speak of noble earls and gallant officers hounding on Her Majesty's subjects against the undoubted and indisputable doctrines of the Church, amongst which he expressly names the doctrine of the sacrifice, and of the resulting petition to Her Majesty signed by one third of a million of signatures; of which petition he observes, that 'if it tells us the extent to which delusion has been carried, it tells us also the dangers which follow from rash and unreflecting innovation.' Now that was a time when the people had been lashed into fury by the so-called Papal Aggression, and a Bill was hastily passed

which was a dead-letter the moment it was passed, which everybody knew would be a dead-letter, and of which everybody who was concerned in the passing it is now heartily ashamed. Let our rulers be wise, learning wisdom by experience of the past. Let them at least pause before they pass any law on a subject as yet little understood, and ask themselves the question whether at the instigation of a fanatic earl and a half-saved marquis abetted by the laughing-stock of the House of Commons, they will enact a law, which must either be from the day of its enactment a dead-letter, or bring about a speedy disruption of the Establishment.

Such are the circumstances which we have thought it worth our while to detail before entering upon an examination of the Report, the title of which is placed at the head of this article.

The Report originated in a suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, made to the Premier with the intention of shelving a Bill which Lord Shaftesbury had introduced into the House of Lords. What the ulterior consequences of the appointment of such a Commission were likely to be was, perhaps, little considered at the time, either by the Archbishop or the Bishop of Oxford, who was understood to concur in the course adopted; but it was certain that any action on the subject taken in hand by a private individual pending the sitting of such a Commission must fall to the ground. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, either that the Commissioners should have been in no hurry to report, or that Lord Shaftesbury should have chafed under the restraint which he felt was put upon him when his appeals for the appearance of a report were always met with the easy response that it was not yet ready. Of course, to Lord Shaftesbury himself nothing would have been easier. What he wanted was a one-sided legislation which should legalise all the deformities of Puritan worship, and, if possible, cut away the status which he was wise enough to see the present state of the law allowed the Ritualists. And, with the help of a 'No Popery' cry, it is possible he might have been successful, and perhaps have stood aghast at the consequences of his success, which, as we have already implied, would have been such as he has not sufficient grasp of mind to comprehend. He neither has any idea of the strength of the Church party, nor does he appear to be aware that they have thrown their broad shield over the Ritualists, and mean to stand or fall with them. Even he would scarcely, we suppose, like to enjoy the triumph of putting a stop to Ritualism at the expense of lopping off so large a limb from what he himself in his way considers a noble tree. And so he was very near committing himself to the suicidal measure of bring-

ing forward his motion in the teeth of the Commission. But better or worse counsels, according as the case may be viewed, prevailed, and the Bill was suffered to die out with the prorogation of Parliament, to be re-introduced in a future session with, as Lord Shaftesbury well knows, very diminished chances of success. The Commission is dated June 3d, and, considering the comprehensive as well as delicate nature of the investigations to be entered into by the Commissioners, they had a very sufficient pretext for not issuing a report, or any part of a report, within the period of little more than two months that Parliament would be sitting; and it was not till the 19th of August that the Report was concluded. How soon it was presented and printed we cannot exactly say. Its contents were tolerably well known before the end of the month. The *Times* was in ecstasies at the Ritualists being done, and it was hinted in other papers that they had been tried by no unfriendly judges, and that the verdict was against them. Quite at the end of August the text of the Report was produced in the London papers, and about a week afterwards the Blue Book was published, which contains both the Report and the evidence on which it is founded—or rather, we should say, to which it is attached, but on which it is not founded.

But before we examine the Report, we may be permitted to say a few words on the terms of the Commission, and the men who were appointed to sit upon it. On neither of these points do we conceive that Churchmen have any reason to find fault with Lord Derby. It is in no sense a Ritual Commission, as it does not so much as once contain the word Ritual. It is a direction to the Commissioners to inquire into all the Rubrics, Orders, and Directions which regulate the public worship of the Church, so that they may suggest such explanations and emendations of them as may secure uniformity of practice in such matters as may be deemed essential. The terms of the Commission, then, are such as eminently proclaim fair play. If there is what is called excess on the one hand, or defect on the other; if there is any deviation of practice from the exact letter of the Rubric and the law; if there is any violation of the spirit or the letter of the Prayer-book—all is to be taken into consideration, all is to be reduced, if possible, to a kind of uniformity, at least in essentials, whatever meaning may be supposed to lurk under the term essentials. If a Commission was appointed at all—and we entirely disapprove of there being any Commission on such a subject at this time—we repeat that the terms are fair, and no one has any reasonable ground for complaint. Nay, it is a very curious circumstance to remark how the Evangelical clergy have been bearing themselves with reference to this subject. We hear absolutely tolerant measures proposed by themselves. They

would be content, they say, to compromise matters, and adopt the use of the surplice universally, if all parties will agree to it. They are really not so addicted to extemporaneous prayers before sermon, but they will gladly give them up now that they see that they stand on no basis of law. In fact, they will conform to existing law as much as may be, if only they can get the one law which galls them on the subject of vestments altered. No one will wonder at their being so utterly in the dark as to the views and meanings of Churchmen. Of course, it is not likely that they would be able to see that Churchmen care very little about black gowns and surplices; but that doctrine should be symbolised in vesture is as unintelligible to them as the mode of reconciling their doctrine of justification by faith with a judgment according to works. It is a part of their general ignorance of all things that do not fall within their own immediate beat that has prompted them to cry out against the persons appointed to sit upon this Commission. Of course, any one can see that it would be highly unfair to sit in judgment upon deviations from law on the one side, and take no notice of flagrant violations on the other. But it is not so easy to form a judgment of the views of persons, and the Evangelical party look upon the Commission as being in this respect somewhat one-sided and against them. And we never remember a Royal Commission of inquiry on any subject issued which was more found fault with, both publicly in Parliament and in private coteries. Even in high quarters complaints have been made on this score, and as we think most unreasonably. As far as that party is concerned all fairness has been shown. Almost every man of any mark or learning they possess has been placed upon the Commission. If Lord Derby could have found any more probably they would have been there. But in choosing twenty-nine men of note, it was impossible to find a third of that number to represent the Evangelical body. On the other hand, without in the least degree accusing Lord Derby of any partiality, we must say that the Ritualists are represented only by one person, and that High Churchmen seem hardly represented at all except among laymen. Every one, of course, must have the highest respect for such men as Sir Robert Phillimore and Sir William Page Wood, as well as for Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Hubbard. They fairly represent the feelings of Churchmen. But we miss the names of influential clerical members of the old High Church party, such as Dr. Pusey, Mr. Carter of Clewer, and others who might be named, who would have brought learning and discretion to such a task. We miss any name that is famous for knowledge of the time of the Reformation, when most of those rubrics were drawn up, or acquainted with later Church history

of the times of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. And as to the allegation that the Bishops of Oxford and Gloucester are themselves Ritualists, the former has made it his boast that his diocese is exceptionally free from Ritualism, whilst both of them, it is known very well, would be glad to get rid of every Ritualist in their dioceses, if they could do so by fair and honest means. We believe that there was every disposition to be fair on the part of the Government, and probably these prelates were selected as amongst the least prejudiced against Ritual of any that could be found.

We have thus, with as little personality as possible, analysed the members of the Commission sufficiently to show that Ritualism proper had little chance of a favourable verdict. And yet we own we were extremely surprised at first sight of the Report. Neither can we now understand such a Report being issued, except on the supposition that the wisest of the Commissioners are well aware that no action can be taken upon it. Though every one who reads these pages will be familiar with that Report, we shall, as we intend to dissect it, reproduce it, only omitting the technical portions of it.

‘We find that, while these vestments are regarded by some witnesses as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honour to the Holy Communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by none regarded as essential, and they give great offence to many.

‘We are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain in the public service of the United Church of England and Ireland all variations in respect of vestures from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, and we think that this may be best secured by providing aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress.

‘We are not yet prepared to recommend to your Majesty the best mode of giving effect to these suggestions, with a view at once to secure the objects proposed and to promote the peace of the Church; but we have thought it our duty in a matter to which great interest is attached not to delay the communication to your Majesty of the results at which we have already arrived.’

The result then of the whole of the deliberations of the Commissioners comes to this, that ‘we think it expedient to restrain variations of vesture from the established use.’ Now we are not going at present to compare this conclusion with its premises as they appear in the evidence. We will simply take the report by itself, and give the impression left on the minds of thinking and reflecting people during this nine days’ wonder, before the appearance of the blue book, with the evidence which some people, perhaps, fondly hoped would clear up the mystery. Now it is quite certain that this was a foregone conclusion in the minds of, to say the very least, a majority of these Com-

missioners, before even they had heard a particle of evidence or had a single sitting for deliberation. Whether or not they expected or intended to be influenced by the evidence itself it is impossible to say. However undesirable it may be for judges to have a bias beforehand, we all know how overwhelming evidence to the contrary will in some cases completely change that bias, and produce a judgment quite different from what was expected. We do not say that this or that Commissioner was biased or unduly prejudiced. What we do say is, that looking to the constitution of the Commission as a whole, no person endued with common sense, and knowing the characters and antecedents of the individuals, but must have known that a majority, if they had had to decide without evidence, would have given their opinion that it was desirable to restrain ritual observances. Count the twenty-nine individuals, and, without respecting either ecclesiastical or temporal rank, simply divide them into the obvious classes of clergymen and laymen, we say that the clergymen present would have voted in a very large majority for stopping ritual proceedings if it could be safely done. We venture to say that a majority of these not only had no sympathy with Ritual, but that they scarcely understood the nature of the thing they were debating about. We have already said we miss the representatives of historical, and antiquarian, and theological learning on that Commission, and we shall not descend to personalities or specifications, but we ask any person of common sense to judge what we say with reference to the clergy, inclusive of archbishops and bishops, English and Irish. The laymen on the Commission are more equally divided, though we believe that setting aside the question of evidence, and judging, supposing they had had to judge from the present state of affairs, their conviction would have been that the vestments, as they are technically called, had better be put down. We are not blaming either ecclesiastics or laymen for this prepossession. It is but natural that men of cultivated minds and mixing in political society, must form conclusions perhaps sometimes prematurely, upon questions that come before them, especially if those questions are very prominent, and have become a general topic of conversation.

The conclusion, then, that the Commissioners have arrived at—we are supposing ourselves to be writing during the nine days of wonder between the appearance of the report and the authoritative publication of the evidence—was exactly such as might have been expected. The Commissioners are, however, directed to make diligent inquiry into all such matters, and to report from time to time. Accordingly we waited in anxious expectation of the first report which we understood to be ready,

but of which we could not get sight. It was pretty well known that they had had nineteen meetings during their two months of deliberation, and had perhaps examined about nineteen witnesses on the important subject, the interest attached to which was extended throughout the whole of England from the Land's End to the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed. The amount of evidence produced then had not had the effect of changing the view which we unhesitatingly say pervaded the Commission when they began to sit. We do not say that the Commissioners would not have let Ritual alone if they thought they could safely do so. It is not that they had any strong prejudices against such observances if only they could have been deemed consistent with peace and quiet. And accordingly they produce on paper the same conclusion which was in the mind of the Commission as a whole before they began to deliberate, that they think it expedient to 'restrain variations of vesture.'

The mode in which this 'restraint' shall be put in action is less definitely expressed. Of the meaning of the word 'restraint,' we have many doubts: one thing only is plain, it cannot be equivalent to 'prohibit.' It is doubtful how much is lawful and how much is contrary to law, and the Commissioners do not suggest, at least not directly, any alteration of law. At the same time the suggestion that is made cannot be carried out without some change in the law. To bring the thing to a point we may observe that the real point at issue in most cases will be whether the celebrant shall wear a chasuble. Now the doing this is probably within the province of law as at present existing. When therefore it is proposed to provide aggrieved parishioners with an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress, it is of course meant that when a priest wears a chasuble, his parishioners, if they do not like it should have an easy and inexpensive mode of preventing his doing so. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, the easy and inexpensive mode to be by direct application to the bishop; but if the bishop, or whoever else it may be who is to administer the law, is to do anything that will be effectual in the matter, it must be by enforcing the law which binds alike him and the parish priest, and we come sooner or later to the interpretation of the now celebrated Rubric on the 'Ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers thereof.' Yet in the teeth of the certainty there exists that this must be the issue of the matter the Commissioners gravely say that they are not prepared to show how any effect 'can be given to these conclusions with a view to 'secure the objects proposed and to promote the peace of the 'Church.' That is to say, they think that the 'restraint' of variations in vesture is desirable, and would, if it could be

enforced, secure uniformity of practice, but they do not at present see any method of enforcing such uniformity, which will not destroy the peace of the Church, and perhaps make things worse than they are at present. The *conclusions* which they speak of we take to be a grammatical figure, or as some perhaps might call it a rhetorical artifice of using the plural for the singular. There is a well-known figure in rhetoric which may be studied in either Aristotle, or Cicero, or Quintilian, called *amplification*. The circumstances under which it may be used with propriety or advantage may be learned from those writers, and upon the whole, if we remember rightly the directions for the use of the figure amount to this, that it is to be applied when you have little else to say, for the sake of making a little appear to go a great way. Considerable use of this figure has been made by the Commissioners. They evidently had not much to say, for the whole of the report is contained in a single page, and exactly half of it is taken up with a preamble which is but a repetition of the words of the Commission.

Still there was a sufficient number of members of the Commission, and amongst this number the majority is of laymen, who we feel sure must have found considerable difficulty in arriving at any more definite conclusion on the subject of ritual than that which is vaguely expressed as a thing which requires restraint under certain circumstances, and as a matter of consequence requires power of some sort to give effect to that restraint where a grievance is felt. The flagrant case of Northmoor Green (and we believe this case is almost if not quite unique) points to a sort of necessity for restraint under certain circumstances. One weak and foolish individual may easily do more mischief than one hundred wise men can remedy, and of course if the abstract proposition is put to us, would you restrain, if you could, the vagaries of the incumbent of Northmoor Green, we should in the interests of truth and of peace, of good order and of decency, proclaim aloud our wish that law should be enabled to deal with such a case. Indeed, if such case were anything but the merest exception to a general rule, if it could fairly be regarded as a representative case, that is, if the evidence on which the report is founded shall produce anything of the kind as common or likely to be common, we at once give in. We are at one with the Commissioners. Such things must be restrained. Nay we would go further. If scandals in any even small proportion had been shown to arise from the use of vestments and ornaments, we should cordially have given our concurrence in an ordinance which should have swept such things clean away. Let us not incur, we should have said, the danger of promoting sacrilege. Let us not run the chance of seeing the Church's altars again profaned in the nine-

teenth as they were in the seventeenth century. Let a mob, if so be, have its way rather than by threatening it provoke it to such outrages as we have seen recently detailed in this one instance in the public prints. If it were conceivable that evidence of this kind has come before the Commissioners, then they are not only justified in their desire for restraint, but they have fallen short of their duty in not instantly recommending a change in the law to enable them to deal with such cases. As they have not done so we feel constrained to believe (we are speaking of the time of the nine days wonder) that no very extreme case of sacrilege or profanation, such as disgraced the time of the 'Surplice Riots' and the 'Durham Letter,' has been brought before their notice. The Northmoor Green riots were probably in the minds of all, and a minority in fear of them gave in their adhesion to the doctrine that cases might arise where some power of restraint which does not at present exist might fairly be brought to bear upon the case.

But we have not yet done with the Report, nor our *prima facie* impressions with regard to it. We have already implied that the body of the Report has been spread out so as to occupy about half a page, but we have really somewhat misrepresented it in this. Even of this half-page the first paragraph consists of a statement in general of what had been done in the matter, as detailed in the three following paragraphs, and the fifth and last statement informs Her Majesty that she will find the evidence and certain other documents in the Appendix. So that, in point of fact, the Report consists of three separate propositions, which, with the help of a little leading and other typographical manœuvring, are spread out into three paragraphs consisting of four lines each. So it appears the Commissioners have availed themselves of a physical as well as a moral form of amplification. Two of these paragraphs we have already discussed. But the first yet remains to be noticed. It contains, we suppose, the argument upon which the opinion is based. We say we suppose this, because they have not ventured to connect the paragraph with the next by the use of the usual connecting link which marks the consequence of one proposition upon the other. The Commissioners do not say, We are *therefore* of opinion. And we must therefore give them the benefit of the doubt, and suppose that they omitted the word because they were conscious of the want of logical sequence. So we will take the first paragraph as it stands, in all its isolation from the context, and examine it on its own merits, apart from any supposition that it was intended to do duty in the way of proving the opinion on the expediency of restraint. That expediency will remain to be shown in the evidence; and we refrain from even imagining that it was

regarded by the Commissioners as affording a shadow of evidence for the opinion which follows it, and with which it seems to ourselves to have no connexion whatever. It runs as follows:—‘We find that whilst these vestments are regarded by some witnesses as symbolical of doctrine, and by others as a distinctive vesture whereby they desire to do honour to the Holy Communion as the highest act of Christian worship, they are by none regarded as essential, and they give grave offence to many.’

Now, again, we ask the question, Is this indeed a finding of the Commissioners upon the evidence? Had they no suspicion beforehand that these vestments are used as symbolical of doctrine, or that they were specially deemed appropriate to the highest act of Christian worship? Did they suppose that any one regarded them as essential, and were they ignorant of the fact that they gave offence to many? Their very existence as a Commission was the consequence of the grave offence which, they deliberately inform her Majesty they have come to the conclusion, is given by the use of these vestments. Are they so ignorant of true Ritualism as not to know that every vesture, and every ornament and decoration, was meant to be symbolical of some truth? It is impossible to imagine otherwise than that the better informed of the Commissioners were willing to explain the matter to those who knew less of these matters; or is it that they mean to shelter themselves under the ambiguity of the word ‘essential,’ and that after all there was meant to be a connexion of consequence as well as subsequence in the paragraph which states these remarkable discoveries, and that in which the opinion on restraint is expressed? We are ourselves unable to see the point at which opinion is spoken of as diverging. We must confess it seems to us a distinction without a difference when we are told that some witnesses regard them as symbolical of doctrine, others as ‘means of doing honour to the Holy Communion.’ The latter is a form of expression which we should not have used ourselves, but perhaps some of the witnesses may have used it; and perhaps the Commissioners have preferred expressing their opinion in language derived from the witnesses themselves, and have only been guilty of another pardonable instance of amplification on a subject where it was difficult to find twenty-nine clever men to agree in any single expression.

We have hinted at a possible ambiguity in the meaning of the word ‘essential.’ We really cannot suppose that the Commissioners gravely meant that they had made the discovery that the people who use a chasuble do not believe it to be of the essence of the Sacrament. It is probable the late Bishop of

London may have argued that no one could think it of the essence of a sermon that it should be delivered in a black gown, when he ordered all his clergy to preach in the surplice. But he soon found that it was much more essential than he supposed it to be; that is to say, that though as good a sermon could be preached in a surplice as in a Geneva gown or an academical dress, yet that people would not come to church to hear it in the white dress when they had been accustomed to the black; and so in a few weeks he was obliged to countermand his order, and to give the word of command, if we may quote his own pleasantry upon himself, 'As you were,—that means, As you was.' If the Commissioners mean by their use of the word 'essential' that it is a thing that either clergy or laity will willingly or easily submit to be deprived of, the sooner they are undeceived of that impression the better. To persons situated like Mr. Bennett and his parishioners at Frome there is no possibility of return from the gorgeous ritual to the tame and ordinary mode of conducting Divine Service in the churches of Islington. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Still, we do not at all mean to suppose that any such issue as that is contemplated by the Report, which speaks not of prohibition but 'restraint,' and seems to apply only to cases where offence is taken.

In criticizing this document it must not be forgotten that the Ritual Commissioners were placed in most difficult circumstances, even if they had not been hurried into a premature utterance on a portion of their subject by the impetuosity of Lord Shaftesbury. As it is, they seem to have felt themselves forced to give in a first Report much more speedily than they themselves wished, or than could in common decency have been expected of them. The crisis, as some of them perhaps would know, was more momentous than any which has occurred in the Church of England since the year 1689, and they might reasonably have expected the utmost forbearance on the part of all sections of Churchmen if they had delayed their Report for many months. It is the hurry of the circumstances, and the number and ability of the Commissioners, that has produced certainly the weakest Report we ever remember to have seen signed by any set of Royal Commissioners. And now, before going on to notice the Blue-book, we may observe that, slight and vague as is the Report itself, there are three who must be considered dissentients from it. Mr. Perry, in knowledge of the subject, is *acilef princeps* amongst his fellow Commissioners; and what he says amounts to an entire disapproval of the Report which he has signed. Two others of the Commissioners, whose opinion is entitled to the greatest consideration, sign it in a very hesitating and unsatisfied style. Sir Robert Phillimore is the chief repre-

sentative of ecclesiastical law on the Commission, and Mr. Beresford-Hope is known as the layman who unites the most tolerant spirit with the most thorough English churchmanship. That they have entered their protest seems to imply that the others wish to carry restraint to greater lengths than they either of them would consent to. Altogether, we shall not be singular if we express the opinion that the Report, such as it is, is the result of a compromise, which satisfies none of those whose names are appended to it.

We come now to the Blue-book itself, which consists of five parts: the Commission, the Report, Minutes of the Proceedings, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendices. Of the Minutes of the Proceedings we need only notice that an average of twenty-four or twenty-five members sat at each of the meetings, that the Bishop of S. David's took no part in the meetings after the first day on which the order of the proceedings was arranged, and that Mr. Coleridge's name appears but three times. As to the arrangement itself, we learn from a minute appended to the proceedings of the seventh meeting, on Monday, July 8th, 1867, that they had agreed at their first meeting to report upon the question submitted to them, on the Ornaments of the church and the Vestments of the minister, before applying themselves to any other branch of the subject; and at this sitting it was agreed that the Archbishop of Canterbury should communicate this fact to the House of Lords, together with the information that they would 'next week, or at the very furthest the week after next,' begin the consideration of their first Report. Accordingly that day week, July 15th, the deliberations were commenced.

Now this is the explanation of the Archbishop's answer in the House of Lords to Lord Shaftesbury, and from this it will be seen that the Commissioners had not fair play given them. To appease the angry feelings of Lord Shaftesbury and his colleagues they felt obliged to confine themselves to the examination of as many witnesses as could be crowded into nine days of session. The consequence was, that in all the number of witnesses examined amounts to seventeen. It will not be thought likely, therefore, that the Commissioners will have gained much information as to the practices and customs adopted throughout the country, and much less as to the effect of their adoption on the minds of people in general. Thus far, then, without referring to the actual evidence, it is easy to see that, whatever it may be, it can scarcely be sufficient to justify the opinion that Ritual ought to be restrained, except indeed on the allegation, which we have conjectured the Commissioners were too logical

to press, that what is 'by some regarded as essential' and gives 'grave offence to many,' is to be suppressed without having any regard to those to whom such practice may be edifying. What we say now is that the Commissioners have come to a very hasty conclusion on very insufficient evidence, and that the best defence for their having done so consists in the fanatic and unbecoming urgency of Lord Shaftesbury. There may, of course, have been very cogent reasons for so doing, but the result, it must be admitted, is disastrous, for the Commissioners have been very imperfectly informed as to the case with which they have had to deal.

The Commissioners perhaps expected, at the conclusion of the evidence on the ninth day of session, to come to an early agreement as to the terms of their Report, but no less than eleven sittings were occupied in producing the eleven (or we will call them twelve) lines of which this Report consists; and here, probably, we learn a little of the inner history of this debate. Omitting what they say they will not do, there is one piece of information that they state themselves to have gained from their investigation, and they have arrived at one statement of opinion which may be spoken of as the opinion of 'expediency of restraint.' In fact, they have found themselves stranded; and though a great majority would have expressed themselves more strongly, they have been obliged, in deference to the wishes of a powerful minority, to concur in the minimum that could be said against the Vestment Theory. And this, as we have said above, was the opinion of the majority before they commenced their investigations, and certainly was not formed from anything they heard in the course of examination, as we now proceed to show.

The evidence naturally divides itself into two classes,—that which is to the point, and that which has nothing to do with the point in hand. Of this latter kind of evidence there is a great deal, partly owing to the kind of persons examined, partly to the silly or impertinent nature of the questions asked by some of the Commissioners. Under the former head we may at once dismiss from consideration the evidence of the members of the Evangelical clergy who were invited to attend. There is one point in this class of evidence which we shall recur to hereafter, when we come to contrast the work that appears to be done by the extreme Ritualist and the extreme Anti-Ritualist respectively. But we have nothing now to say as regards Mr. Daniel Wilson and the Dean of Carlisle. We suppose they were summoned as the respective types of the Evangelical parochial clergyman and the Low Church dignitary; but probably no single commissioner

would wish the standard of uniformity to be fixed according to the dreary type of Islingtonianism, and scarcely any one would desire our cathedrals to be modelled after the fashion of Carlisle. We pass them by, therefore, with the simple remark that this party has been pretty well trotted out by the Commissioners, partly by questions put in all simplicity and partly by a skilfully arranged series of interrogations. Acting on the same principle, we may omit all notice of the Dean of York, who may, perhaps, be taken to represent the style of dignitary most antagonistic to the Evangelical school, but not representing any form of Ritualism, for Ritual observances have not as yet penetrated into our cathedral bodies. There is another Evangelical clergyman of Brighton, a Mr. Clay, whose evidence is of so different a character that we cannot place him in the same category with his brethren mentioned above. They would probably be highly offended at being classed with him, and we reserve what we have to say on this subject till we come to Mr. Wagner's examination, where we shall find it of some use for the main purpose of this article. We must pass by also the practices of another style of church which, before the definite existence of the Broad Church party, would have been probably designated as 'high and dry,' but which we can only characterise as a kind of representative of both. But we shall have for a moment to recur to Mr. Kempe, of S. James', Piccadilly, when we come to sum up the evidence before us. The salient points all occur in the examinations of those who are distinct Ritualists and their opponents. These are Mr. Le Geyt, Mr. White, Mr. Nugee, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Wagner, and the evidence brought to confront these statements comes principally from the depositions of three laymen,—Mr. Deverell, Mr. Martin, and Mr. Droop. But we have not yet cleared the ground sufficiently. We can also dismiss from the *tapis* Mr. Webb, of S. Andrew's, Well Street, who is not a Ritualist, as the term is commonly understood, and whose evidence, which is given in a very calm and dispassionate manner, is of the utmost importance that can be attached to the evidence of any single witness with regard to the general conclusion the Commissioners have arrived at. Mr. Webb has no objection to vestments. He is a Ritualist in the true sense of the word, and an antiquarian, but he does not use them. He has continued the services of his church very much as he found them; but he is of opinion that 'it would be a most fatal step if the licence that is still allowed by the rubric in the matter were 'restricted.' Now we observed above that it would be almost impossible to devise any mode of 'restraint' which would not, in the end, come to the alteration of the rubric here alluded to. If our argument is correct, the evidence of this gentleman points

to exactly the opposite conclusion to that at which the Commissioners have arrived. But putting aside this view, we may observe, that to take the very lowest ground possible, Mr. Webb furnishes no evidence in favour of the recommendation of the Report.

We have yet another witness to dispose of before we go on to what we may call the evidence proper—that is to say, the evidence which really bears upon the subject. We shall presently take into consideration the evidence *pro* and *con*, as it regards particular churches and the customs observed in them. But Mr. Ford's evidence is of a peculiar kind, as he does not appear in the capacity of an *aggrieved parishioner*, but as a general beater-up of grievances throughout the country. This gentleman is a paid agent of a society called 'The Church Association.' He is a member of the Association, and has a seat upon its Council, but is not aware what is the exact object of their proceedings, though he supposes he was intended to ascertain the feelings of people with regard to Ritualistic churches. He seems to have endeavoured to further this object by talking to clergymen unconnected with these churches and lay members of other congregations, but was obliged to confess, that with regard to the principal church of which he speaks he knows absolutely nothing of the subject, but states that he has heard from other people that the church of Northmoor Green, near Bridgewater, has been nearly deserted, and that his personal knowledge of that place, independent of hearing, is absolutely nothing; that his instructions were indefinite, but that he looked at churches to see what practices were objectionable, and what, as far as he could judge (and here the witness modestly admits that his knowledge of law is slight), were illegal. He continues, that his looking at churches was altogether a subsidiary thing; that is, we suppose, was secondary to the object of ascertaining the feelings of the congregation, which he seems to have thought could be best done by talking to people who did not belong to the congregation. Upon the whole, this gentleman's information amounts to this, that for the six months' salary which he has drawn, he has been able to report to his employers what he has detailed to the Archbishop before the other members of the Commission, viz. that the church of S. Michael and All Angels at Brighton is the most advanced Ritual church of which he knows anything. His description of it we need not go further into. It will be quite familiar to any of our readers who know anything at all of this type of church. We think, then, we shall hardly be expected to congratulate the society on the very efficient manner in which this gentleman has earned his salary. That is their business, and not ours. As far as his description of the one church of

S. Michael and All Angels at Brighton is concerned, we may observe, that all the facts he tells us will come before us again when we come to what we have called the evidence proper. For the present we may dismiss the salaried agent of the 'Church Association' with the remark, that he contributes nothing in support of the argument or assertion, whichever it is to be called, that 'aggrieved *parishioners*' ought to be provided with 'an easy and effectual process for complaint and redress.'

We believe we have now cleared the ground, and may approach the evidence, we will not say upon which the Report is founded, for that would be begging the question—which may, perhaps, admit of doubt, whether the Report is founded on it; but we will say, which bears upon the subject of the Report. We will take it as nearly as possible in the order in which it occurs, only simplifying and classifying for the sake of brevity, and to avoid wearying our readers with unnecessary repetitions. We take no notice, therefore, of irrelevant questions, of which there were a great many, nor, for the present, of opinions expressed on points which do not fairly come within the terms of the Commission.

The first two clergymen examined represent, we suppose, the Ritual and Ceremonial practice of a city or suburban church of the metropolis, Mr. Le Geyt's church being the type of the unfashionable, Mr. Cosby White's that of the fashionable neighbourhood. Neither of these gentlemen would profess, or be taken to be, profound theologians nor eminent Ritualists in the proper sense of the term. In speaking of them under the latter denomination we therefore desire to be understood as condescending to the popular use of the word in ordinary parlance at this day, and one which, we observe, has been freely adopted without any apology on the part of her Majesty's Commissioners. Mr. Le Geyt's evidence is divided into two parts. Whether this is an accident, or whether the intervening examination of Mr. White suggested the recall of Mr. Le Geyt, to be further questioned, after certain of the Commissioners had begun to learn how to ask questions, it is not for us to determine. We take the body of the evidence as one, extending over forty-four closely-printed columns. We need not, however, explain to readers of this Review the difference between a cope and a chasuble, a scarf and a stole; we need not weary them with telling them the mode of celebrating the Holy Communion, which is in outline the same in these as in a hundred other churches which might be mentioned. We observe no material difference between the facts brought out in evidence by these two witnesses, and still less do we observe any difference of opinion, though their practice differs in one apparently important particular. The one uses

the cope, the chasuble, the dalmatic, the tunicle, &c., the other does not. By far the most important variations from the ordinary style of churches of our Communion consist in the following particulars :—

1. They have a daily celebration.
2. They have three celebrations on Sunday.
3. There is a presence of non-communicants, and that encouraged by the clergy at the time of celebration.

In addition to these particulars, we may add that, as distinguished from churches of the Islington type, they have daily services morning and evening, and on Sundays a choral service (the choir consisting of boys and men wholly volunteers from the middle and lower classes of society); that the rubrics, as far as they go, are generally obeyed where such obedience would not cause great inconvenience or confusion; that the number of their communicants is out of all proportion greater, and that the offertories at the respective churches stand in even more marked contrast to each other, and that auricular confession is a very common practice in these congregations.

To this we must add, that both these witnesses avow the principle which we have already quoted from the Bishop of Exeter, and imply, indeed, that this is the whole ground upon which they go; that when anything is doubtful the practice of the Church of England should be regulated by that which has existed before the so-called Reformation, when it cannot be shown that such custom has been forbidden by any law of the Church now in force. They would ground, the one of them his use of the vestments, the other his right to use them, on this principle, and both admit that they may possibly be in any given case mistaken in their interpretation of a law or a rubric or an ancient practice. It is plain from what both these witnesses allege that the introduction of the vestments, about which the question turns, is regarded as a subordinate matter of expediency. Both have been requested to wear them. One only has had a set of vestments presented to him which he actually wears. Neither of them has met with any complaint or resistance. Both have been urged by their parishioners in the direction of Ritual, and have used their own discretion as to how far they should concede to popular opinion. And here let us observe, that the convulsion of the Church about the surplice question mainly arose out of the people's disliking the disuse of the accustomed black gown, which black gown is now almost exploded by popular opinion, and that the same popular opinion is in certain districts very unmistakeably bent upon having its own way in favour of Eucharistic vestments.

Amongst these 'certain districts' we think no one will dispute

our position, when we say that the evidence clearly shows Stoke Newington and S. Barnabas, Pimlico, to be included. And here, in concluding our notice of the evidence of these two witnesses, we must be allowed to express our opinion once for all, that the paucity of numbers of witnesses examined precludes us from forming any estimate as to the effect of these elaborate services on people in general throughout the country. Not only are there many more equally important churches of this kind, and at least equally influential clergymen concerned in this matter, but we miss the important evidence which might have been gathered from the opinions of laymen, churchwardens, and others, residing in such districts,—but what is of much more importance, with reference to these two districts, we have no attempt at counter-statements. We have no evidence of laymen either favourable or unfavourable to the practices in question. In particular it would have been of the highest interest and advantage to be in possession of the views of parishioners of all ranks, especially of those who set themselves against these so-called Ritual observances. We must, therefore, ask our readers to make all the deductions that they possibly can from the statements of Mr. Le Geyt and Mr. White; and bearing in mind that these are both gentlemen of unimpeachable character, who would not wilfully misrepresent a single item of fact, they must yet remember that it is impossible but that witnesses must put their own colour upon facts, and that where there is a strong interest there is likely to be some amount of misrepresentation, however unintentional. We ask for the evidence to be estimated at its lowest possible figure. And we claim of our readers, then, that they will admit that whatever 'grave offence to many' may have been given in S. Barnabas and Stoke Newington, we do not find it in the evidence, and we do not see anything, so far, that justifies the 'opinion that it is expedient to restrain variations of vesture in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland.'

We come next in order to the evidence given by Mr. Nugee, the vicar of Wymering, and with it we may properly class that of Mr. Wagner, the incumbent of S. Paul's, Brighton, not because the testimony of these two witnesses holds together better than it agrees with either of the two preceding deponents, but because we have in both these cases a considerable amount of counter-testimony, both as to the facts, and, what is more to the point, as to the impressions made upon the minds of other people by those facts. Now, in briefly summing up what Mr. Nugee and Mr. Wagner state for themselves, we have to observe, that very nearly the same story is told as that to which we have just been alluding, in the cases of S. Barnabas and Stoke

Newington. It is remarkable that in this couplet, too, we have a distinction as regards the use of the chasuble. The one uses it, the other does not; but making allowance for a little difference as regards the use of incense, and the adoption of processions, the practices are substantially the same. These parishes are also distinguished as being respectively a town and a country parish. Yet here is the same practice of daily communions, and three celebrations on Sunday, with accessories that it is not worth our while to stop to distinguish from the previous evidence. They present the same indications of hard work, in the way of supporting and managing schools, sisterhoods, and orphanages. The principal addition to our general knowledge on the subject is that at Wymering the dissenting chapel has been shut up, and the dissenting minister is a member of the choir. Mr. Nugee also adds his strong conviction that his style of conducting the services has kept people away from the Church of Rome, and notices that Roman Catholics have specially been forbidden to attend his services since he adopted the use of Eucharistic vestments. We detect in this witness a singular leaning towards the Eastern as distinguished from the Western Church. He appears to think that this kind of ceremonial has a tendency to promote unity, and perhaps thinks that such unity if brought about at all is to be effected first through a junction with the Greek Church. Perhaps we may add that the alleged love of Ritual which characterises the poorer classes is more prominent here than it was in the previous evidence; and we had almost forgotten to notice that Mr. Wagner's voluntary choir consists of 'tradesmen's assistants, drapers' assistants, and young men of that kind, one being in a grocer's shop.' It is a little beside our point, but we may notice how skilfully, in his examination of Mr. Nugee, Mr. Beresford-Hope drew out the real state of the case, and repaired the blunders that had been made by some previous questioners. Upon the whole, and pending the observations we have yet to make on the opposition statements to these two cases, we may notice that the most striking feature in them, as well as in the two preceding cases, is the amount of work done, the definiteness of the tone of doctrine, the exact uniformity of principle they exhibit, and, we may add, the small amount of real knowledge of Ritualism, properly so called.

We come next to the counter-evidence, which it is necessary to investigate before we proceed to an estimate of this part of the case.

The evidence against Mr. Wagner all comes from the Rev. Edmund Clay, the minister of a private proprietary chapel at Brighton, which he takes at a rental of about £600 a year,

including incidental expenses, and makes what he can out of 'offerings in boxes and by pew-rents.' We need not say, therefore, that he is of the Evangelical school, though, perhaps, some of his brethren would scarcely approve of being placed in the same category with him. Here we have a repetition of precisely the same form of thing as the other members of this school furnish, with the addition of a few more violations of rubric, and evening communions; there being one on Good Friday especially, to which Dissenters are particularly invited, under the designation of 'non-conforming members of the National Church'—a practice which is enforced by the very apposite text, 'Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.' This gentleman, in answer to a question put to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury: 'Of your own experience can you give any facts connected with the influence which a higher 'Ritualistic service has produced?' replies to the following effect:—A young lady of eighteen, after confessing at S. Paul's, Brighton (a church where the vestments are not used), became distressed, and thought that she would either go over to Rome, or give up religion altogether. Upon which, the clergyman referred her to some Roman Catholic priest in London! Upon being pressed to submit to Rome, she hesitated, because, being under age, she was not to communicate the fact to her parents. Mr. Clay was referred to by herself, and afterwards by her parents; but Mr. Clay declines to say what the result was.

This witness adds that another London clergyman had imposed upon a delicate young lady, who had confessed some sins of temper, a penance of kneeling with bare knees upon a marble slab for four hours, repeating psalms and prayers. Our readers will easily believe that this is second-hand information. This second story was brought out by the Rev. H. Venn, in answer to his question, whether Ritualistic practices were distasteful to a very considerable body of Church people.

It was Dr. Twiss who skilfully elicited from Mr. Clay the fact that the young lady herself declined to see him. Mr. Clay also tells us that he had within seven years received about thirty converts from Popery, and thinks he made a note that 'eleven had toppled over through extreme Ritualistic services,'—an expression which in this witness's mouth seems to mean the practice of confession. As regards actual fact, he had received one convert from Rome a year ago, a lady who some years before had seceded, and told him 'that she had become a 'Romanist in consequence of her mind having been upset by 'the Ritualistic services and the teaching that she had received.' We have no more to say of Mr. Clay, except that, in common with the rest of his Evangelical brethren, his answers exhibit

some good specimens of the fallacy called by logicians *Ignoratio Elenchi*. One may suffice—

Mr. BERESFORD-HOPE—A lady rapidly impressionable?

Mr. CLAY—Her son was eighteen years of age.

We may sum up the evidence of Mr. Wagner and his brother clergyman with the observations: that the incumbent of the proprietary chapel does not himself like ritual or confession; that he has given two stories the absurdity of which is most transparent, one which, if true, would prove that a young lady who had confessed at S. Paul's, Brighton, was afterwards in a state of uncertainty as to whether she should give up religion altogether or go to Rome, and whose present position is wrapped in a mystery he refuses to solve; and that another lady, who had gone to Rome, and come back, had attributed her secession partly to Ritualistic services, partly to certain doctrinal teaching; and that *about* ten others, during the last few years, of whom no particulars are given, are in the same predicament.

We therefore fall back on Mr. Wagner's own evidence, and there we find that his impression is that there is much less prejudice amongst the Brighton tradesmen than there formerly was against the services of S. Paul's, and that his voluntary choir consists entirely of this class. We think we may say that the evidence fails to establish that Mr. Wagner has given grave offence to many, or that there appears on the face of this pitched battle, as we may call it, any warrant for the opinion that 'it is expedient to restrain variations in respect of vestures in the public services of the United Church of England and Ireland.'

We come next to the evidence against Mr. Nugee. This evidence also comes from a single witness, and is somewhat lengthy. No doubt it is entirely beside the point, but then it is of the greatest importance in illustrating the conclusion at which it will have been seen we are gradually arriving by an induction of particulars.

Mr. Deverell is a retired solicitor, who has bought property which lies in the parishes of Farlington, Wymering, and Widley; and in regard of this property he pays tithes respectively to Mr. Richards, of Farlington, Mr. Nugee and Mr. Poole, of Purbrook. It is not alleged that Mr. Richards is a Ritualist. It appears that from the year 1844 to 1858 he was in a perpetual quarrel with Mr. Richards about a district church, the erection of which was contemplated in Purbrook, an outlying hamlet of Farlington parish, Mr. Deverell wishing to appoint to it a Mr. Bagley, whom he describes as a 'thorough Christian'—a style of character that does not appear to have been altogether to Mr. Richards' satisfaction. Another gentleman was nominated, and Mr. Deverell,

having a dislike to candlesticks, super-altars, and vases, builds a free church, and hires a minister from Gloucester to serve it. This gentleman had given such satisfaction to his congregation at Gloucester that he had remained in one church seven years. Unfortunately, his name does not appear to have been known to the Bishop of Gloucester, which is not surprising, as it appears that for 'church' we are to substitute the synonymous term 'Lady Huntingdon's chapel.' But though this gentleman is not ordained, he can, it seems, 'being not an extreme man,' perform the service of the Church of England in such a style that his Grace of Canterbury would be unable to detect any difference. This observation applies not only to the ordinary service, but also to the celebration of Holy Communion. It afterwards appears that we have to deduct the Athanasian Creed from this statement. We must ask our readers' forbearance whilst they read this. We are obliged to produce the evidence as it stands. We cannot help it if it is beside the point. At last, however, we come to something tangible, which is expressly about Mr. Nugee, viz. that Mr. Deverell had seen him 'coming over the hill with a biretta, and from his peculiar clothes down to his heels, you could not distinguish whether he had a coat and trousers on.' Farther on we light upon another fact, that one farmer of Mr. Nugee's parish absents himself from the parish church, and one from Mr. Richards', both preferring the Lady Huntingdon Connexion. This chapel is licensed as a dissenting chapel; but we will not stick about names—we will use Mr. Deverell's phrase, as he objects to this term, and say that 'it is licensed for members of the Church of England protesting in self-defence against the Romanizing principles and practices as carried out in this locality.' We have nearly done with Mr. Deverell. We will give him the benefit of the words which the Archbishop of Armagh tries to put into his mouth, 'that he left his church on account of certain unedifying practices hurtful to his conscience, being an attached member of the Church of England, and made the best arrangement he could to the best of his belief to secure the means of worshipping after the accustomed manner of the Church of England.' We congratulate the Primate of Ireland on the felicity of his diction, and think our readers must admit that Mr. Deverell has not been hardly dealt with by his interrogators. We prefer summing up this witness's evidence in Lord Beauchamp's pointed antitheses:—

'Your place of worship was registered in 1860, subsequent to the decision of the Consistorial Court of London, which recognised the legality of what you call Romanizing practices, which consisted in having a super-altar and two candlesticks, at a period

'previous to the time at which Mr. Nugee, the incumbent of Wymering, was in the habit of wearing vestments.'

And now we venture to suggest that the nearest approach to the statement of the Report, that 'vestments give grave offence to many,' and the opinion that it is expedient to restrain variations in point of vesture, as far as this parish is concerned, would run as follows:—'We find that the use of the ornaments of the Church, as sanctioned by the Privy Council, give great offence to one of the landed proprietors in the parish of Farlington, and to two of the farmers in this and the adjoining parish of Wymering, and in all probability to others also; and we are of opinion that it is expedient to restrain all variations from that which has long been the established usage of the said United Church, though such variation has been sanctioned by the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council.'

We will now, for convenience' sake, depart from the order of the arrangement of the Report to notice the evidence about S. Alban's Church. It was evidently not necessary to summon the incumbent. The churchwarden, Mr. Spiller, a tradesman of the neighbourhood, gives us an account not of what is going on there,—for that, as the Archbishop of Canterbury observed, is pretty well known,—but of the effects and the influence of the practices observed there. We may observe, shortly, that the evidence consists, from beginning to end, of a piece of enthusiastic encomium. We gather from this witness that the influence here is mostly beyond the limits of the parish, which also is confirmed by the depositions of Mr. Martin, the superintendent of an institution called the City Mission, whose evidence is confronted with Mr. Spiller's. Mr. Martin is as prejudiced against as Mr. Spiller is in favour of the mode of worship adopted at S. Alban's. This gentleman had been employed to get up a memorial against the practices, and carried about forty or fifty signatures of Nonconformists and others to the Bishop of London. But for the present purpose we do not see that we get anything from these two witnesses. Mr. Martin's is chiefly second-hand, Mr. Spiller's is more from personal observation. But whatever grave offence may be given by Mr. Maconochie, it does not appear in the evidence. So we may dismiss this part of the case, and proceed to the most important portion of all the testimony adduced.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Mr. Bennett is a well-known theologian many years older than any of the so-called Ritualists, or that he has from the first been connected with the Church party. We need not allude to his connexion with S. Barnabas. What we have to do with now is his proceedings at Frome, where he has been vicar for fifteen years; and before

we begin we must, for fairness' sake, remind our readers that there are no counter-statements to check what Mr. Bennett tells us. They may, therefore, make what allowance they please on this score, according to the knowledge each may happen to possess of the character of the individual, or the opinion they may have formed about him. But neither friend nor foe will accuse Mr. Bennett of attempting to conceal from the Commissioners his opinions on doctrinal teaching, or his practices on Ritual points. There is in no part of the evidence so much sparring between the questioners and the questioned. We should almost have pitied the Archbishop of Armagh for the figure he cuts in the fray; but considerations of pity are out of place when we remember that he might have been silent if he had so pleased. And at least one of the Commissioners appeared to be of this opinion, if we may judge from the masterly way in which he tore the Primate's questions into shreds. However, it is not our province to comment upon the Archbishop's innocence—we can only use the term in its metaphorical sense; nor, again, upon Mr. Cardwell's unblushing audacity. We have to thank them for having made Mr. Bennett speak out distinctly as to doctrinal points. And here this witness's evidence is most important. He is able to hold his own much better than any other witness whom the Commissioners thought proper to attack; for we may here observe that in many of the Commissioners there is a most evident bias either for or against the practice of the person they are examining. We do not complain of this. It is quite natural; and the Commissioners were in many cases sparring against each other much more than against the witnesses. Moreover, we admit that, upon the whole, the prejudice appears much stronger against the Evangelical than against the Ritual party.

But to return to the evidence. Mr. Bennett, of course, entered upon his ministry at Frome as a marked man, and it is not surprising, therefore, if, before he opened his mouth, a great many families left the church. What is surprising is his statement that, in such a town as Frome, only one family has left it since he came there. He goes on to say that many of those who left have returned, and that 'hardly a month passes but I receive in some way members of dissenting families into the Church,' and adds that such persons are the most regular of the communicants. The vestments appear to have been adopted in 1865, so that all this evidence, and a great deal more that might be quoted, tells neither one way or the other as to the special point of wearing the chasuble. It must therefore be estimated as the general effect of the doctrinal system of which the recent outbreak of Ritual is the exponent. But we are again indebted to the skill of Lord Beauchamp for eliciting that the parish churchwarden—

one of the two who presented the address in November 1865 to Mr. Bennett, requesting him to use the 'proper and legal vestments at the office of the Holy Eucharist,' with a sum of thirty guineas to purchase them with—has been re-elected by the parish; as also for provoking Mr. Bennett's appeal to his churchwardens to endorse his opinion, that 'the more ornate 'the service has become, the greater has been the devotion and 'attention of the poor.' Here, also, we have another testimony to the fact that the services at S. Barnabas were objected to on the score of the use of the invocation before the sermon, and the adoption of ornaments since legalised by the Privy Council; that such services are now accepted generally through the country; and that there is no agitation in his parish against the use of the vestments such as there was in S. Barnabas about the ornaments.

At the end of his very long cross-examination Mr. Bennett becomes a little confused, and is not always quite consistent with himself. But this part of the evidence does not affect the point which we are wishing to establish.

It is probable, we think, that a considerable amount of dislike against Mr. Bennett might have been elicited if the shopkeepers of Frome had been summoned as witnesses; as it is, we find nothing at all in the evidence which can be construed into grave offence. So that we think we may recur to the opinion we stated above that, if the Commissioners have arrived at an opinion that it is expedient to restrain variations in respect of vesture on the ground that they give grave offence to many, that is a foregone conclusion of a majority of their body, and is quite independent of the evidence produced before them.

Lest our readers should remind us that there are yet two witnesses upon whose testimony we have made no comment, it will be enough to say of the evidence of Henry Richmond Droop, Esq. barrister-at-law, who is summoned to give an account of the church of S. Thomas, Stamford Hill, that he begins by saying there are no vestments, no lights, and no incense, but that the changes he objects to are surpliced choristers, certain doctrinal hymns, and the posture of the celebrant. These practices, it appears, in a pew-rented church have thinned the attendance very considerably. The Bishop of London disposes of this case for us, as he makes the deponent say, 'that the rubric as to vestments does not affect his case in the least.'

And now there remains only the valuable evidence of Mr. Beadon, to whom the Archbishop of Canterbury observes that he has been summoned because it is believed he can adduce some facts which may tend to illustrate the effect of Ritualistic practice^s. Mr. Beadon is representative of a tone of thought very common

amongst the English clergy. He is an ordinary man, who judges calmly, and whose opinions, as well as his practices, are remarkably moderate. He does not adopt an ornate Ritual, but traces for the benefit of his hearers, in a thoughtful, though perhaps somewhat rambling way, the gradual course of events in the restoration of Christian doctrine and ritual; he adopts Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, as his model, and probably he gives nearly the same evidence that hundreds of other clergymen would have given, if they had been asked. He does not practise anything himself that is offensive to his congregation, and implies that he would not willingly offend them by the introduction of novelties. He interprets the rubrics, not literally, but by the help of usage and common sense, and he finds no practical difficulties, if only he is let alone; but he is very positive, both from his own feelings and from conversation with others, that the alteration of the particular rubrics in question would be followed by disastrous consequences. There is nothing peculiarly worth observing upon, excepting the way in which Mr. Cardwell, having succeeded in the task of making Mr. Bennett adopt his own published language, takes heart at his success, and tries to make Mr. Beadon adopt the same words, which Mr. Beadon declines to do as not being his own.

We have taken for granted that our readers know what the commonly received Ritualistic practices are, and we have not wearied them with details. It is not our business to express approval or disapproval; but we are not aware that we have omitted anything that tends in any degree to throw light upon the case. It has been our endeavour to illustrate the entire want of connexion between the Report and the evidence which is appended to it. We hope, in doing so, we shall not be thought to have been attempting to disparage the eminent talents of many, especially the laymen, who sat on this Commission. For many of them we have an unfeigned admiration, both on the score of their antecedents and for the masterly way in which they have arranged the examination of the witnesses. But as we have implied, if we had not known anything of any of the names placed on the Commission, we could have discovered in almost all instances to a considerable degree of nicety the views and opinions of nearly all of them.

Many of the others have been hit very hard by the witnesses and by each other. But taking their Report as a whole, and not as reflecting the exact opinion of any one of them, which we sincerely believe it does not, we must say that it has been reserved for her Majesty's Commissioners on Ritual to perpetrate a fallacy for which no name has been invented in the annals of philosophy. Neither Greek sophist, nor Roman

rhetorician, nor mediæval logician, has, as far as we know, provided a name for the argument which draws from its premises the exact contradictory of what they will warrant.

We have now done with the Report. But as we have examined the evidence with a single object in view,—that is, to show the extraordinary amount of discrepancy between it and the Report,—our readers may fairly expect of us some account of it taken as a whole. The question is what is the impression left upon the mind by a careful perusal of it all. We do not then pretend that it makes any new revelations. We think we may say we were familiar with all the facts beforehand. But we are not disposed to admit that our previous knowledge of what was done at Carlisle and Islington, at Frome and at Brighton, at all disqualifies us for giving an impartial account of what appears in the Blue-book. On the contrary, as the Blue-book does but condense into a small section what is extended in our own mind over the recollections of many years and acquaintance with many places, it just serves the purpose of bringing into more sharp antagonism by juxtaposition the effects of the Evangelical system, which is crumbling into dust, and in the last stage of decay, and the results of the application of Church principles to practice, which has begun to develop such wonderful fruit. We do not care to comment upon the revelations of Evangelicalism, its pew-rents, its minimum of services, hired proprietary chapels, and the like. We do not care to trample on an enemy that is so mournfully prostrate. But rising upon the ruins of that system we see a system that may be called a Sacerdotal system which, however surprising it might seem to an Upper House of an Irish Convocation, if such a thing could be imagined, is very fairly represented by the Lower House of the Province of Canterbury. It develops in daily services, in weekly communion, in intercourse between priest and people, and in voluntary confessions. It builds churches and schools, orphanages and sisterhoods. It is united in its creed, in its ways, its practices and customs, and, for the most part, in its external development. In doctrinal teaching there is no difference, but in a portion of this large system, the external has developed considerably more than in its normal type, and what we should deem Ritual extravagances have been practised, and here and there accompanied, with considerable indiscretion; but in almost every case, this is the immediate result of preaching the doctrine of the Objective Presence and the doctrine of the Sacrifice, which follows as its logical consequence.

We observe that the congregations where these practices have been introduced, so far from having their feelings wantonly out-

raged, have in nearly all cases asked for these things, and provided the expenses for them; that there is no prejudice, generally speaking, against them where they have been used, but that they have been made the handle for organizing an opposition on the part of people who dislike the Sacerdotal system; that the whole of the objection to them, where it exists at all, is levelled against the system of doctrine of which they are the exponents; that the poor like them, and that Dissenters are won over to the Church by them, and that they are making an impression on the only class which the Church system without them has never touched, viz. the middle-class of tradesmen, and such as are represented by the run of the inhabitants of the town of Frome. The point that this section of the Church party are winning Dissenters is proved over and over again, not only by the Blue-book, but by all the evidence we can collect. One thing is clear: no amount of approximation to Dissenters' form of worship wins them. They prefer their own ways. It is only by showing them the entire antagonism of the Church system to their system that you have any chance of making an impression upon them. Dissenting ministers seldom or never come over to the Church to become Evangelical clergymen, though the advantages of position and station which they would gain thereby are so considerable. If they are large-minded enough to take in any other system than their own, they are too large-minded to acquiesce in the narrow circle of doctrines that hang round the central point of justification by faith. They will not change to something which is like their own, which may be thought better or worse according to the prejudices from which it is viewed. But the more earnest, whether ministers or people, are won by the exhibition of hard work and self-sacrifice when they come in contact with them; and if external ceremonial were of no other use, it seems to act as a beacon to point out where the spirit of self-sacrifice may be found.

We repeat, then, that it is vain to think of separating the Church party into two sections. We refuse to be so separated. We should not have cared to raise the issue upon a point so trifling as Ritual may appear to be: but it has been raised, and those who have raised it must abide the consequences. We have expressed our regret that the issue has been raised: and some of the extravagances of the Ritual school we have not only deplored but condemned. We scarcely think that those who were afraid to interpret the plain words of the Prayer-book on the doctrine of Baptism, lest they should drive the Evangelical party from the Church, will venture to alter the law upon which the Church party rest their right to use the vestments of Edward VI.'s first Prayer-book at the bidding of the

leader of the same party which is now tottering to its fall, and fast sinking to decay. There is no word in the Report more pregnant with possible mischief than that word *essential*. That vestments are not essential in one sense is too manifest a truism to be repeated. If the Commissioners meant it to form part of an argument, let us remind them that there is a logical fallacy, called 'the Ambiguous Middle,' or the fallacy of equivocal words, and that it is not always so easy to see through as illogical people are apt to imagine. We trust that, though they perhaps have *discovered* that none regard the vestments as essential to the validity of a sacrament, they will not proceed to argue that, because they are not essential, it would be compatible with the safety of the Establishment to forbid their use. Let us remind them that they ought to be very clear upon this head before they proceed in their respective places in the legislature to give effect to their opinion as to the expediency of restraining observances; the 'grave offence' of which is, if we may borrow an expression from Scotch law, 'not proven' in the evidence attached to their Report.

The immense importance of thoroughly understanding the whole bearings of the case must plead our excuse for lengthening an already long article; and we have yet to notice the Appendix, which makes up a fourth of the whole Report, and nearly every portion of which serves to illustrate and further enforce the view which we have been maintaining. And first of all we meet with a reprint of the 'Manifesto from the Episcopal Bench,' which we referred to in a former part of this article, when commenting upon the Report as it stood in its own nakedness, without the drapery of the Evidence. This is followed by the Bishop of Exeter's 'Pastoral Letter,' from which we have already quoted a passage, but from which we proceed to make another extract, for the purpose of showing that the principles which are avowed by nearly all the deponents in defence of their practice, are precisely those laid down by the venerable bishop in 1851. If the letter had been a skilfully constructed forgery, invented to prop up the case, actually composed in 1867, and purporting to have been written in 1851, it is impossible it could have been more pertinent or more entirely representative of the views and the mode of action of all these witnesses. The Bishop says:—

'But although I thus decline to subscribe the Episcopal Address, and while I fully admit the right of the clergy to practise all that is not forbidden by the law of the Church; while, too, I would applaud the exercise of that right to the uttermost, whensoever their own people agree with them in

its exercise,—I yet am bound to warn them of the rashness of exercising it against the liking and without the concurrence of their people.

'Will they say that the practices which they use are only the outward expressions, familiar in the ancient Church, of catholic feelings and catholic principles—feelings and principles which are their own? I answer that they ought to consult, not for the indulgence of their own feelings, but for the edification of their people. Common worship ought to be the expression of common feeling. If they are anxious that their people should join them in the outward expression of high catholic feeling, let them wait till they shall be enabled, by God's blessing, to elevate the tone of their people's devotion to a level with their own. Meanwhile let them be cautious how they call on them to join in practices which suit not lower, that is ordinary, feelings. To act otherwise is, in the strictest sense of the word, *preposterous*; it is to place an effect before its proper cause; to force the expression of sentiments which are not yet, and cannot soon or easily be, inculcated,—nay, against which any premature attempt to inculcate them can hardly fail to raise an insuperable obstacle.'

One other passage must be extracted from this remarkable 'Pastoral,' which looks even more like a forgery of the year 1867, designed specially to guard against a possible interpretation or misinterpretation of the very vague words, 'grave offence to many,' and to endorse the view that 'aggrieved parishioners' ought to be interpreted as Mr. Perry interprets them as 'those 'who being *bonâ fide* members and communicants of the Church 'of England, have a reasonable ground for complaint and 'redress.' The passage is as follows:

'Neither am I disposed to recommend any consideration of popular feeling, beyond the particular congregation intrusted to the minister's charge. If that congregation prefers a more ornate or elaborate service than many or all the parishes around it, I should consider it an *invasion of Christian, and even of civil, liberty* to control the services of any church at the bidding of those who do not belong to it.'

The second portion of the Appendix is a Memorial, without date, recently presented to the Bishop of Winchester, against Mr. Nugee, of which we may observe that Mr. Nugee had never heard any tidings, but which he supposes to have been got up, within a month, by a new Protestant Association, we do not know whether the same as the 'Church Association' we have above alluded to. This has twenty-eight names subscribed, about equally divided between the two sexes, the most remarkable feature of which is the frequent repetition of the same family name, this occurring in one instance six times. The point of objection seems to be that the innovating practices are symbolical of the doctrine of the Real Presence and a Sacrificing Priesthood: and his petitioners have been favoured with the extraordinary vision of 'phantoms continually issuing' from a house in Wymering. The petitioners do not state that they are communicants. Still this document proves that there are above one hundred

and fifty of the parishioners, all of them ghostseers of the two parishes of Widley and Wymering, men, women, and children, conformists and non-conformists, who object to Mr. Nugee's practices, and must be allowed its proper weight in estimating how far they bear out the expression 'grave offence to many,'—the population of the parish being a little under two thousand. We mention this here to repair the accidental omission of it in its proper place in the evidence. The reason why we specially refer to the document is that it proves to demonstration that the objection here is to doctrine which is thought Roman by the objectors, but which all Churchmen will call Catholic, the doctrine of the Real Presence and a Sacrificing Priesthood.

Appendix C consists of an interesting communication from the incumbent of Christ Church, Clapham, of which we have only space to say that on the face of it it bears a conciliatory spirit; seeing that, in deference to the Bishop of *Winchester*, Mr. Abbot was content to forego what a large majority of his congregation, seven or eight hundred, desired, for the sake of conciliating thirteen objectors, parishioners and non-parishioners, none of whom were worshippers at Christ Church. This letter, together with Appendix D, which was produced to the Commissioners by Mr. Perry, and which refers to the satisfaction experienced by the churchwardens and parishioners of S. Michael and All Angels, Brighton, in the services as conducted by himself and the incumbent, Mr. Beanlands, are of some importance, because they prove in the two instances, and therefore are suggestive of further cases of a similar kind, how strong, and how widely diffused, is the love of this kind of service among the persons who communicate at these and similar churches. We observed above that no facts had come out in the evidence, of the existence of which we were not cognizant before. But we are obliged a little to modify the statement after reading these two documents. They convince us of a fact of which we were doubtful before, viz. that there are churches where the feeling in favour of such rites is all but unanimous.

For the sake of brevity we pass over Appendix E, which may be spoken of as a curious and elaborate defence of the genuineness of the Ornament Rubric, and its right to occupy its present place in the Prayer-book, in conformity with that assigned to it in the original MS. of the 'Sealed Book.' Of Appendix F we need only say that it is a reprint of the Memorial on the Doctrine of the Eucharist, as signed by twenty clergymen, which was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Archdeacon of Taunton, in May 1867. We regret the appearance of Appendix G because, containing the opinions of Bishop Hopkins of Ver-

mont on the one side, and those of his episcopal brethren on the other side, we do not see how it affects the question of Ritualism on this side of the Atlantic. Appendix H is the Petition of the President and Council of the English Church Union against the alteration of the Ornament Rubric; and the next two (I and K) contain the opinions of lawyers, *pro* and *con*, as consulted in one interest by the Archbishop of York and other bishops, and in the other by the Council of the English Church Union, the case having been carefully prepared by Mr. Perry; and lastly come the Resolutions of the Upper and Lower Houses of Convocation, followed by the resolution of the Convocation of the Province of York, all dated 1866 and 1867. The proceedings of Convocation are of course not inserted; so we miss the celebrated Preamble which was rejected so ignominiously by the Lower House, when sent down to it from the Upper. Probably, the Upper House would scarcely now commit itself either directly or by implication to the opinion that Ritual Observances had had the effect of deterring Nonconformists from submitting to the Church.

Upon the whole then, if our opinion upon the Blue-book is asked, we answer, that we are entirely satisfied with the present appearance of things.

If legislation was difficult before, it is well-nigh impossible now. No wonder Lord Shaftesbury was in a hurry. It would have been easy to legislate first, and take the evidence after the conclusion had been arrived at. But there is the evidence in black and white. People of common sense can judge for themselves who are the working bees and who are the drones. Meanwhile we wait the decision as to the actual state of the law in the case of S. Alban's, or in any other case that may be carried by appeal before the Privy Council. We have little doubt ourselves that the Judicial Committee would declare certain of the recent extravagances, such as using incense at the Magnificat, a violation of law; that they would affirm the legality of what are technically called the Vestments we have not the slightest doubt. For ourselves, and we think we may answer for most of our readers, we avow that we shall be perfectly satisfied with their decision.

We have received the following letter :—

SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS,

5, PARK PLACE, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

24th Sept. 1867.

' DEAR SIR,

' Will you have the kindness to correct an erroneous statement which was copied from the *Christian Year-Book* into the *Christian Remembrancer* for July, page 238 ?

' The Expenditure of the S. P. G. in 1865 was not 85,000*l.*, as there stated, but 116,246*l.* In this sum I do not include (as is sometimes done) Capital purchased and Balance due from Treasurers at the end of the year : if these items were included the total Expenditure would be 130,891*l.*, as is stated in the Society's Report for 1865, page 185. ,

' I am, DEAR SIR,

' Yours very faithfully,

' W. T. BULLOCK.

' *Editor of the*

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.'

NOTICE.—*The press of important matter in the present Quarter compels us to postpone our* SHORTER NOTICES.

No. ~~CXXXVIII.~~]

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